

SKETCHES
from
LOCAL HISTORY

WRITTEN AND COMPILED

By

WILLIAM DONALDSON HALSEY

BRIDGEHAMPTON, SUFFOLK COUNTY
NEW YORK

1935

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FOREWORD

On the 27th day of April, in the year 1854, the Rev. David M. Miller was installed minister of the Presbyterian church in Bridgehampton, Long Island, New York; he served in this capacity until his death June 29th, 1855.

During his short pastorate in this place he made a pen-sketch of map of this parish extending from Water Mill to Wainscott, and included all that territory from the ocean to that range of hills lying to the north of Bridgehampton, giving the roads, locating the residences, and in most cases naming the residents.

In ascertaining the distances I think he adopted the old-time method of tying a cord to the rim of his carriage wheel, measuring the circumference, and counting the revolutions, this measurement would be quite accurate.

Upon studying this map I realized that here was a feature of our local history that had never been written or placed on record, that aroused my interest, and led me to undertake the compiling of a series of maps beginning with the year 1900, and going back in 50-year periods to the year 1700, and the last a 30-year period to 1670, when Bridgehampton was 10 years old; eliminating from the map of each period every road laid out after the date of that map, and inserting every road that had been closed or discontinued since each one of those dates, so that each map should be correct as of its own particular date; locating the residences and naming the residents as of each date as far as possible.

Had this work been done several generations ago it would have been comparatively easy, but at this late date I realized the extent of the task before I began, and hesitated at first, knowing that at my best there would be many errors, but having been interested in local history all of my life, I at last decided to undertake this task.

Much of the information I obtained by conversing years ago with men and women of this entire community who were at that time well advanced in years, but whose memory was sound and active. I was fortunate in having been blest with a good memory, so that I retained those facts and am now able to record them.

I owe very much to the efficient work of my niece, Miss Gertrude T. Leverich, who, in research work, perhaps did as much as I myself. I would include

the aid given by Mr. and Mrs. Addison M. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Cook, Miss Elvira Sandford, Mrs. Mary J. Graham, Mr. Charles A. Ludlow, Mr. Maltby G. Rose, Mr. Fred Rose, Mrs. C. H. Leverich, Mr. Stephen Hedges, Mr. Elisha O. Hedges, Mrs. James M. Hedges, Mr. James Ludlow, Mr. Henry Howell, Mrs. J. B. Brown, Mr. William Foster, Mrs. H. P. Hedges, Mrs. Leander P. Halsey, Mr. and Mrs. C. Everett Halsey, Miss Mary Topping, Miss H. B. Hedges, Miss Cora Post, Mr. James S. Strong, Mr. George E. Strong, Mr. Charles S. Rogers, Mr. Herbert Osborn, Mr. H. Morgan Topping, Mr. Augustus Cook, Mr. E. H. Dickinson, Mr. J. E. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Topping, Miss Antoinette White, Mrs. John White, Sr.; Mrs. Martha Aldrich, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Rogers, Mrs. Melvin Halsey, Mr. James H. Corwith, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Hand, Mr. J. Hervey Topping, Mr. H. D. Sleight, Mr. Morton Pennypacker, and perhaps others, whom I may have omitted, but not intentionally.

Then there were the diaries of Mr. Daniel Hildreth, Samuel A. Cook, S. Ichabod Seabury, Noah H. Halsey and others. I then consulted old deeds, Town Records, Wills and letters and documents in the County Clerk's office. The "Halsey Genealogy" I am obliged to rank among the first and most important of all aids, then the "History of East Hampton" by the Hon. H. P. Hedges, "Howell's History of Southampton". "Memorials of old Bridgehampton" by Mr. James Truslow Adams was of great assistance in that it gave the inscriptions on the tombstones in the five old graveyards in this area, also many incidents of local history related in that most interesting book.

I would emphasize my appreciation for the published articles by the late Mr. Charles H. Hildreth, ancient local history as related by Mrs. Abigail Swezey and Miss Clara Haines, and that as the latter was past 90 years of age, this was information nowhere else obtainable.

I would especially mention the courtesy and kindness of the "E. Belcher Hyde Company", in granting me permission to copy from their atlas-map of this area, whereby I could correct errors in measurements and angles in the Miller map.

I would also include "Griffin's Journal" published by Augustus Griffin in the year 1857.



AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne?

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HISTORICAL FACTS RELATING TO FOUNDING OF THE FIRST ENGLISH COLONY IN NEW YORK STATE

In the year 1620, King James the First, of England, granted a patent to the Plymouth Company for all the land lying between forty and forty-eight degrees north latitude, extending from sea to sea. That meant from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and included Long Island and the territory thus granted was called "New England".

In 1621, the Plymouth Council granted the Plymouth patent; in 1628, the Massachusetts patent; in 1631, the Connecticut patent, and on the 22nd of April, 1635, granted a patent for the whole of Long Island to William Alexander, Earl of Stirling.

April 26th, 1636, the Earl of Stirling appointed James Farrett as his agent on Long Island, and by a power of attorney authorized him to act.

Farrett was allowed to take up a certain amount of land wherever he might choose upon the Island, in consideration of his services. In exercising this right he made choice of Shelter Island and Robin's Island.

In the early part of the year 1640, a company of young Englishmen, eight in number, banded themselves together at Lynn, Mass., purchased a small sloop for the sum of 80 pounds, and started out to establish a new colony on Long Island.

This sloop was commanded by Capt. Daniel Howe. By a mutual agreement they made over their rights or shares as owners of this vessel to Capt. Howe, for the consideration that he was to transport their goods and passengers for certain specified rates, and keep the vessel, and make as many as three trips a year between Lynn and their proposed plantation on the Island. "The Disposall of the Vessell" was consummated and the agreement entered into before they left Lynn. This document was dated March 10th, 1639. (O.S.)

The Disposall of the Vessell

MARCH 10, 1639.

In consideracon that Edward Howell hath disbursed 15 lb. and Edmond ffarington 10 lb., Josias Stanborough 5 lb., George Welbe 10 lb., Job Sayre 5 lb., Edmond Needham 5 lb., Henry Walton 10 lb., and Thomas Sayre 5 lb., Itt is Agreede vpon that wee, the forenamed vndertakers haue disposed of our seuerall pts of our vessell to Daniell How. In Consideracon whereof hee is to transporte theni

so much goods either to them their heirs, executors and Assignes, (If they shall desire it,) as their Seuerall Somme or Sommes of Monney Shall Amount vnto, and moreover, to each of those persons About named, or their Assignes, he shall transporte to each man A person and A tunne of goods free. But in case that any of the forenamed Persons shall not haue occasion for the transportacon of soe much goods as his money shall Ammount vnto, that then the said Daniell is to make them payment of the remainder of the monney by the end of two yeares next ensueing the date hereof, and likewise this vessell shall be for the vse of the Plantacon, and that the said Daniell shall not sell this vessell without the consent of the Major pt. of the Company. And that the vessell shall be reddey at the Towne of Lynne to Transporte such goods as the Aforesaid vndertakers shall Appoint, that is to say, three tymes in the yeare, ffurthermore, if In case that any Person or Persons shall not haue occasion to Transport any goods that then the said Daniell is to pay them their Somme or Sommes of Monney together with Allowence for A tunne of goods and A person within the tearme of two years next ensueing the date hereof, And for the full performance of * * * said Daniell hath* our [THREE LINES GONE] ffurthermore where as it is expressed formerly that the vessell shall come to our Intended Plantacon three tymes in the yeare, we thought good to expresse the tymes, viz: the first Moneth, the fourth moneth and the eighth moneth.

Furthermere for the rates of persons, goods and chattell, if there proue any difference betweene vs, the vndertakers and the Said Daniell How, that then it shall be referred to two men whome they and he shall chuse.

Furthermore for as much as Allen Bread, Thomas Halsey and William Harker Are by the Consent of the company come into and party vndertakers with vs, we Edward Howell, Daniell How and Henry Walton have consigned three of our pts. that is to each man A howse lott, plantinge lott and farme answerable to the rest of ye vndertakers for their disbursement of five pounds A man to vs the aboue said vndertakers, That is to say whereas Mr. Howell had 3 lotts he shall have but two, and Daniell How-

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for 3 lots shall have but two and Henry Walton for 2 lots shall have but one.

EDWARD HOWELL,
DANIEL HOW,
HENR. WALTON.

This company purchased of James Farrett, the right to further purchase of the Indians, and thus to possess, eight miles square anywhere on the Island that they might select. The equivalent to be paid to Farrett for this right was four bushels of corn.

July 7th following this, Farrett defines the boundaries of the plantation as "beginning at the isthmus now called 'Canoe Place' and extending eastward the whole breadth of the land as far as the present limits of the Town go". This grant included the area covered by the maps I have compiled, and the names of some of the original colonists are still in evidence in this locality, and their descendants, whose names have been changed by marriage, are many more.

December 13th, 1640, the Shinnecock Indians gave to the settlers a deed for this land, in consideration of sixteen coats, already received, and sixty bushels of corn to be delivered by the last of September, 1641, and a further condition that "the white settlers should defend them against the unlawful and unjust attack of any other Indians".

The same year that these colonists left Lynn and established themselves in the new settlement at Southampton (Old Town), the Earl of Stirling died, and was succeeded by his son, who also died soon afterward. His heir surrendered the grant of Long Island soon after, and it was embodied in the grant of King Charles II with other territory, and Islands adjacent, to his brother James, Duke of York. This was on March 12th, 1664.

During the several years that had passed between the time Stirling's patent was abandoned, and the granting of the new charter of Connecticut in 1662, the eastern portion of Long Island was not claimed by any power, consequently the settlers held the controlling power in their own hands, and governed their affairs according to their own wishes.

After managing their affairs in an independent manner for a few years, some of the settlements on Long Island, that could do so, voluntarily placed themselves under the protection of the New England colonies.

Southampton was the first to do this, and sought the protection of Connecticut in 1644. Other towns followed later.

This was the reason that all criminal cases occurring in this Colony after this date had to be tried in Hartford.

In 1649, Phebe Halsey, wife of Thomas Halsey, 1st. was murdered in Southampton by Indians. The magistrates of Southampton sent for Wyandanch (who was chief sachem of the Long Island Indians, and lived at Montauk) to come to Southampton and identify, if possible, the guilty ones.

This Sachem's counselors, fearing the colonists would condemn him to death by way of retaliation, advised him not to go. Wyandanch asked the advice of his friend, Lyon Gardiner, who was his guest at this time. Mr. Gardiner advised him to go at once, and agreed to remain with the Montauks as hostage for his safety.

Accordingly he went, in answer to his summons. On the way he apprehended the murderers, and delivered them to the magistrates in Southampton. They proved not to be Long Island Indians, but two Pequots, who after being tried and condemned by the courts in Hartford, were duly executed.

In 1662 the New Haven Colony was united with that of Connecticut, and a more liberal charter granted them by King Charles II, and on the strength of the clause in this new charter which included the "islands adjacent", Connecticut claimed Long Island.

This was the situation until March, 1664, when King Charles the Second, made a new grant to his brother, James, the Duke of York, including the territory occupied by the Dutch at New Amsterdam, and the whole of Long Island. This of course included all of the colonies on eastern Long Island, which at this time were under the jurisdiction of Connecticut.

The Duke fitted out an expedition and was about to take his new patent by force, but Governor Stuyvesant finally decided to surrender rather than fight.

While under the protection of the Connecticut Colony the Long Island Colonists were represented by deputies in the Colonial Assembly. This was highly satisfactory to them, and because they were represented, they were very willing to be taxed.

The Duke appointed Col. Nicolls, (one of his officers) Governor of his newly-acquired possessions, and on the 20th of August of 1664 Governor Nicolls issued a proclamation to the people of their prospective jurisdiction, promising to those who shall

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submit to "His Majesty's" government as good subjects, the peaceable enjoyment of whatever God's blessing and their honest industry have furnished them with, and all other privileges with his Majesty's English subjects. This proclamation was issued particularly for the influence it might have on the Dutch, who surrendered as I have stated, and it served also as a gentle reminder to all of the colonies of eastern Long Island, that ere long a demand or decree would be proclaimed demanding that they withdraw from under the jurisdiction of Connecticut, thereby severing their political connection and transferring the same to the Duke's government.

I have already intimated that other towns on eastern Long Island followed the example of Southampton, and sought the protection of Connecticut. There was, however, one exception.

In 1648 Southold joined the colony of New Haven, after which the territory under the jurisdiction and controlled by the New Haven Colony consisted of New Haven, Milford, Guilford, Stamford, Branford and Southold, which at this time included all of the land on the north fork of the Island from Wading River to Oyster Ponds, now Orient, also Red Creek, Flanders, Plum Island, Fisher's Island, Long Island Sound and perhaps Great and Little Peconic Bays.

After the Duke of York had acquired New Amsterdam and the western portion of Long Island formerly held by the Dutch, he of course demanded that Connecticut should release to him the Long Island Colonies. Connecticut at first insisted upon her claim to them. Governor Winthrop was called upon to act as mediator, and through his influence, both parties finally consented to the change.

On the 30th of November, 1664, Governor Nicolls called together a few representatives from both Connecticut and Long Island. After listening to their reasons why the eastern towns of Long Island should not be separated from Connecticut, he decided that Long Island Sound should be the boundary between that colony and the colony or province of New York. To this decision, the colonial delegates finally assented, they really having no alternative.

Then it was that Long Island for the first time, came wholly under the control of English royalty.

In February of 1665, Governor Nicolls issued a proclamation directing the people of each town on the Island to send two deputies to a meeting to be

held in Hempstead, on the first of March ensuing. When these deputies assembled, they were so much pleased by the prospect of better things than they had before enjoyed, that they all signed a memorial of gratitude and loyalty, addressing the same to "His Royal Highness the Duke of York".

The delegates from Southampton Town were John Howell and Thomas Topping. These delegates were given to understand that the object of the assembly was to establish the boundaries of the different towns, but it really was to submit to them a code of laws, compiled by the Duke, and to secure their assent to the same, though the town boundaries were established.

These are known in history as the "Duke's Laws" and united Long Island, Staten Island and Westchester into one shire or province called Yorkshire. This was divided into three parts called "ridings". The territory covered by these maps, being in Suffolk County, was in the "East Riding of Yorkshire".

It soon became apparent not only to the delegates who attended this assembly, but to the Colonists as well, that the promises were mere "scraps of paper" to use a modern expression, and "that the people were not to have a voice in the legislation of the colony, nor the privilege of electing their own magistrates".

Then it was that the people displayed a disposition to rebel, among whom were some of the men, the location of whose homes, as well as those of their descendants, are shown on these maps.

On October 8th, 1670, (the year date of my first map) "A special levy was made upon the towns of Long Island, to raise funds to repair the fort at New York. In reply to this demand, at a joint meeting by delegates, Southampton, Southold and East Hampton, expressed their willingness to submit to the tax, if they could be allowed the right of representation in the legislature". East Hampton supplemented their vote with "But not otherwise".

This was really the first evidence of that spirit of rebellion or retaliation that made itself so strongly manifest a little more than one hundred years later, resulting in a war that lasted for seven long years, or from 1776 to 1783.

In 1667 Governor Nicolls was succeeded by Francis Lovelace and he ordered the tax referred to above levied, but his administration was cut short by England becoming involved in a war with Holland, so

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that on July 30th, 1673, New York and the whole colony surrendered to the Dutch, and Anthony Colve was appointed Governor. The former Dutch colonists readily submitted to his rule, but not so those of the East Riding.

Southampton, East Hampton and Southold refused to consider any compromise. They at once sent delegates to Connecticut, and sought protection under that colony. Their request was granted, and these three towns were organized into a county (Suffolk) under the jurisdiction of Connecticut.

On June 29th, 1674, the Duke of York received a new patent from the King for the province of New York, and appointed Edmond Andros Governor. He took control October 31st, 1674.

The three towns of Suffolk would not submit to his rule, but were finally obliged to, and so again came under the rule of the Duke's government.

On the 27th of August, 1683, Col. Thomas Dongan was appointed Governor of the colony, with instructions to call a general assembly of the people's

representatives. The fact that caused him to do this was the fear of a general uprising of the colonists and in compliance with the popular feeling.

The first assembly of the colony of New York under Gov. Dongan was held October 17th, 1683, when they repealed some of the most obnoxious of the Duke's laws. At this session an act was passed abolishing the "ridings" and organizing in their stead the counties of Kings, Queens and Suffolk.

King Charles II, of England, died February 6th, 1685, and the Duke of York came to the throne under the title of James II. He then appointed Sir Edmund Andros governor of all of the colonies of New England, including New York.

The foregoing is a short account of the history and conditions as they prevailed in the colonies from the time of the first settlement to about the year 1700, and those people living in the area included in these maps were subjected to the same unjust taxation, or securing new patents under each new governor that all other colonists were compelled to do.

FIRST ENGLISH COLONY IN NEW YORK STATE

In 1620 Britain's frontier had extended across the Atlantic to Massachusetts and the Plymouth Colony. It took twenty years for that frontier to reach Southampton and establish a colony at "Old Town" in 1640, and it was another similar period before Bridgehampton was declared a separate parish in 1660.

A small band of adventurers left Lynn, Mass., crossed the Sound, then went westward to Cow Bay, where they met opposition from the Dutch; they then returned by way of Peconic Bay, and landed at North Sea. They had to trek their way through the forest to a place they afterward called "Old Town".

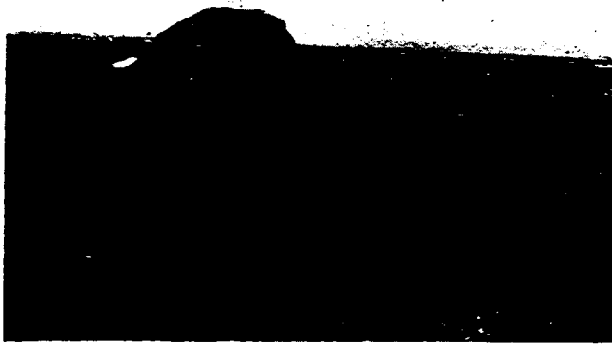
There was no name assigned to that particular place of landing at that time, for a number of years this locality was known as and called "Northampton" but later changed to "North Sea". The one main, important feature of the location of their new home, was the Ocean or Sea, that, in its boundless magnitude lay before them to the south, so when

referring to that water or sea which formed the northern boundary of the Colony, it was only natural that they should say, the "North Sea".

The fact of their landing at North Sea is enough to put that place on the map for all time. What Plymouth Rock was to the Pilgrims and the Massachusetts Colony, Conscience Point, North Sea and Old Town, Southampton, were to these Colonists, and should be to us all. This was really the beginning of our history. The place of landing is now well marked through the efforts of the Southampton Colonial Society.

North Sea was for many years the seaport for this Colony, and at an early date was made a Port of Entry with an established Custom House. Col. Docts., Vol. XIV, P. 608, "In June, 1670 John Layton was appointed a Sub-collector of Southampton and places adjacent". This establishes the date of the first Custom House in Southampton Township. Here was also the first tavern mentioned in our local history, which was known as and called an "ordinary."

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY



North Sea Harbor and Rock Monument



Tablet on Rock Monument

On the 6th of September, 1620, the Pilgrims, as they were called, began their long and perilous voyage to America. Driven by storms and adverse winds far from their intended course, they came to anchor in Cape Cod Bay November 9th, 63 days out from Plymouth, England. What an unpropitious time to land on a bleak and barren coast to undertake the founding of a colony. The forests at that time were for the most part denuded of foliage. All nature was in the "sear and yellow leaf". The cold wintry winds and biting frosts were near at hand. No opportunity to plant crops until after passing through the bitter experiences of a long, cold, desolate, and as it proved, disastrous New England winter.

Let us place in contrast with this, the landing of the Colonists at North Sea, the latter part of May or early in June of the year 1640. In the first place, it was the most beautiful time of the year. The forests were in full foliage. The abundant growth of wild flowers that so profusely decorate the landscape today, were all in evidence then. The vast numbers of wild fowl, with no one to molest had already hatched their broods, and were at that time proudly parading them on creek and upland, vying with one another in their ambition to rear the larger family.

The migratory birds that had spent the winter months in southern climes, had returned to their former summer homes, in some cases to repair their old houses, but generally to build new ones. The oriole, tanager, thrush, warbler, bobolink, wren, and all of the others including the humming bird, were all back from their winter sojourn. Yes; they had followed the guidance of an All Wise Creator, and

were back once more. The plaintive song of the Meadow Lark was an inspiration that stirred the soul of the Red Man to thank the Great Spirit, as well as the spirit of the White Man to praise his Creator for placing with them such a sweet-voiced singer as a permanent resident.

These were the conditions when Capt. Daniel Howe landed his passengers on Conscience Point at North Sea. We all agree in saying what a contrast was this, with the landing of the Pilgrims; yes, very true, but the one led to the other. Perhaps this contrast is no greater or more marked, than if we compare our present surroundings and comforts that we look upon as commonplace, with the hardships, denials and dangers that those Colonists were called upon to endure that we might enjoy the blessings of today, which are really the fruits of their labor; the one led to the other.

The first year must have been a strenuous one, with building such shelters as could be constructed hastily, and clearing enough land on which to plant corn and other crops. They bought the land for a stipulated price from the Indians, and in no case did they usurp land or property from the Red Man, but in the contract they agreed to assist in the defense of the Indians against hostile tribes, for the eastern Long Island tribes were not at peace with the Pequots nor Narragansetts.

The first Colonists formed a joint stock company with a capital of 6,000 Pounds Sterling divided into 40 shares of 150 Pounds each. They afterwards added one more share and gave it to the Minister or Pastor, this made 41 lots that each division of land should be divided into before it was allotted. If a

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

man paid 300 Pounds, he could draw two shares or lots, if he paid only 50 Pounds he could only draw one third of a share or lot, and this, in the Town Records is known as a "Fifty."

There were cases where a mechanic was given land, if he would consent to stay and work at his trade for a term of years. In the Southampton Town Records, Vol. II, page 75, "Ezekiel Sandford was to have 15 acres on condition of making cart wheels for a term of seven years." And again, T. R. Vol. I, page 81, "Jeremy Veale is given a hundred pound lot if he settle here and do all blacksmith work."

The names of the eight original "undertakers" were as follows: Edward Howell, Edmond Farrington, Edmond Needham, Thomas Sayre, Josiah Stanborough, George Welbe, Henry Walton and Job Sayre. Eleven other heads of families were added to this number before they left Lynn, Mass. Their names were John Cooper, Allen Breed, William Harker, Thomas Halsey, Thomas Newell, John Farrington, Richard Odell, Philip Kirtland, Nathaniel Kirtland, Thomas Terry, Thomas Farrington.

We know but little of this group of men, or of their individual characteristics, save in a few instances. They were evidently men who thought and acted for themselves, for the records clearly show this to be the case. Edward Howell was the first one to be styled "gentleman". In all probability he was the leader judging from a financial standpoint, and one whose opinion was sought in all matters of importance. Thomas Halsey was aggressive and self-reliant to such a degree that he was often censured and in some cases fined for contempt, but usually the fine was remitted, but, this was also true of Henry Peirson*, the first Town Clerk, who joined the Colony some time after the first named group; a man of ability and truly worthy of honor, one to whom we of this day owe a debt of gratitude for the thorough work he did in recording our early Town history.

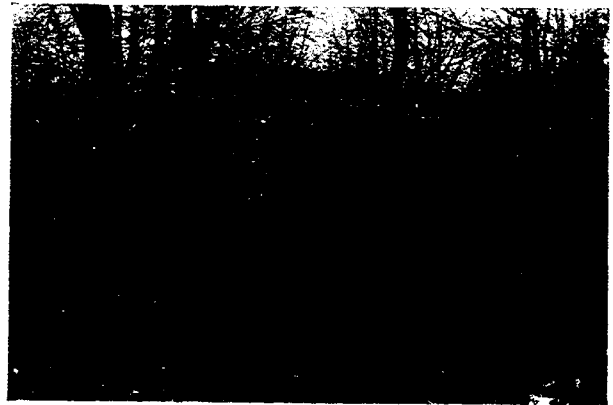
Abraham Peirson was a man of sterling character, the first minister in the Colony, probably came in

1641, but so narrow in his religious views that his flock dissented, they being more liberal. This led at last to his removal. The colonists as a whole were very strict in their religious life, and passed laws that were truly stringent, some so much so that they were never enforced, nor transgressors of the same punished.

When the need for more land was evident, the natural and in fact the only way was to extend to the east because of its being the best land, and in this extension of tillable territory we at once realize that we are within the area covered by our maps. These different sections were called "Divisions" and the men who had charge of this work were known as the "Layers out of Land", we would probably call them surveyors.

The Forty acre, Thirty acre or Twelve acre Divisions denoted that there were that number of acres in each plot in that particular division; this, however, did not always hold true, for many times the men assigned to this work sought to equalize the value rather than the area of these plots. A plot of poor land was often supplemented by one of good land, called in the Records an "Amendment" or else given as an amendment to some other plot.

In the next chapter I will give a short historical sketch of the Southampton Township taken as a whole.



British Fort—North of Canoe Place during the Revolution, as it appears at the present time.

*Later changed to Pierson.



HISTORY OF SOUTHAMPTON TOWNSHIP

SOUTHAMPTON, one of the ten townships comprising the County of Suffolk, State of New York. Area, 91,500 acres. Not named from the town in the south of England bearing the same name, but from the Earl of Southampton, who was very active in colonizing America. Bounded on the south by that mighty ocean which takes its name from Mount Atlas, one of the Titans condemned to bear up the pillars of heaven; easterly by East Hampton township; northerly by the waters of Shelter Island, Southold and Riverhead townships; westerly by Brookhaven township.

Its main feature the glacial moraine; a real monument to that giant whose unmeasured strength scooped out the Connecticut valley, conveyed the entire mass southward until checked by the sea, where the outwash from the melting ice sheet formed that series of valleys extending to the south, carrying the rich alluvial deposits, which, levelled by water action, formed that unequalled section of farm land extending the entire length of its southern border. Further north are huge granite boulders, torn from the mother ledge, and dropped where the ice melted, also millions of tons of pebbles, once rough chips from rock ledges, now smoothed and polished through endless ages of activity in Nature's workshop. Here is also located the most noted chain of "kettles," (geologically speaking) in eastern America.

Here was the former home of the peaceful Shinnecock, Weekatuck, and Noyack tribes of Indians. Southampton was the first English colony in New York State, established early in June of the year 1640, by a company of about twenty men, of the best blood and highest type of manhood in the Massachusetts colony, plainly manifest to this day in the mental, moral and physical characters of their descendants as illustrated in the Howell, Hedges, Halsey, Cook, Sayre, Post, Foster, Terry, Pelletreau, Sandford, White, Hand, Topping, Rogers, Pierson, Woodruff, Ludlow, Huntting, Jagger and many other families.

Here is the British fort, but little known, and seldom mentioned, yet it was the key to British control of eastern Long Island during the Revolution.

The Bible was their textbook. Their government was founded on the "Laws of Judgment, as given by Moses to the Commonwealth of Israel." They built a church the second year of the colony, and settled Abraham Pierson as their minister. Schools were established almost as soon as the church. The minister, magistrate, doctor and schoolmaster were authority in the settlements of all disputes. The Patent for this township antedates the Constitution of the State of New York by many years.

The industries have been agriculture, stock raising, (now somewhat displaced by hotels and summer resorts), whaling, ship building, fisheries, cabinet work, flouring mills, cotton and stocking factories, leather and morocco tanneries, watchcases, clock making, engraving machinery, brick-making, cranberry culture and poultry. Some of the first importations of thoroughbred livestock came into this township. Silk industry was tested but failed. Edward Howell built the first watermill in 1644, then followed the horsemill, the spider legged mill and the Dutch windmill, of which there are still four in this town. The Beebe (now Berwind) windmill is the best preserved of any.

The finest specimens of early 19th century architecture may be found here. The first flag bearing the "Stars and Stripes," known as the "John Hulburt" flag, was made and carried from this township, and antedates the Betsy Ross flag by about seven months.

The first newspaper ever published on Long Island was the "Long Island Herald," by David Frothingham, at Sag Harbor, in the town of Southampton, May 10th, 1791.

A vital political force in this Town was the town meeting, declared by Bryce, the English writer, to have been "the most perfect school of self government in any modern country."

From the date of its earliest history, the citizens of this township have ever been loyal to their country, both in times of war and peace. We trust that the faith of our fathers is living still, and may that faith never grow less.

The assessed valuation of the property in this Town in 1933 was \$38,378,203.

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

The population in the year 1930 was 15,313.

The first Custom House ever established by the United States Government in the Township of Southampton was at Sag Harbor.

In Vol. I, Chapter 35, p. 168 of the "Laws of the United States of America," I quote: "The State of New York shall be two districts for the collection of duties; to wit: Sagg-Harbor on Nassau or Long Island, and the city of New York, each shall be a port of entry. The district of Sagg-Harbor shall include all bays, harbors, rivers and shores within the two points of land which are called Oyster Pond Point and Montauk Point; and a collector for the district shall be appointed to reside in Sagg-Harbor," etc.

"The district of the city of New York shall include such part of the coasts, rivers, bays and harbors of

the said state, not included in the district of Sagg-Harbor."

Sagg-Harbor is the first named port of entry in New York State, according to this law and is established as such.

The first post office in the township of Southampton was Sag Harbor, established Jan. 1st, 1795; the second, Bridgehampton, established April 1st, 1795, and then third, Southampton, established April 1st, 1804.

"This Act was signed by Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, Speaker of the House of Representatives; John Adams, Vice-President of the United States, and President of the Senate.

Approved August the Fourth, 1790.

George Washington, President of the United States."

AREA COVERED BY MAPS

The territory covered by these maps is in extent about 7 miles east and west, and about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles north and south, covering an area of a little more than 30 square miles; the Atlantic ocean bounding it on the south, and on the north that range of hills which was the glacial moraine.

The average altitude of the highest of these hills is about 200 feet, and the valleys with but few exceptions run north and south, this occasioned by the flow of water from the glacier into or toward the ocean.

In this area is located one of the most noted chain of "kettles" (geologically speaking) in this entire country, consisting of Mecox Bay, Kellis Pond, Long Pond, Goldfish Pond, Jehu's Pond, Haynes' or Short's Pond, and Camp's Pond, all formed during the glacial period; a wonderful example of the forces of nature that scooped out what is now the Connecticut Valley, and brought the whole mass consisting of immense boulders, masses of rock torn from the mother ledge, alluvial deposits, and anything and everything that was in its way, pushed and ground the whole mountain of material until it melted, spread out and finally formed what we of this day are glad to call Long Island.

In early days the forest covered almost all of this area and extended nearly to the sea shore. Scrub oak and pine grew where the soil was light and poor, the different variety of oaks where the soil was heavier, also maple and hickory. My Grandfather said that when a boy the section south of Huntington Path was covered with heavy timber and that he used to go after hickory nuts in those woods.

There are a goodly number of upper springs along this morainal section or ridge, some of which flow constantly, and some of these I have every reason to believe are artesian, in most cases the water is very good. According to the U. S. Government survey, the corner of Huntington Path and Lumber Lane is 115 feet above sea level, and the front piazza floor of my house is 10 feet higher, or 125 feet. Bridgehampton Main street is about 42 feet above sea level. I have never heard of a case where borings were made down to sea level anywhere in this section but that good water was found.

Mecox Bay is the largest body of water in this area, and covers about 1200 acres. It abounds in oysters, clams and fish; when it fills up sufficiently, nature takes a hand and makes it an arm of the ocean, and again nature in due time closes it up. The

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

Mill Pond is perhaps the most beautiful, located in Water Mill and covers an area of about 60 acres. It was originally a stream or brook forming an outlet for the "Seven Ponds," but was dammed in the year 1644-5 and thus formed the Mill Pond. Kellis Pond covers about 40 acres, Sagg Pond about 100 acres. Georgica Pond is said to cover an area of 750 acres, but that seems rather large. I know there are several large creeks, so it may be right. Of the smaller ponds such as Peter's, Fairfield, Poxabogue and others I have not named the area, but Wainscott Pond covers about 40 acres, and prior to about 100 years ago broke out periodically into the ocean like Mecox Bay.

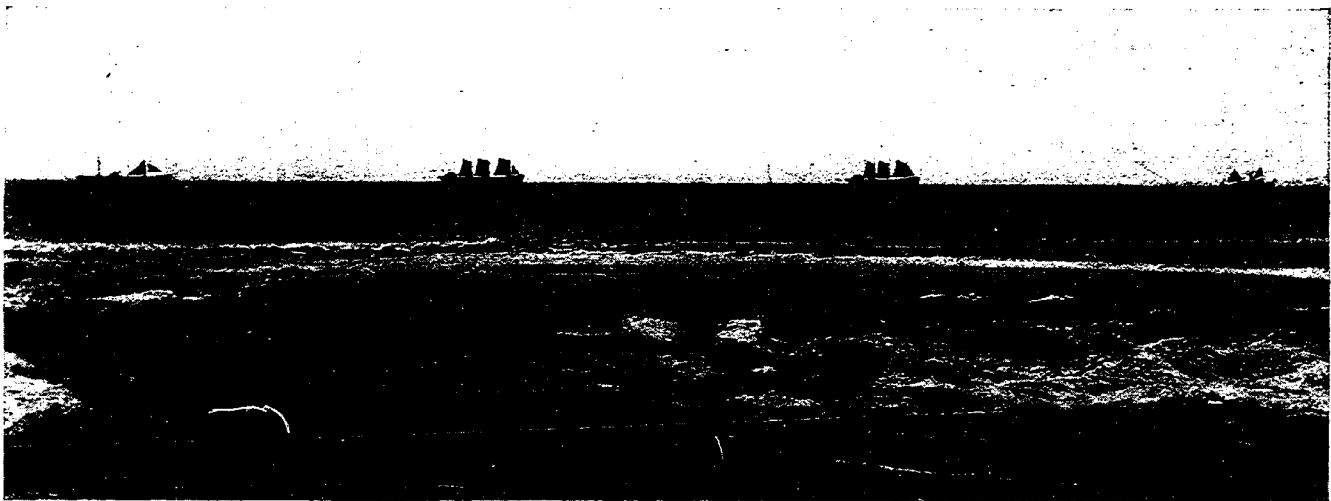
I think the good tillable land in this map area would be around 10,000 acres, most of which is of the very best for farming, grazing or market gardening; this is almost entirely free from rocks or even pebble stones, arable and very fertile far beyond most land on Long Island, fanned by cool ocean breezes that make work a pleasure, with heat rarely oppressive, and moisture-laden air that keeps vegetation thrifty while other sections suffer from drought and shrivel with intense heat. A land truly blest by nature and one seldom equalled as a home for all classes of men, either rich or poor. Surely we must honor the men who chose this section for a habitation, and cleared it for future generations.

This section includes a portion of the land laid out between the years 1640 and 1648. Sagaponack Division laid out in 1653. Mecox Division laid out in 1677. The "40 Acre Division" laid out in 1679. The "30 acre Division" laid out in 1712; and the

meadow land sold by the Town Proprietors in the year 1846.

To those who are inclined toward the aesthetic, or wish to get away from the humdrum of everyday business life, and long to behold nature in all of its beauty and grandeur, without spending anything but a little time and energy, just let them climb the hills previously referred to, on a clear day when the cloud shadows are just right, and I will venture that you would not exchange this view for that from the Rigi, Naples, Lookout Mountain, or almost any other place you ever visited. Here, as a background you have the old Atlantic, rolling on incessantly in all of its beauty and grandeur, the same yet always different, carrying on its bosom the commerce of the world. These vessels range all of the way from the small fishing smack to the great "Ocean Liner," which at this time might be classed as "Transatlantic Ferry Boats," more often the coast-wise steamers such as the Portland and Boston lines, then the ocean tugs with a string of coal barges bound for the manufacturing towns of New England. Before you is that beautiful plain of farming land extending from Southampton to East Hampton, a real panorama, to the southwest is the first named village about 7 miles distant, then comes Water Mill, then Hay Ground and Mecox, Bridgehampton lies due south from your lookout, then to the southeast is Sagaponack and still further east lies Wainscott. Scattered all along this shore are the summer homes of city people, and many of them are of the finest types of dwellings.

If you look to the east you may see some of the houses in East Hampton and Amagansett. Now



TOW OF COAL BARGES OFF MECOX



PANORAMIC VIEW FROM TOWER ON JOHN L. GARDINER HOUSE

let us turn about and look to the north, here you behold a fine forest extending away to the north shore. beyond, you may see Gardiner's Bay, Shelter Island Sound, Noyack Bay, Little and Great Peconic Bays, then the north fork of Long Island, Shelter Island, Gardiner's Island, and beyond these Long Island Sound, and if the air is very clear you may see the Connecticut shore. All of the above named bodies of water afford wonderful privileges for yachting and fishing, no better to be found anywhere on the Atlantic seaboard, with sufficient depth of water for all classes of boats, and fine harbors for protection in bad weather.

This wonderful landscape as well as seascape made a very deep impression upon Doctor John Lyon Gardiner, so much so, that he determined if ever he retired from active practice, if possible, he would build a home on these hills. This actually took place in the year 1891. The basement and first story of his new house, and the basement of his barn was built of native stone, and 475 tons of local rock was used in its construction. The foundation of this house is just 200 feet above sea level, it has a forty foot tower and the view from this tower is very fine. The Doctor took great pride and extreme satisfaction in entertaining his friends in this home which he decided to name "Dulce Domum." On one occasion Miss Hannah Eliston after a delightful visit wrote a poem descriptive not only of this beautiful home but mentions particularly the kind hospitality of both the Doctor and Mrs. Gardiner. It gives me great pleasure to insert this poem.

DULCE DOMUM

Upon a sun-kissed hill fair 'Dulce Domum' stands,
In form like ancient castle seen in other lands.
Here, crowned with years of honored, useful life,
Lives Dr. Gardiner and his loving wife.

Here let us enter, for we'll always find
A gracious hostess, and a welcome kind.
We'll chat awhile on subjects old and new,
Then "go aloft," for you'll enjoy the view.

Far to the south stretch farms all clothed in green:
A quiet little village nestles in between,
Whose church spires gleaming in the evening sun,
Point man to Heaven, when earth's life's done.

While farther on, Atlantic's billows rise
Till dark blue waters seem to reach the skies.
Or circle eastward, past East-Hampton town
To where Montauk's high cliffs are looking down.

Montauk's tall lighthouse, though so far away,
Seems a near neighbor, on this calm, clear day.
And Gardiner's Island—this our genial host,
Of all these scenes must surely love the most.

For there his English ancestors held undivided sway,
Owned the whole Isle, and even at this day
Though near three hundred years since brave young
Lion came,
Its lovely acres still are in the Gardiner name.

Strange tales its ancient manor house could tell
Of things that in those early days befell.
Of pirate raids and golden treasure hid
And roasted pig devoured by hungry Kidd.

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

Of feast and revel, beauty, wealth and pride,
In days when Tyler came to seek a bride,
Or days when England's queen had deemed it right
The Gardiner title should be "Lord of Wight."

But, we must "go below" ere daylight flies.
And while descending, friend, just use your eyes,
For time would fail me ere I'd half begun
To tell the heirlooms, given from sire to son.

The Gardiner coat of arms, the tattered battle flag,
The flintlock musket, and the saddle-bag;
The spurs, and powder flasks of quaint design,
Used by brave huntsmen of the Gardiner line.

The ancient spinning wheel, and warming pan of old;
The samplers worked by dainty hands long cold.
There's scarce a niche, as we go down the stair,
But holds some relic, kept with loving care.

We're down again—And now we turn aside
To view the chimney, Mrs. Gardiner's pride.
'Tis built of rough-hewn stone found on this land,
And set with treasures, by her own fair hand.

Here's coral, from the distant ocean's brine,
And shining ore from Colorado's mine,
Some relics from a far-famed battle field.
And shells, that strange, sweet music yield.

Now, here's a treat: The grand chance of your life.
To take a taste of Lot's old salty wife;
A little taste, for she's dissolving fast
So prize it highly, this may be your last.

You think while looking in that fireplace neat
"Some one in the next room has homely feet."
A mirror deftly bedded in the stone,
Reflects this floor—the feet, alas; your own.

Pride needs some falls. 'Twere well, at times, to pass
Unprejudiced, before a neighbor's glass.
A lesson in humility, perchance 'twill be
To see our darling self, as other people see.

And, now be wiser, and be on your guard,
The Doctor loves his joke, don't take it hard
If he should gravely ask you, "Do you know
This house is rocky when the high winds blow?"

I'm loth to go, but this long call my friend,
Like all good times on earth, must end.
We say good-bye to both, and chatting still,
We leave them in their castle on the hill.

And there may joy and peace abide,
Till sets their sun at life's fair eventide,
Until their God in love shall bid them come
From Dulce Domum to a fairer home.

Hannah Elliston,
Bridgehampton, Sept. 24th, 1901.

AN OLD RESIDENT DIES

In the "Old Cemetery" in Bridgehampton is a tombstone on which is the following inscription. "Doctor David Gardiner, son of David Gardiner, of Flushing, N. Y., and grandson of David, sixth Proprietor of Gardiner's Island. Born Jan. 1, 1799. Died Feb. 25, 1880."

This David Gardiner was the eighth generation from Lion Gardiner (I) the founder of the family in America, who came from England in 1635.

He was educated at Columbia College, New York, and taught school in Clinton Academy, in East Hampton, for many years. For considerable time he practiced medicine in Chester, Ohio, after which he came to New York City, and for 26 years held an important position in the Custom House. He afterward came to Bridgehampton, but lived practically a retired life. He was always scholarly and studious, a great reader and lover of nature.

When his son, Dr. John Lyon Gardiner bought the property formerly owned by Aaron Drake, and on which he in late life built "Dulce-Domum," David Gardiner, then quite an old man, walked up the hill to look over the property his son John had just bought. I at that time was but a lad, and the old gentleman stopped and spoke to me, and this was the first recollection I have of this man; he said, "My boy, I have been to see my son John's recent purchase, you know that the Good Book says, 'a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.'" This made quite an impression on me.

The particular incident in his life which I wish to relate was told by his son, Doctor John Lyon Gardiner, who attended him in his last sickness, though he was not really sick, the clock had simply run down and then stopped. His body was weak, while his mind remained strong to the very last.

ROADS AND BRIDGES

He became very weak, and told Dr. John that he thought he would not stay much longer, and that he wished the whole family to gather about his bed, which they did. He then pronounced in good voice, the Apostolic Benediction, from Hebrews 13, 20-21 :

“Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant,

“Make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.”

Then he requested that they all retire to the other room, “for” said he, “I am going to die in just a few minutes, and I wish to be alone when I go.”

Dr. John said they all left the room as father requested, but in a very few minutes he went back, and father had gone.

This story concerning one of our old residents, especially the matter-of-fact way or manner in which he met the inevitable, to my mind was rather unique and unusual, and yet very sensible.

AN ODE TO OUR FOREFATHERS

May we within our stately homes,
Where once their cabins stood;
Recall with reverence and pride,
Their labors for our good.

They sought this sea-girt Island,
And built upon its sod;
That free from persecution,
They might worship with their God.

Their sacrifice, their noble deeds,
Their aims and purpose true;
Should linger in our heart of hearts,
A tribute justly due.

When generations yet unborn,
Their history shall read;
Thrilled by the spirit of their sires,
May emulate their deeds.

Written by Stephen Hedges
Bridgehampton, January 7th, 1923.

The first trails through the woods are called in the Town Records “cart paths” or “cart ways.” This is truly what they were, and not what we would call roads. The first time the term “highway” is used in the Records was at a Town meeting held August 21st, 1654, when “It was ordered that Thomas Cooper shall have power to call forth those that are behind hand to work at the highway & to mend the bridge” etc.

Probably the first cart path that could really be called a road, was the one leading from North Sea to Old Town for it was over this road that all of the merchandise had to be carted.

Without doubt the road to the Water Mill was the next in importance, and would of necessity have been in use when the mill was built in the year 1644 or 1645.

East Hampton was settled in 1649. Communication between these colonies was a necessity. At first this was carried on by the way of the Ocean beach, but when Mecox Bay and the various ponds were out, the people were forced to travel on the landward side of these waters, and at such times the creeks and streams would be shallow and easy to ford. At Water Mill they crossed the Wading Place (see 1670 map) to Bay Lane in Mecox. We know that this was used as early as 1650, as was also Mecox Road. Those who did not care to cross the Wading Place could go as far as Hay Ground and then take the Mecox Road.

The path to East Hampton or Maidstone was in use in 1653. The first two Sagaponack Divisions were laid out in 1653; unquestionably there were roads leading to these lots soon after they were laid out. The date assigned to Daniel’s Lane on the maps is 1670, which I think is too late a date — it should be as early as 1655 for I believe this road was really an extension of Mecox Road.

Here is a question: When and why was Bridge Lane opened? As early as 1670, Anthony Ludlam, Ellis Cook and Arthur Howell were living in Mecox, and several others owned land there but as yet had not established homes. Josiah Stanborough in 1658 and perhaps 1656 was living in his home on the northerly side of Bridge Lane in Sagaponack. Josiah’s son, Peregrine, and John Topping soon after this were established in their homes on the south

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

side of the same lane, and they were followed by at least four others, not to mention a goodly number who had acquired land but had not as yet built their homes.

The first church was built on the north side of Bridge Lane 14 rods west of Sagg Pond about the year 1671. At this early date the church was the community center. Now, was Bridge Lane laid out and opened with two dead ends? Sagg Pond could not be forded at this place, neither were there ferry boats. Why did they build the church where they did, and why did they locate their homes where they did, unless there was a means of crossing the pond at this place? "Bridge Lane" was opened as early as June 20th, 1669. T. R. Vol. 2, p. 246.

It has generally been accepted that the Sandford bridge was the first across Sagg Pond, but I have always claimed it was not. Ezekiel Sandford contracted to build a bridge across this pond in accordance with a vote taken at a town meeting held April 1st, 1686. The church was built and the men mentioned above had homes here long years before that date; and they had means of crossing the pond before they settled there or built their church.

I believe it to have been a narrow causeway, too narrow for carts or vehicles, but sufficient for horses to cross single file, for most of the traveling was done horseback in those days, and if sufficient for horses, then ample for people.

In contracting for the Sandford bridge, they were particular to specify that it should be "sufficient for either men, horses or cartes to pass over," implying that the former bridge had not been hence their demand in making this contract.

When Mr. Baldwin Cook was past 91 years of age, he told me that his grandfather, Stephen Cook, said, that when a boy he heard the old men say that there was a bridge across this pond before the Sandford one, but that it was about the same location; he thought it was originally built by the Indians, and was made of logs drawn together endwise and filled with some material that would pack so as to make a solid path; at any rate it bridged the pond.

This formed part of the trail used by the Indians on their periodical pilgrimages from eastern Long Island to Poosapatuck to attend their religious or tribal ceremonial celebrations, of which "June Meeting" (familiar to the older generations) is but a faint shadow of the past and almost forgotten cus-

tom. This was unquestionably the first bridge across Sagg Pond.

This to my mind is the reason that the Sagaponack Divisions were laid out and settled and the church built at such an early date. The significance of this is illustrated by the fact that it gave this locality its name, "Bridge Hampton."

On the 1670 map, the road marked "path into the woods" probably did not extend north of Bridge Lane, except as it may have been a mere path or trail into the forest. I think Sagg Street extended from Bridge Lane on the south, to East Hampton Path on the north at an early date. There was also a ford where Channel Pond unites with Mecox Bay (see map for 1670).

Thomas Stephens was one of the first settlers in Water-Mill and lived just east of the road leading to Cobb, (see 1670 Map) where the bridge is today. Just south of the Morse property was a ford until about the year 1872, which was known as "Stephen's Water."

The road from Arthur Howell's to the beach (1670 map) was a private road until about 1870, when it was changed to run west of the Howell house, and where this road began were placed bars which had to be taken out when going to the beach. These are known in the Town Records as "Mecox Bars" or "Gate."

The road leading from Hayground southeast and uniting with what was later Paul's Lane was laid out about 1677.

What is Highland Terrace at this time, was known as Narrow Lane on the 1700 Map. This old road was probably closed for at least 125 years, and was about where the present road is located.

On the 1700 Map, the roads marked Sag Harbor Turnpike, and the Sagg Road to Sag Harbor in 1850, are marked "Cart Path to Great Meadows." The "Sag Harbor and Bull's Head Turnpike" was established under a legislative charter granted about the year 1840. It was a stock company with a capital of \$5,600. or 224 shares of \$25. each. The contract for building this road was taken by a Mr. Andrews, and a large portion of the grading was done with a sand scraper 6 feet wide drawn by two yokes of oxen. I own the steel shoe that belonged to that scraper. In 1906 this road was taken over by the Town, and the toll gate removed. In 1909 the toll

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house was burned. In 1700 there was no Sag Harbor. The first record of that place was in 1707.

"Merchants Path", still known by the same name, was a path cut through the woods from Poxabogue to North West, by the merchants of that day, Edward Howell and John Wick, both being contemporary merchants of this locality.

All of their merchandise was landed at North West, and had to be carted from there, for the most part with teams of oxen.

It will be noted that in 1700 there was no Job's Lane, nor Horse Mill Lane. The road running east

surveyed, so that there is no Lumber Lane nor Butter Lane on this map. (1700).

There was, however, a road spoken of in the Town Records Vol. 2, page 307: "The path that comes from Sagaponack" that has been the cause of considerable controversy and discussion.

The southeast corner of Lot 14 of the 40 acre Division "is marked upon a white oak tree standing on the right hand of the path that comes from Sagaponack". Lot 14 was what was later the Budd and Stuart Lots, lying north of Huntington Path, and now owned by the heirs of John Joblinski and the heirs of Samuel E. Edwards.

When William S. Pelletreau was compiling the Town Records this was a problem that confused him much, and only that I had discussed this matter with Charles H. Hildreth, who had given this particular matter much thought and attention, and really solved this problem, I fear it never would have been known.

How Sagaponack Path could have any bearing on Lot 14 was a mystery, for it was generally conceded that Sagaponack Path was the road leading from Sagg to Sag Harbor, and Lot 14 was some miles to the northwest.

The playground for School District No. 18 was on the north side of the road opposite the old School House. Across this playground from north to south was a depression or valley perhaps three feet deep and 15 feet wide. This was really the key to the whole problem, and starting from this, Mr. Hildreth traced this road its entire length.



Toll House on Sag Harbor-Bridgehampton Turnpike

from Ephraim Jones', in Water Mill, (now the home of Charles B. Corwith) was a highway in those days and for many years later, but it was closed more than 100 years ago, and few, if any, traces of it can be seen at this time.

The Brick Kilns Road was opened in 1690. This road was a trail through the forests to Great Meadows, also to the Brick Kilns, where good clay for brick could be found on or near the surface. This road also led to Noyack, where fish, and shellfish were to be found in abundance.

Mitchel's Lane was opened in 1679, as was also the Scuttle Role Road and Huntington Path. This was the date of the laying out of the 40 acre Division. At this time Mitchel's Lane did not extend to Butter Lane, for the latter at this time had not been opened, but it went through Snake Hollow, (1700 map).

The land lying to the north of Bridgehampton was at the date of this map a forest known as "Brushy Plain" and had not as yet been laid out or



Toll House on Sag Harbor-East Hampton Turnpike

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This depression I have just referred to was a portion of the old sunken road, made by erosion that had been going on for many years. I might say that after much discussion and correspondence with Mr. Pelletreau, he was convinced that this was the true and only answer to this question, and that Mr. Hildreth was right.

This road branched to the north from Sagaponack Road just west of the present home of Charles T. Ludlow, went to the west of the swamp, and then northwesterly and crossed East Hampton Path near Uriah Sayre's home, then northwesterly through the forest on Brushy Plain and crossed Huntington Path near what was later the north end of Butter Lane, or, as in the Records the southeast corner of Lot 14, of the 40 acre Division.

This road continued northwesterly until it came into the Mill Stone Road. This road at this time was the direct course of travel from Sagaponack to Noyac, or to Northampton, later North Sea.

The road to Towd, the Deerfield Road, Noyack Path, and the Mill Stone Road were all opened and in use in 1700. The road to Fairfield Pond was opened at an early date, probably 1670.

Hedges Lane in Sagaponack was opened in 1677, and Parsonage Lane in 1694. Job's Lane in Mecox was opened in 1726. Lumber Lane and Butter Lane were both laid out and opened at the laying out of the 30 acre Division in 1712.

Cook's Lane in Poxabogue was named from Abraham Cook, who lived on the East Hampton Path, and whose farm extended north as far as this Lane.

The road to the beach at Peter's Pond, named for Peter Hildreth, was opened at a date not much later than 1660. Loper's Road in the north district took its name from the Loper family, who lived just south of, and near it.

Wooley's Lane in Scuttle Hole took its name from a man by that name who lived on the south side of that road about 1750, and west of Samuel Cook. (See 1800 map).

Horse Mill Lane was opened in 1763 and took its name from a mill built near there, operated by horses. The road to "North Side" north of Huntington Path and west of Sag Harbor Turnpike on 1800 map was discontinued about the year 1900.

Halsey's Lane was a private road in 1700 and led to the house of Jeremiah Halsey. It was extended

through to Paul's Lane in 1885, and on to Mecox Road in the year 1890. Wheaton's Lane was also a private road, and led to Wheaton's house. (See 1800 map). The same place as is marked Alva Halsey in the 1850 map. This road was probably closed after that property was bought by the Halsey family. It is mentioned in the Town Records, Vol. III, page 213.

The road connecting Butter Lane with Mitchel's Lane running northwest from the Long Island Railroad Station, at Bridgehampton, was laid out and opened in 1763.

Norris Lane running north from the Main Street, and east of Bridgehampton village, took its name from Nathan Norris, who lived on the corner on the east side of that lane.

What is now known as Church Street, was opened in 1763. The road in Scuttle Hole leading to the David Rogers house in the hollow (see 1800 map) was at that time the main road, and was an extension of the Mill Stone road, and ran past the house of Silas Woodruff, down to the pond, then around the east side of that pond, and so up to the present road. The old road was originally where the gully is at this time.

Corwith Avenue in Bridgehampton was laid out and opened in the year 1893, and runs from Main Street to Railroad Avenue.

Railroad Avenue was laid out and opened in 1874 and runs from Lumber Lane, west to the Railroad property, but not to Butter Lane, as the Railroad owns all of the land in front of the Station and Freight House.

There were two bridges that I might mention, that did not affect the public, as they were both private enterprises. One was built by Jeremiah O. Hedges across Sagg Pond at Deacon's Island, and served to connect his two farms. This stood but a few years, when it was wrecked by ice.

The other was built by Capt. William Denison across the gully in front of his house in Scuttle Hole, and nearly opposite the northerly end of Mitchel's Lane. This was washed away by a freshet, during the summer season in the 1850's.

Both of these bridges are shown on the map for 1850. No one knows how long the Sandford bridge lasted. It was built of oak timber, and was probably good for at least a century. Then came a long lapse

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of years, perhaps another century, when there was no bridge across Sagg Pond.

In 1873, Silas Tuthill, of Westhampton, having bought land on the east side of Sagg Pond, wished to have another bridge built, and sought to get the other adjoining land owners about the pond to unite with him in building it. It appeared at first as if he would succeed in his efforts, but when it came to an actual outlay of time, labor and money, they failed him, and he had to build it alone.

After the completion of this bridge, Mr. Tuthill went before the Annual Town Meeting, and sought to get a resolution passed, whereby the Town would take it over and reimburse him for the expense of building it, but he failed in getting this bill passed. One of these landowners was an elder in the local Presbyterian Church and after all of his efforts with him had failed, in commenting on this matter he said: "There are some portions of Sagg that will produce good farm crops, and good men as well, but this is not true of all. I know of some that will grow nothing but elders, (alder) and my observation has been, that it is very poor timber for anything. It is absolutely worthless for bridge timber, and I am convinced it is no better for church timber".

Judge Henry P. Hedges was a large land owner on the west side of the pond at this time. At first he favored the bridge project, but after some of the land near the beach had been sold to city buyers, and the price of this land advanced the Judge changed his mind, for he thought the bridge would obstruct the sailing of boats from the northerly part of the pond to the beach, and for this reason, not only opposed the building of this bridge, but worked against it, thinking it would affect the price of his land.

After Mr. Tuthill had completed his bridge, and presented a Resolution to the Annual Town Meeting, the Judge led the opposition in the discussion before that body. After a heated debate, Mr. Tuthill at last got the floor, and said:

"Mr. Chairman, The Honorable Judge. in the stand he is taking on the matter of this bridge, reminds me of an old gray horse that my Father owned on the farm when I was a boy.

"This horse had a habit of jumping the fences, so that you never knew where to find him. One morning, my Father sent me down to the pasture lot to get this horse, but charged me, in case the horse was

not in the lot, not to come home without him, but to look over in the other fields, for said he, you will find him where there is the best pasture.

"And that is just what the Judge has done in this case. He has jumped the fence, because he thinks it will be better pasture."

In the year 1900, the Town built a substantial bridge across this pond near the site of the Sandford bridge. This stood until the year 1923, when the present bridge was built.

The ford at "Stephen's Waters" in Water Mill was in use for many years prior to the date of the building of the first bridge across that stream.

Before the L. I. Railroad from Manor to Sag Harbor was built the main road through Water Mill went across the mill dam, and around the pond below the mill, and so up to the main road to Southampton, (this latter portion is now discontinued) but when the bay was low, much of the travel crossed the ford.

After the railroad was built, most of the horses driven at that time were afraid of a railroad train. This above all other reasons, led to a demand for a bridge across Stephen's Waters.

This bridge was built in the year 1873, and consisted of a stone arch with earth embankments at either side. The mason work was done, I think, by Roger Maran. The highway leading across this bridge was not recorded until April 20th, 1880. See S. H. Town Records, Vol. VII, page 97.

While the following are not in a strict sense roads, it appears to be the only place to mention them. When the live stock were turned out to pasture on the common land, in the early days of the settlement, the problem was not how to fence them in the fields, but how to fence them out.

They had to have a supply of water, and to meet this demand, every pond and stream had a lane fenced from such water to the highway or common land. These are shown on the maps of the earlier dates. Especially marked as to its size is the one at the southerly end of Kellis Pond.

Another watering place was on the westerly side of the Mill Pond at Head-of-the-Pond, and in the 1800 map is called Baxter's Water, from Thomas Baxter (see 1750 map).

Mr. Pelletreau did not know where Thomas Baxter lived, but he thought in Sag Harbor. I base my

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decision on the fact that in an old deed in the possession of Mr. William Foster, it mentions the road going by Baxter's and on to Goodale's.

We know that Goodale's was about one half mile north of Gideon Halsey's on the Towd road.

Baker's Lane is the road running from Hay Ground road to Scuttle Hole road, on which Abraham Baker lived. (1800 map).

The Gelston house on Butter Lane was built by Ebenezer Edwards not later than 1747, perhaps somewhat earlier, and there was a lane running across just south of this house to Mitchel's Lane. I think this was the "Edwards Lane" spoken of in the Town Records and was sold by the Town Trustees to Daniel Woodruff of Bridgehampton, April, 1810, and discontinued as a highway. See Town Trustees Records, Vol. II, page 181.

Mill Stone Road was so called because one of the original mill stones was found at Mill Stone Swamp, on this road.

The roads were first opened rather than laid out. That came later. The land was all common land until allotted. The live stock all ran on this common land, so why bother about the width of the streets or roads?

After the land was all allotted, it became a different matter. Then came a desire, that grew into a demand, that the fences might be moved, so as to take in some of the extra width of road.

This led to a re-survey of the roads, at which time they were made narrower, until finally, the roads running east and west were made, as a rule, 5 rods wide, this to allow for snow drifts made by the prevailing north winds in winter time. Those running north and south were usually made 4 rods wide.

There was some common land as late as the early 70's. The westerly end of George Topping's barn, in Hay Ground, was the easterly boundary of the common land or highway at that date. There was a road on both the north and south sides of Hay Ground graveyard. That to the north is now closed.

The Thomas Edwards house was built facing and near the old road running from Huntington Path to Mill Stone Road, and the land out to the south was common land.

Lumber and Butter Lanes were both laid out 10 rods wide, and Huntington Path at the north end of

Lumber Lane, was at least 20 rods wide since my memory.

The old mill dam at "Sagg Head" might be classed as either a road or a bridge, in fact, it was both, for the dam was also used as a road. At this time it is a bridge.

The roads were so wide at first, that when one path or track became badly worn, they simply drove in a new place, so if the ruts were deep, the carts going either way would take different roads, unless it were two men of the disposition of Deacon David Hedges and Hiram Sandford, when there would probably be a collision, either mechanical or verbal.

There were no light wagons until the latter part of the 18th, or first part of the 19th centuries, except it were two wheeled gigs or chaises, on which there was a tax of \$2.00 for a chaise without a top, and \$3.00 for one with one.

The roads since my memory had a wide ridge in the middle and two small ones, one on either side by the ruts. Horses driven singly could not travel in the middle of the road, so the shaft irons had an off-set, that allowed the horse to travel in the right hand path.

The heavy wagons and carts tracked 5 feet wide until about 1868, when a Bill passed the New York State Legislature ordering all horse-drawn vehicles to track the same width, that is, 4 feet and 8 inches.

I can just remember this, and the excitement it caused among the farmers. It was really a good move, for it meant better roads. This center ridge afforded great amusement for the school children in going and coming from school, the one who failed to walk this ridge had to go to the rear of the procession as they walked single file. Mr. James M. Halsey was Member of the Assembly at this time, and I here quote a petition to him in opposition to the Bill authorizing the change of the width of track of vehicles. It is as follows:

"Bridgehampton, April 6th, 1868.

"James M. Halsey, Esq.

"Dear Sir:- It casually came to my notice a short time since, to my great surprise and astonishment an effort was being made by some person or persons, somewhere in our Town, their names, location or occupation being unknown to me, or to my informant, to obtain the passage of an Act by the Legislature, make it a penal offence for any person to use any wheel carriage or vehicle on any of our public

roads or highways, whose tracks shall embrace more than 4 feet 8 inches in width, and that you have actually presented a petition to the Legislature in favor of such action, which you probably thought it your duty to do, but that you will aid or countenance in any other way, the passage of such an arbitrary measure, I will not for one moment allow myself to believe. Aside from the outrageously arbitrary features of such a measure, you probably know I think, and I hesitate not to say, (should such an Act be passed, and remain unrepealed) it would work great injury and inconvenience to an overwhelming majority of our agricultural community in various ways. Leaving out of account the inconvenience and expense of cutting up our axles to conform to what we consider so unjust and exceedingly arbitrary enactment. This whole matter judging from the careful and quiescent manner in which it seems to have been gotten up, must, I thought, have originated in some corner where the general and public convenience were to be sacrificed or made subservient to local and partial or private views and interests, and I think from what I have learned quite recently that I was not much mistaken. This Bill I consider in its origin and character unjust and gotten up and manipulated in about the same way, take for instance the desire and apparent determination of the non-taxpayers of this Town with some others manifested at a recent Special Town Meeting, when they voted a vast sum from the taxpayers without their consent to donate to a corporated Company for railroad purposes. If we cannot look to our State Legislature for protection against such Frauds, Spoilation, Robbery and Oppression. then truly are we cursed indeed.

Very truly yours, in haste,
David Pierson."

Then it was that the live stock were forbidden to pasture or roam on the roads or highways. This caused considerable dissatisfaction for a while, some claiming that it deprived a poor man of his privileges, but all of these changes were in the line of progress and had to come. After the enactment of this Bill, the old order was reversed, and people had to keep their live stock fenced in, rather than out of their farm land.

The roads were formerly under the control of highway commissioners, and the farmers were allowed to work out their highway tax on roads ad-

joining their own property, but as a rule these roads were rough and poorly kept, very unlike what we enjoy at this time, but there was but little money or time spent on them, and I might add, there was but little to spend.

On May 10th, 1774, the Trustees of the Town passed a resolution forbidding all sheep being pastured on the common land without a shepherd, and in the woodland at all, because of the injury they would do to the young growth. At that time the general term used in referring to live stock such as were pastured on the common land was "Creatures," and was usually pronounced "Critters."

MILLS AND MILLERS

The great need of the colonists in the early days of the settlement was a means of reducing their grain to flour. They could pound or crack the corn in mortars into samp or hominy, but they needed a real mill. The streams of water were all considered and in some cases privileges were granted.

On January 7th, 1644, "Articles of Agreement" between the "Town of Southampton and Edward Howell" were signed whereby, The above sayd Edward Houell doth promise to build for himself to supply the necessities of the Town a sufficient mill at Mecoxe. The Town of Southampton was to grant him 40 acres of land near the intended mill, and that the Town of Southampton doe laye ye mill stones at the place where the millwright shall appoynt.

This mill was built on the north side of the road (see 1670 map) and on the east side of the stream, quite near the pond, the dam was not far from where the railroad is now. It was operated by an overshot water-wheel. Its successful operation depended upon two conditions: One, to keep the Bay at a low level, if it got too full, upon notice from the Magistrate every man from 16 to 60 years of age was obliged to assist in digging out the Seapoose, except the Magistrate, Minister, Miller and Herdsman. The other condition was to keep the water in the Mill Pond at a high level. To insure the latter on March 3rd, 1651, "It is ordered that when the Miller calleth on 3 dayes warneing, the towne shall gratishly afford him 20 men to go to lett in the water of the seaven ponds into the mill pond." At an early date the people of East Hampton were

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granted the privilege of bringing their grain to the Watermill for grinding if they in turn would assist in digging out the sea-poose. There was no streams of water in East Hampton Town which could be dammed for power purposes.

The stones used in this first mill were native stone. One was found near Sebonac close by a brook that has ever since been known as "Mill Stone Brook," the other at a swamp on the westerly side of the farm of David Sandford (see 1750 map) (or Mill Stone Swamp 1700) and the road passing this has ever been "Mill Stone Road."

From Edward Howell, who must have died prior to 1655, this property went to William Ludlam, who died in 1665. It then went to his two sons, Henry and Joseph. The latter left town and Henry became sole owner. The mill remained in the Ludlam family for almost a century. In 1727 it was owned by Jeremiah Ludlam. I do not agree with Mr. Pelletreau that Jeremiah Ludlam sold it to John Conklin, of East Hampton. I think he did sell the land lying to the west (later the Hedges Sandford farm, see 1700 map). "January 4th, 1748, William Ludlam sell one half of my water mill and stream, with one half of my bolting mill to Elias Petty, price 65 pounds."

A deed in the possession of the late William Foster, of Water Mill, dated August 18th, 1760, "William Ludlam sells to William Foster one half of this mill." Of this firm, Petty & Foster, Petty was a weaver. Mr. Pelletreau says that in 1790 this mill was owned by Hugh Smith of Moriches, but I cannot find proof of this. I do know, however, that John Benedict did not buy it in 1815, for he did not come to Water Mill from Danbury until 1817.

In the 1800 map I have named White and Hedges as owners, I do not know of whom they bought nor the price paid, but in the County Clerk's office are recorded two deeds, each for one-half of this mill. April 21st, 1825, Jesse Hedges and wife, Naomi, deed to John Benedict one half of this mill; then on June 13th, 1833, John White deeds the other half to Benedict. In my opinion, John Budd who moved here from Southold at an early date, was miller in this mill soon after it was built.

This Watermill was originally built for grinding grain into flour for family use, and feed for live-stock, later it was used for spinning yarn, weaving cloth and fulling the same. I think it was after it

came into the possession of "White & Hedges" that they manufactured paper in this mill (as far as I know the only paper mill in this whole township) in the manufacture of paper in the early days, the rags after being reduced to a pulp were run over a screen or sieve which removed a good share of the water, it then was spread on a smooth, even table or block, brought to the proper thickness, and left



Watermill, Water Mill, L. I., original one built by Edward Howell in 1644-5

until dry enough to handle. The drying block used by White & Hedges was of cast iron in size 27 in. by 40 in. and 2 & 3/8 inches thick, and is now in the possession of White's great grandson, Mr. John C. White of Sagaponack, L. I. I quote from the "Suffolk Gazette" of June 1st, 1807, as follows:

Wrapping Paper

Of a superior quality may be had of Mr. John Sowden, superintendent of the paper mill belonging to White & Hedges, near Southampton. **** Cash will be paid for clean Linen and Cotton rags."

On April 6th, 1697, the Town granted the right to build a mill on the stream at Sagaponack Pond head, to a company consisting of Henry Pierson, James Hildreth and Theophilus Howell. This mill was built and used for many years. Near the site of this mill you may see on the map for 1800 the location of a brewery. This was on the southerly side of the road leading to Sagg, and was the property of Alexander Brown.

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"On the 24th of June of 1823 he applied to the Southampton Town Trustees for the right to extend his Brewery or Shop 26 feet larger for the use of a Malt-house at an annual rental of 37½ cents."

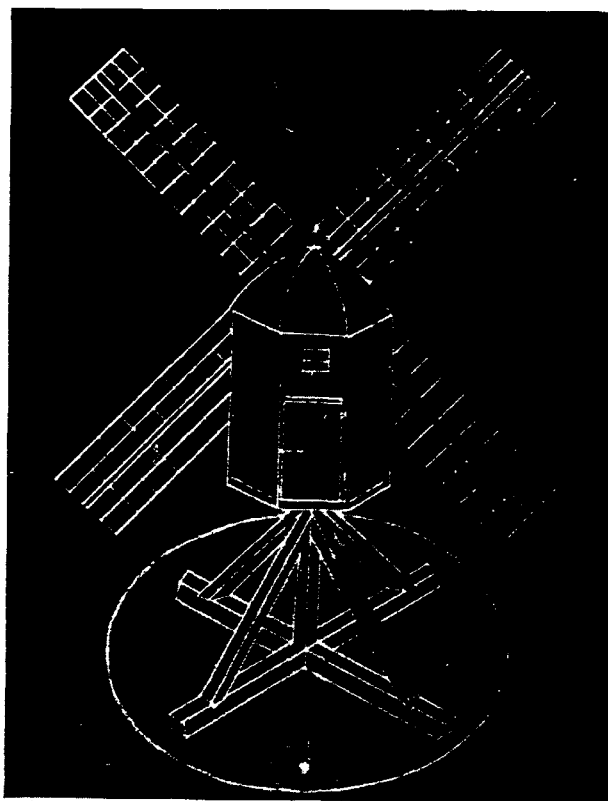
On the same 1800 map, at the head of Calf Creek, is marked the site of Jeremiah Parker's fulling mill. His son, Rodney, worked in this mill when a boy. There may have been a mill here prior to Parker, but I have not been able to prove it. (The Water Mill at Noyack I will mention later).

There was one and I think only one "Horse Mill" built in this area, it was in Mecox, and Horse Mill Lane was named from it, an old resident pointed out to me its site years ago. (See 1700 map). It was operated by means of a sweep or shaft similar to a capstan bar. East Hampton also had a mill driven by cattle, that is, oxen.

The Pilgrims had spent about eleven years in Holland before emigrating to America. There they had seen and probably operated the Dutch windmills on the dykes. This I think is the reason they built wind-driven mills in their new home, for about the only section where they are found is in New England and eastern Long Island.

The first type of windmill built in this section was known as "Spider Legged Mill." I found a draft of this mill among the effects of an old resident who remembered seeing them when a young lad. I had it photographed and it may be seen among my collection. This was the mill that stood on the corner of Charles S. Rogers' lot on the west side of Sagg Street. No one living at this time ever saw one. There were at least eight of these mills in this locality. The one just mentioned, one in Poxabogue, one in Hay Ground owned by Josiah Topping, one on John Wick's lot, from which "Windmill Hill" takes its name, and one and perhaps two in Wainscott. (See 1700 map).

April 2nd, 1706, it was "Granted to Capt. Theophilus Howell, Elisha Howell, Lemuel Howell and Jeremiah Halsey, Liberty to Build a windmill at meacox upon ye triangle commons Not Prejudicing highways." Bridgehampton was called Mecox in this case. This mill stood on what was afterward called Mill Hill, and some years after this another similar mill was built near this one. Charles H. Hildreth said that when he was a boy Stephen Norris attended both of them, at that time one was used for grinding feed and the other for making flour.

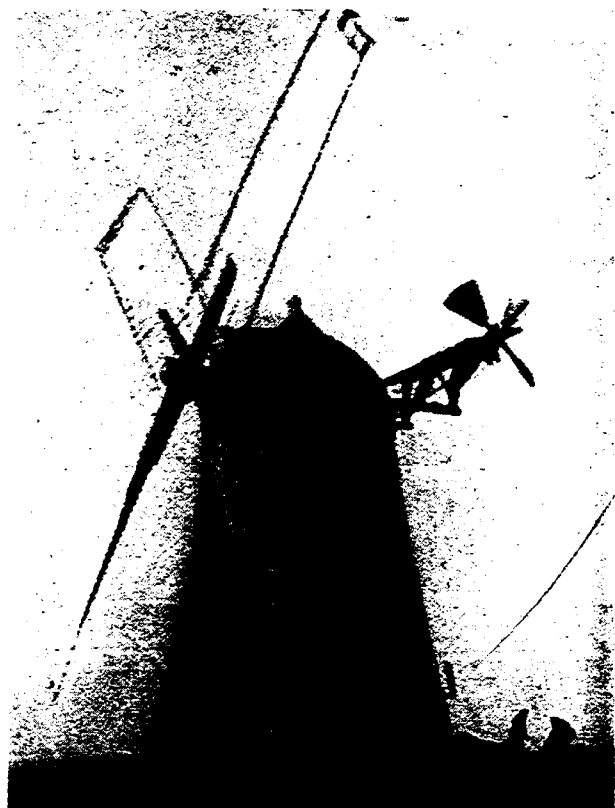


Spider Legged Mill, Bridgehampton, late 18th and early 19th Century

About the year 1837 Judge Abraham T. Rose bought one of these mills and moved it to his lot on the east side of the Sag Harbor Turnpike and used it for a hay barn. (See map for 1850). The other was bought by a company consisting of Messrs. Hiram Sandford, David Pierson, Nathaniel Topping and Smith S. Topping. They moved it to Poxabogue, and later it became the subject of the noted lawsuit known as "The Sagg Mill Case or Cause." (See chapter on Noted Law Suits).

In the year 1820 a Mr. Beebe built a fine windmill on what was later known as Sherry's Hill in the southerly part of Sag Harbor. This was the mill from which a flag was flown when a whaleship was sighted down Bay, hence: "Flag on the mill, ship on the Bay." In the same year the other mills were sold (1837) Judge Abraham T. Rose and Richard Gelston bought the Beebe mill and moved it to Bridgehampton and placed it on the same site from which the two mills had been moved. They operated it for some years, but finally sold it to a Mr. Norris, I think Charles K. Norris, and he in turn sold it to Roger Francis. After Mr. Francis failed

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Beebe Mill built in Sag Harbor 1820

in business, this mill was bought by a company consisting of E. Jones Ludlow, Charles Henry Topping and Hedges Miller. They sold it to William Hand of Amagansett. In 1868 Hand sold it to Albert Topping, who ran it for about four years; and then sold it to Lafayette W. Seabury who ran it until the year 1880, then he sold it to the firm of Topping & Hildreth. In 1882 they sold it to James A. Sandford. He moved it from Mill Hill to a site near the Railroad Station south of the tracks and east of the East Hampton Lumber Co.'s property. While standing there Sandford put steam power in so as to be independent of the winds for grinding. Soon after this Sandford sold it to Commissioner Kennedy for Prospect Park, Brooklyn. This contract was cancelled because of the difficulty of moving it the length of Long Island. In the year 1894 it was sold to Oliver Osborn, who moved it across the railroad tracks to a site north of the freight house, and put a brick foundation under it. In 1895 it was sold to the "Bridgehampton Milling Co." It was during their ownership that William Schellinger became the noted miller. About 1915 it was bought by the Rev.

Robert Davis, who sold it to Mr. John E. Berwind, and he moved it to his property on Ocean Road, where it still stands. The foregoing record I think is correct. I have known this mill from the time I was a small boy and always admired it.

The Wainscott windmill was originally built in Southampton, on the west side of Windmill Lane in the year 1813. The owners were Jeremiah Jagger and Obadiah Foster. It was bought and moved to Wainscott in the year 1852, where it stood until the year 1922, when it was bought by the Hon. Lathrop Brown, who moved it to Montauk where it now stands. I presume its grinding days are over.

The windmill at Water Mill, otherwise known as the "Corwith Mill," was originally built in Sag Harbor about 1800. In 1814 it was bought by James Corwith, who moved it to Water Mill on its present site. He also bought the land on which it stands from the Proprietors of Common Land that same year. It was operated by James Corwith for the most of his active life, then it came into the possession of his son, Samuel Corwith, who ran it until the year 1887, when he sold it and it also became a monument of a past industry, and still is such. This mill was turned about by means of a long spar or



Corwith Windmill—Water Mill, built in Sag Harbor 1800

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shaft attached to the upper frame and on the lower end was a large cart wheel, by which it was turned to keep it in the wind when grinding.

The last of the grist mills operated and in actual use that was driven by wind, was the Hay Ground Mill. This windmill is the only one in this section that still stands on its original foundation, and that has never been moved from its original size. It was built in the year 1801, by a company consisting of Gen. Abraham Rose, Capt. Benjamin Rogers, Nathan Topping Cook and Ethan Topping.

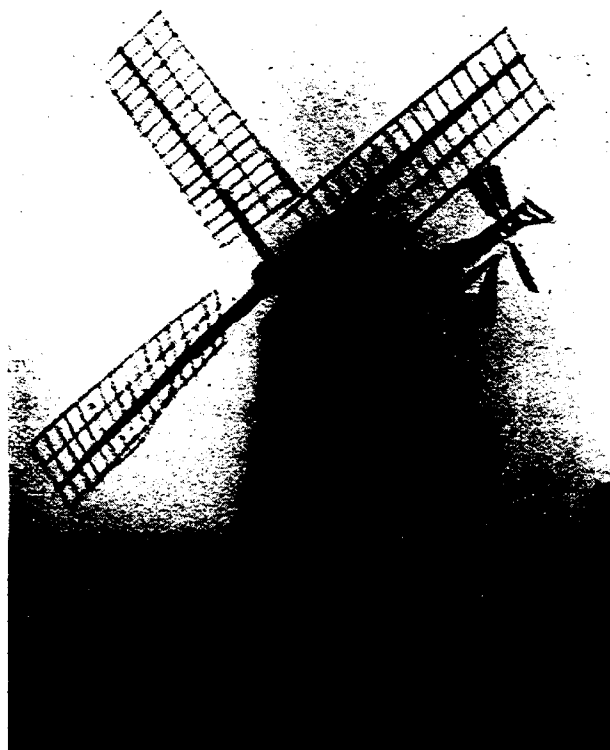
The timber from which it was built was cut from the local forest. Without doubt it has the distinction of being the oldest and the longest in actual service of any windmill in this community. The millers who operated this mill throughout the entire period of actual service were Ethan Topping, his son Jesse, his grandson George, whom I remember, and his great-grandson, George, Jr. and Maltby Gelston Rose.

Probably the most important mill, the most prominent business (while it lasted) and the largest steam flour mill in this entire section, was the "Atlantic Flouring Mills" built by Major Roger A. Francis, in 1851, and located on what was formerly the Triangular Commons. (See 1850 map).

This mill consisted of a two-story main building standing parallel with Hull Lane, with a two-story wing on both east and west ends. It stood on what is now the easterly part of the "Old Cemetery." The engine house and smoke stack were on the southeastern corner of the mill. Some distance to the east



Hay Ground Windmill, built 1801



Wainscott Windmill, built in Southampton 1813

and in a line with the main building, was a store house. A track or tramway was laid extending from the store house to the mill, on which a car was operated, not by steam as the cut of the mill would indicate, but by hand power. Back of the steam mill and a little to the southeast stood the Beebe Windmill.

This business venture proved a failure financially, and after a time the whole property was sold. The main building went to Sag Harbor, and became part of the "Maidstone Flouring Mills," and was operated as such until destroyed by fire February 18th, 1877. The two wings were bought by John Chatfield, moved to Mecox, joined together and made into a dwelling house, where it still stands. I think the store house was moved down the Sag Harbor turnpike and became part of the Edward Gregory house.

While writing on mills I must not forget to mention that of Charles Henry Topping, on Church Street. While he did some grist work, it really was a machine shop, where he repaired all kinds of machinery, and built for a good many years 10 or more horse-tread-powers each year. There was a saw

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Atlantic Flour Mills (Roger Francis) 1851-1859

mill connected with this business and a turning lathe. They also had a factory for the manufacture of Squaw-Scrub-Brushes. William H. and his brother, Charles P. Topping, built a 5-horsepower steam engine to run the machinery in this scrub-brush-making mill. I think it is the only steam engine in existence ever built in Bridgehampton. It is still preserved and I own it. The Topping Mill was bought by the East Hampton Lumber Co., but prior to this the Toppings had moved their plant from Church Street to Railroad Avenue, and in doing this they accomplished a remarkable feat in mechanics, when they loaded their tall brick smoke stack on skids, and moved it without damage.

When I was a boy, Charles H. Topping erected a "Hubbard Patent Horizontal Wind Mill" at his shop on Church Street. I remember his coming to our house and trying to sell one to my father. It was a beautiful model, and would run with the slightest breeze. I certainly coveted that model.

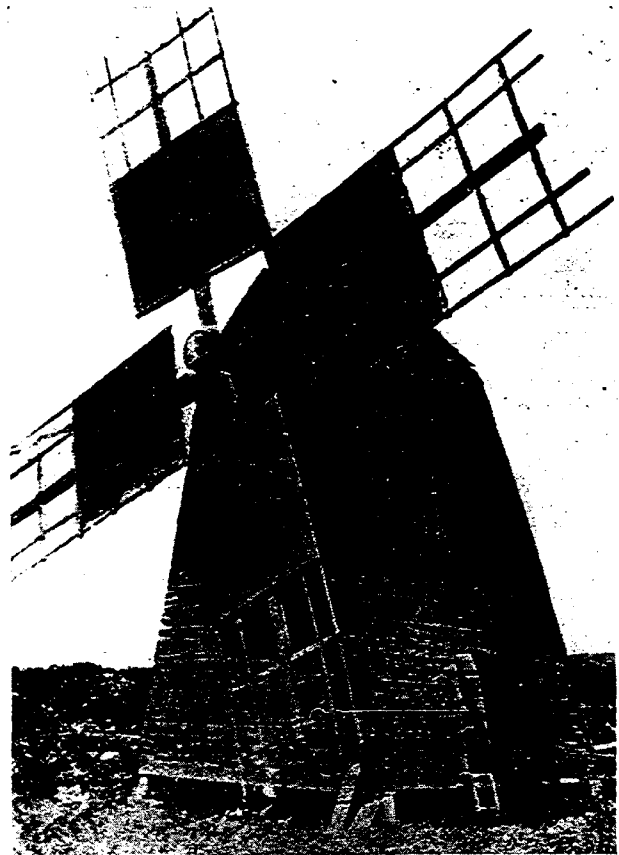
There was another type of windmill used exclusively for sawing logs into timber or planks. I remember two of these. They were built quite low. The shaft was fitted with a crank on the inner end, to which was attached a connecting rod that worked the saw, which was held in a frame that travelled between two upright guides which held the saw true.

After the Civil War molasses was very high in price, so that many of the farmers raised a small acreage of Sorghum for making their own molasses. Henry Edwards (see map for 1850) built a mill for that purpose and operated it for a number of years, pressing the cane, and boiling the juice into syrup or molasses. I do think it was not a very high grade product.

About the year 1883 the firm of Sandford & Tiffany was organized for the purpose of carrying on a milling and feed business. They built a new mill

near the railroad in Bridgehampton. Equipped it with modern machinery for making a high grade of flour; with rolls, bolts, conveyors and everything up-to-date. It was operated by steam power. They did a flourishing business for a number of years. On Nov. 13, 1888, the big steam boiler blew up, seriously injuring Mr. Sandford, and blew the building into pieces. This ended the operation of this mill.

In the foregoing chapter I have covered a period in the history of this community from the founding of the first colony to well near the end of the 19th century as it relates to "Mills & Millers", or in other words, it takes us from the period of the samp mortar to watermill, horsemill, spider legged windmill, the improved windmill of which several are still preserved, to the steam roll flour mill. This is probably an industry which may never be revived in this location unless there is a radical change in crop production. When more grain is raised there still may be a necessity for mills to grind it.



Daniel Hildreth Saw Mill, 1822

SCHOOL HOUSES AND SCHOOL TEACHERS

The Southampton Town Records up to the year 1651 are in the handwriting of Richard Mills, who appears to have acted as schoolmaster from the date of settlement. Without doubt this man was the first school teacher in the Colony. In T. R. Vol. II, page 224, we quote: "Sept. 22nd, 1663, by ye major voat it is ordered and concluded that Jonas Holdsworth shall have 35 Pounds for his schooleing per annum, for the term of two years at least, and his pay to bee answerable to ye pay ingaged to him by Hempsted, with ye allowance of 12 days in ye yeare liberty for his own particular occations."

At a Town Meeting, held Sept. 5th, 1664, "It is ordered that there shall bee a school howse of 20 foot long and 15 foot wide built at ye townes charge, and finished fit for use before winter." This is the first school house in this township of which there is any record.

There is another school teacher of record somewhat later, yet early enough to be mentioned. "I, John Mowbrey, doe hereby binde myselfe faithfully & diligently to teach and instruct a School in Southampton att twelve shillings in cash per Scholler for the terme of Six Months Commensing from ye first day of May next and Ending ye first day of November next Ensueing, and to teach them in the hours following viz. from Eight to Eleven a clocke In the forenoone and from one to five of the clocke In ye afternoone, as witness my hand in Southampton this 28th day of April, 1694.

Signed in presence of us

Matthew Howell John Mowbrey
Thomas Stevens

Mr. Mowbrey's Scollers:

Matthew Howell	2	Rich Howell	1
Lift Stevens	1	Joseph Goodale	1
Ensigne ffordham	2	Abraham Howell	1
Hannah Sayre	1	James White	1
Walter Melvin	1	Sam Johnes	1
Isaac Wilman	1	Mrs. Johanah Cooper	1
Will Herrick	1	Jonas Bower	1
Joseph Foster	1	John Woodruff	2
		Joseph Hildreth	1

I have named this first list of scholars because

many of these names may be found on the maps for 1700 & 1750 as residents and had established homes at that time.

I find it impossible to ascertain the time at which the first school houses in this map area were built. There were schools kept in rented rooms in private houses long years before they built any separate school houses. In writing of the school houses in the different sections or districts of this area, I will begin with Wainscott, which is in the township of East Hampton. The first one built in that district of which I can get any accurate information was built about the year 1730, and stood very near the site of the present school building. Judge H. P. Hedges in "Memories of a long life," says:

"The old School House was shingled all over, and time worn. The frame was of hewn oak timber, grown probably nearby. It was hoary with age when I first knew it. In the winter its loft had been storage room for the seine. In its northeast corner was a cupboard, for what purpose nobody knew; in its dark recess naughty boys were shut up until the terrors of confinement were supposed to have wrought reformation. John Cooper and Robert Hedges each taught in this school house two or three winters. This was not far from the years 1825 and 1826. Cut in the boards were the initials of many students. Cut on its south side was the outline of a full-rigged whale ship, "Andes" or "Union" I think the former. Cut in the rude seats were notches and outlines of figures, faces, animals and birds; rude, unsymmetric work of jacknives, by inexpert boys; raw specimens of struggling art.

"In the night, about 1826 or '7, the old school house was in a blaze. The flame shone on the windows of the room, where, in a trundle bed, I was sleeping. My brothers ran to the fire. This was the first building I ever saw burned. Chauncey Osborn, then courting his wife, Miranda Hand, at her father, James Hand's house, first saw the fire and gave the alarm.

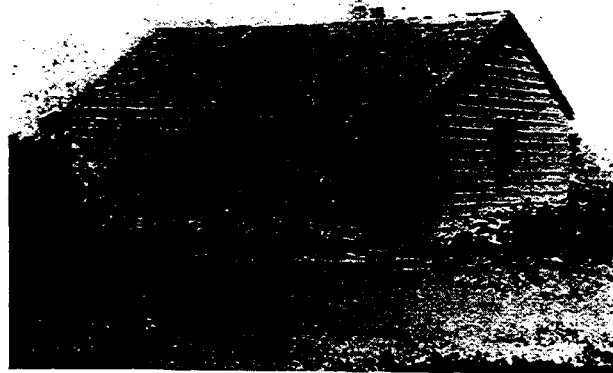
"The first witnesses coming, saw in the bushes of the old grave yard, in a chair used by the school master, the only chair kept in the school house, a

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

man sitting, whom they did not clearly recognize. The house burned to the ground. Tom Hopping, poor, crazy "Tom" was charged with the crime, arrested, imprisoned and tried, but not convicted. On his examination he professed ignorance of the cause of the fire, suggested that on account of the wickedness of the people, fire might have come down from Heaven, as it did on Sodom and Gomorrah, and that for the same cause it might come down on more houses.

"In long years after it was reported that he confessed to carrying the firebrand from home, a mile through the street, and setting the torch to the building. Poor Tom, Gone; Long since gone. Thus perished the old school house. It must have been nearly one hundred years old, perhaps more. Full three generations of youth learned their letters. Three generations, at 5 o'clock meetings, had worshipped therein. It was hallowed by the prayers of sincere and humble worshippers. Its walls had echoed and re-echoed with sacred hymn and psalm sung by devout and honest tongues. Center of primary instruction, center of seine meetings, center of religious worship, it had been an institution of enduring benefit and blessing."

A new house was built soon after the old one was burned, and on the same site. In this second house Thomas Rose, brother of Col. Edwin, and Josiah White, both of Bridgehampton, were school masters previous to 1853. This was used until 1884, when it was sold to David P. Osborn, who moved



Sagaponack School House, District No. 10, 1830-1885

it to his home at Wainscott. Then a new school house was built on the old site or near to it.

In September of 1813, the Town of Southampton was laid out into 15 school districts. Some were absorbed later, and more of the larger ones divided.

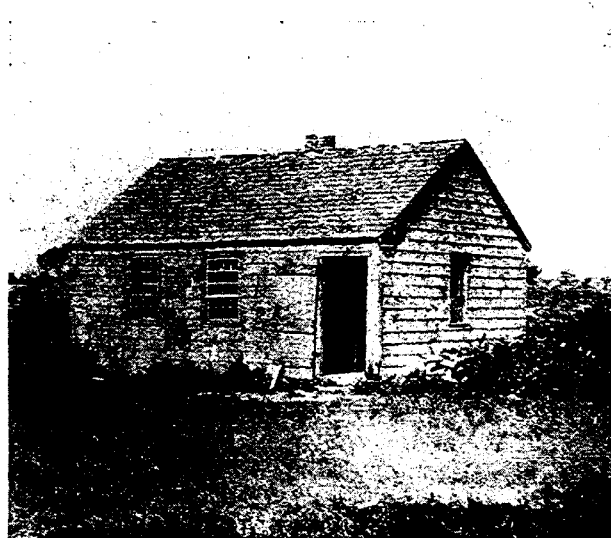
Sagaponack School District, or No. 10

The oldest school house in Sagaponack (district No. 10) of which we have any knowledge, stood just north of the north line of the late Henry Topping's farm, on the east side of Sagg street, on the property of Caleb Pierson. This lot was 4 by 5 rods in area. This house was probably built about the year 1725. This house was 20 by 25 feet, facing west, with a door to the west, and two windows on either side, and a fire-place and chimney at the east end. In later years a Franklin stove was installed. The room was walled and ceiled, had a board floor, but no underpinning.

I have heard Mr. Charles H. Hildreth relate his experience while attending this school, but will quote his article in the "News" of August 19th, 1910.

"I attended school at the old Sagg school house over 76 years ago, (this was written in 1910). The house was comparatively new then, the paint bright and shining, and did not show the work of jackknives as it did in later years. The desks were built against the four sides of the room except at the door way into the entry. The seats were a continuous board in front of the desks.

"There were two small benches for the small children, one of pine for the girls, the other a rough oak



Wainscott School House, 1827-1884

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slab for the boys who had to sit with folded hands and allowed to breathe if we did it quietly. This house was covered with long cedar shingles, which were good for at least a century, (for location of this house see 1800 map). Jesse Pierson, who figured in the famous 'Fox Law Suit,' the location of whose house may be seen on the west side of Sagg street (1800 map) was the school teacher for a long term of years in this school house.

"This old house was in use until about the year 1830, when it was decided it was no longer serviceable. A new house was framed, and the men of the district assembled to raise it on the site of the old one. Lemuel Haines, who owned the adjoining land, protested so strongly, claiming that in case of fire it would jeopardize his home, that the assembled company picked up the frame, carried it across the street and set it up on the common land. Here it really stood in the street between the two roads until about the year 1885, when it was sold to Charles Fooks, who moved it to his farm on Parsonage Lane. He has since sold it and it was moved to Wainscott. This was the second school house in that district, and was built by James L. Haines. The present and third school house was built on a lot bought of Henry Topping."

The following is a partial list of the scholars in this District No. 10 (Sagg) Number of scholars, and days attendance. Time of school four months.

John White	2	Jesse Pierson	2
Lucretie Pierson	1	Hiram Sandford	1
Silas Pierson	3	Robert Petty	1
David Topping	1	Ebenezer White	1
Richard Lester	2	John Pierson	1
Lodowick Post	1	Silas Wood	1
Matthew Topping	2	Daniel Haines	1
Alfred Pierson	2	Caleb Pierson	1
Henry White	1	Isaac M. Pierson	1

Bridgehampton, March 15th, 1796.

A Return of the School in the District of Sagg. Taught Two Quarters By Benjamin K. Hobart Beginning September 28th, 1795, ending March 12th, 1796. For Forty Pounds Ten Shillings.

Wilkes Hedges, Assistant. 1 Qr.

Scholars names, No. Days.

Martha Topping	34	Phebe Topping, Jr.	47
Sally Sayre	38	Sophia Peirson	68

Nancy Peirson	105	Abrn. Topping	104
Betsy Peirson	71	Daniel H. Haines	141
Polly Smith	36	Josiah Peirson	101
Hannah Peirson, Jr.	20	Sylvanus Hand	29
Rachel White	61	Smith Topping	28
Abigail Hedges	49	Jeremiah Peirson	13
Harriet Sayre	42	Hervey Peirson	41
Julian Topping	96	James Topping	59
Harriot Peirson	69	James Edwards	35
Betsy Peirson, Jr.	137	Saml. Peirson	67
Polly White	31	Matthew Topping	86
Charity Hedges	14	Joshua Topping	13
Nathl. B. Topping	19	William T. Hedges	63
Nathan Peirson	120	Silas Topping	22
Malby Sayre	89	Charles Sayre	60
Halsey Peirson	135	Rebecca Topping	48
Theoph. Peirson	137	Phebe Sandford	48
Silas Peirson	109	Jane Sayre	48
Charles Topping	108	Elizabeth Topping	29
Theoph. Howell	134	Sally Moore	86
Reynolds Howel	28	Ruth Norris	35
John Peirson	25	Abigail Hand	46
Champlain Sherman	14	Betsy Peirson	56
Jesse Strong	27	Nathan Sayre	104
John Strong	2	Meriah Peirson	130
Jesse Peirson	103	Susannah White	65
Ebenezer White	80	Esther Peirson, Sr.	103
Francis Sayre	36	Harriet Peirson, Jr.	121
Conkling Hand	56	Lorana Topping	28
Isaac Morehouse	11	Abigail Hedges, Jr.	31
Esther Topping	28	Polly Moore	10
Phebe Topping Sr.	46	Howel White	74
Ruth Peirson	56	Theodore Peirson	141
Joanna Peirson	34	Daniel Sayre	20
Sally Smith	27	Danl. Hedges	75
Dency Peirson	49	Gordon Peirson	136
Clarisa Hand	44	Sam'l D. Peirson	136
Jerusha Peirson	87	Nathan Topping	111
James Peirson	96	Silas White	30
Hannah Peirson	47	Henry Topping	12
Phebe Sayre	45	Paul Topping	13
Phebe Hedges	23	Peirson Strong	23
Rebecca Haines	80	Sylvester Strong	30
Sally Peirson	27	Jeremiah Rogers	20
Polly Hedges	32	Andrew Peirson	40
Sarah Peirson	17	John Sayre	30
Hervey Topping	92	Solon Hand	27
Job. Peirson	115	Oliver Sayre	54
Uriah Sayre	19		

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

A true act.
Errors Excpt'd.
p. B. K. Hobart
Jedeiah Peirson
Silas White
David Topping
William Peirson Trustees

School District No. 9

Many people have had the idea that the building used for a shop on the farm of the late James L. Haines, and later his son Theo. F. Haines was the first school house in this district, but this is not so. Any one who studies the construction of this building, will be convinced of this fact. There was a school house that antedated this one by at least one hundred years. One that was far more pretentious in size, appearance and accommodations, for this one had a seating capacity several times more than the other. It also served the purpose in the community that a Session room or Church parlors would at this day and time.

The Tavern and Triangular Commons were bound to change the community center from Bridge Lane to East Hampton Path. After 1700 the latter road gained a decided preference over the former in the traffic from Southampton to East Hampton. The growth of the settlement was tending toward the northwest, and has ever since.

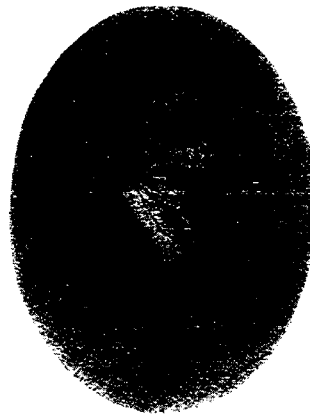
This school house was probably built about the year 1720, and stood on the Triangular Commons, not far from where James S. Havens' blacksmith shop stood in later years. This was known in those days as "The Two Chimney School House." It was very much longer than the other school houses in this locality. It stood length-wise east and west, with one door near the center on the south side, and one at the west end. This building had neither wall nor ceiling, and there was a large fireplace in each end. I think it had a stone foundation and dirt or perhaps a tan bark floor; (for there was a tannery at Sagg Pond head owned by Joseph Wickham, 1686, Silas White 1732).

The above description was given me by Miss Clara Haines when she was about 90 years of age. She also said that she, when a child had attended prayer meeting with her father, Deacon Jeremiah Haines, in this school house, and remembered just how it looked to her.

Across the Commons to the northeast was the "Bull's Head Tavern," owned and conducted by John Wick for many years. A favorite resort. On the opposite corner to the east of the Tavern was the home and store of Capt. John Hulburt, where a goodly portion of the trade was in New England or Jamaica rum, meted out to a line of customers extending from Water Mill to Hog Neck, as the entries in his ledger will show.

Let us pass over a period of say, fifty years, this would bring us to the days just prior to the Revolution, and who can picture or portray the scenes that transpired in and about that old school house. This was at that time the only room, save the church, where meetings could be held to enthuse the spirit of freedom and self-government into the minds and hearts of the young men, who, ere-long would be called upon to defend their rights, and demand, if they must submit to taxation, then coupled with it must be representation.

I verily believe if we had a record of the stirring appeals, the patriotic speeches, the pledges and proffered sacrifices that they knew would be an important factor in their lives before the struggle was ended, we would have something that has never been surpassed in all the annals of history.



STEPHEN BURROUGHS

It was in this house that the noted or notorious Stephen Burroughs taught school in the latter part of the 18th century. This man, a fugitive from justice, came to Shelter Island and taught school for a time, and then accepted an offer to come to Bridgehampton to teach, for a much better money consideration than he had received at the former place. This, coupled with the idea that it would be wiser and better not to go back to those localities where he was known, induced him to accept the offer and locate here.

There is little doubt but that Burroughs was a man of marked ability, and far better versed in literature and general knowledge than the great majority of his contemporaries. He apparently won the

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

good will and confidence of Judge Havens, of Shelter Island, for the Judge sent four of his children to Bridgehampton, and placed them under the care of Burroughs, and kept them here for two years.

Burroughs, "during this time, had formed a most agreeable and intimate acquaintance with Dr. Woolworth." He writes: "I found him a man of very agreeable parts, and an entertaining companion." I believe that Burroughs was a good teacher. He brought his family here to live and rented a house of Elias Halsey, (see map for 1800). His widow, Jerusha Halsey was there in 1850. This was later the farm bought by Judge H. P. Hedges. Burroughs appears to have gotten along well, for he writes that he had a large school, until theology was introduced into the equation. That made trouble.

Deacon David Hedges was the leading man in the church at that time, and he and Burroughs clashed on their religious views. This led to heated arguments; Burroughs being by far the better read and educated, proved too much for Hedges. The latter's disposition was such that he could not submit nor yield, and to have Burroughs best him in their arguments was more than he could stand. Whereupon Hedges and others, including Woolworth, began an investigation into Burroughs former record. This uncovered a whole lot of information very detrimental to Burroughs' character which finally led to his eviction. One episode in his varied career was as follows. At one time he located in Pelham, Mass., and taught school in that town. At that time the church was without a minister and was candidating for one. Burroughs applied for the position, but the officials of the church were rather skeptical of his ability, and also of his religious character, but finally agreed to submit him to a test. On a given day they were all to meet at the church. The church officials were to select a text for Burroughs, and give him twenty minutes to prepare a sermon, and if under these terms he could preach a sermon that they all considered orthodox, they would hire him.

They chose the text from Joshua 9, 5. "And old shoes and clouted upon their feet." He took the chosen text and within the allotted time was ready, and preached a sermon that passed the test, and they hired him; however, he did not stay very long in this charge. He afterward became a counterfeiter and had a home on the Canadian border.

Burroughs in turn related Hedges underhanded

scheme in disposing of his supply of cheese, as well as the comments of the Jew when visiting Hedges after a serious illness. (See Burroughs' Memoirs). These may have been true, and they may not have been, but told just out of spite.

Deacon David Hedges was the grandfather of Henry P. Hedges. The latter appeared to have an in-born antipathy toward Burroughs, and let no chance pass to express his contempt and disgust, presumably because of the incidents wherein Deacon David and Burroughs were the principal actors. I do not blame the Judge particularly, but he did carry this matter of contempt until he attained advanced years, and freely expressed it on many occasions, using such expressions as "that noted old scoundrel Stephen Burroughs"; and further, the Judge would confiscate and destroy every copy of "Burroughs' Memoirs" that he could obtain in any way, regardless of ownership. These acts increased rather than diminished the interest the public took in Burroughs. It worked a problem in inverse ratio throughout this community, whereby, instead of blotting out the memory of this man, it served to perpetuate that memory above any other method he might have chosen.

Late in life Burroughs reformed, and be it said of Hedges, and I wish to emphasize this statement, that after he became convinced of the fact that Burroughs had forsaken his old ways, and was following a new life, he gave him credit for having reformed, and withdrew the charges he had formerly made against him. This was a fine illustration of the true Christian spirit of a really great man. In proof of the above statement relative to the reformation of Burroughs in late life, I wish to quote from an article published in a prominent Canadian paper about the time of his death.

"Stephen Burroughs died at Three Rivers, Lower Canada, in the winter of 1839-40. He was a singular man. He was both good and bad, wise and foolish, ever a blessing and a curse to himself and society; kind hearted and at the same time weak, a man in whom the principles of good and evil were so strangely mixed up that it was difficult to decide whether the doing of a criminal or a charitable deed gave him the most satisfaction. But after a long course of crime and goodness, a change, somehow or other came over the spirit of Stephen's dream, when he took up the business of becoming a respect-

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able man, and well and honorably did he follow that business, as his many friends—enemies he had none—who were long his neighbors, will all cheerfully testify. Although the morning and noon of his life was cloudy and forbidding, the evening was blameless and peaceful.”

“Bridgehampton School List Taught by Wm. D. Gibbs, for £16 pr. Quarter began the 19th of October, 1795 and ended the 16th of January, 1796.”

Names	No. Days	Names	No. Days
Talmadge Hildreth	60	Hannah Norris	70
John Woodruff	20	Tepe	10
Selden Dayton	31	Huldah Parker	52
Sylvanus Brown	39	Phebe Sandford	70
Frank Corwithee	70	Betsey Halsey	26
Levi Howel	70	Hannah Woodruff	70
David Cook	70	Jerusha Jennings	70
Hervey Cook	70	Moses Halsey	70
Halsey Ludlam	70	Stephen Halsey	68
James Sandford	68	Shadrach Hildreth	70
Ruth Corwithee	70	Nath S. Halsey	39
Jonas Topping	70	Burnett Corwithee	70
Caleb Halsey	70	Wm. Corwithee	20
Thomas Halsey, Jr.	70	Silas Cook, Jr.	70
Jeremiah Halsey	46	Susanna Jennings	10
Cynthis Halsey	53	Nathan Hildreth	70
Clarissa Rose	70	David Sandford	70
John Mitchell	58	Abrm. Norris	70
Betsy Woodruff	20	Elisha Topping	70
Jno. Gelston	17	John Halsey	70
Obadiah Cook	15	Hiram Sandford	65
Gordon Corwithee	70	Lewis Halsey	70
Henry Howel	70	Howel Woodruff	30
Hedges Cook	61	Mary Woodruff	48
Polly Cook	20	Sylvanus Halsey	65
Oliver Halsey	72		

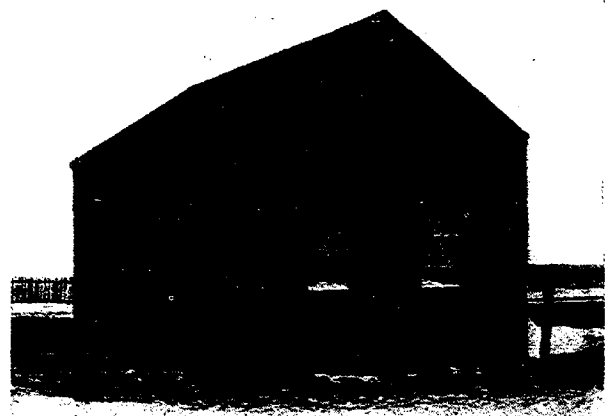
Bridgehampton School continued by Wm. Bigelow. From the 18th of January to the 19th of March following for £18 10s per Quarter.

Names	No. Days	Names	No. Days
David Corwithee	32	Timothy Woodruff	26
Caleb Halsey	28	Howel Topping	21
Wm. Corwithee	35	Phineas Parker	41
David Cook	36	Selden Dayton	24
Henry Howel	28	Elias Halsey	31

Mary Sandford	12	Chapman Jennings	38
Shadrach Hildreth	19	David Sandford	25
Jno. Parker	34	Polly Rose	10
Lewis Cook	15	Halsey Ludlam	11
Caleb Woodruff	24	John Halsey	34
Thomas Halsey	21	Gordon Corwithee	31
Jones Topping	29	Silas Cook	32
Luther Topping	14	Levi Howel	32
Gabriel Halsey	28	Hiram Sandford	21
Sylvanus Halsey	10	Cynthia Halsey	13
Thomas Gelston	27	Jeremiah Halsey	34
Nath'i. Halsey	20	Oliver Halsey	26
Jno. Gelston	9	Hervey Cook	12
Frank Corwithee	33	Howell Woodruff	23
Phebe Corwithee	28	Elisha Topping	29
Partridge Hildreth	37	John Mitchel	35
Hedges Cook	40	Polly Woodruff	14
David Howel	29	Moses Halsey	38
Haines Halsey	18	David Gelston	32
Topping Sandford	33	Clarissa Rose	10
Abrm. Loper	25	Pierson Rogers	13
Polly Cook	14	John Hildreth	26

The next school house in this district was the one that stood on the old Sagaponack road about where the west gate is located on the Kahle property. I cannot ascertain just when this house was built, but I know it stood there in the year 1832, and was in use until 1842, when it was sold to James L. Haines, who moved it to his farm for a shop.

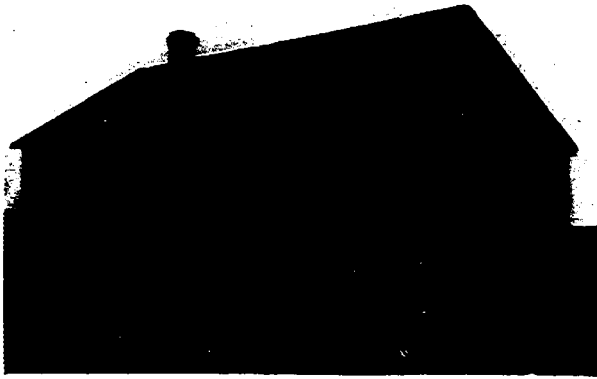
Then followed the school house as shown on the map for 1850, on the westerly side of Ocean Road.



Second School House in District No. 9

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

This was built in the year 1842 at a cost of \$471.00. It stood there until the year 1891, when it was sold and moved to Narrow Lane for a dwelling house, and another school house built on the same site at



Third School House in District No. 9, 1842-1891

a cost of \$2,500. This last house was sold and moved to Wainscott for a chapel in the year 1908. Then it was that the next school house was built on the corner of School Street and Church Lane. The lot cost \$1,500, and the house \$10,000.

School District No. 8 (Hay Ground)

The oldest school house of which I can find any record in this district, stood on what is now the highway or street, about opposite the home of the late Charles Strong, on the Hay Ground Road, the site of which was pointed out to me by the late Edward M. Rogers.

This building was about 15 by 20 feet in size, both roof and uprights were shingled, one door to the west, three windows on either side, and a huge chimney and fireplace at the east end. This fireplace was large enough to hang three kettles on the crane, which swung from one side, and wide enough to take in a whole cordwood stick four feet long. The andirons were of such ponderous size that a fourteen year old boy could hardly lift one of them, and the tongs were in keeping, both as to size and weight.

There was a board floor, but neither wall nor ceiling. The furniture consisted of slanting tables with seats or benches on either side of the room, for the smaller children, and a double row of desks through the center of the room lengthwise, for the older pupils. The teacher's desk stood before the fire-

place. This house was in use until about the year 1830, when it was sold and moved some distance to the west to a colored settlement, and used for a dwelling house.

Timothy Halsey, Jr. known as "Master Tim", was born in 1764, and died in 1811. He was the son of



Hay Ground School House, District No. 8, 1830-1891

the first Timothy, and his home was in Scuttle Hole, now the home of William Haines. (1800 map). He taught school in this locality for a good many years, much of the time in Hay Ground. I think my grandmother, Elizabeth Tuthill Rogers and her brothers and sisters attended his school. He was an excellent teacher for those days.

Jesse Halsey, (see 1800 map) the son of Lemuel. (1750 map) related the following story of an incident while attending school in this old school house when Master Tim was teacher.

"For punishment at school one day, one of my schoolmates was given the generations of Shem to commit to memory as follows: Eber, Peleg, Reu. When called up before the august Master to recite, the poor boy rendered it thus: Angle, Pangle, Row. The irate Master reaching for the boy's collar with one hand, and for the ever present sappling with the other, exclaimed, while vigorously plying the rod, Aggle, Paggles the Devil, go to your seat."

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

This old house was used until about the year 1830, when the second house was built about where the present school house stands. Daniel S. Halsey taught school here when I was a boy, and at an earlier date Abraham Halsey of Water Mill. This house was sold to James H. Rogers about the year 1891, who moved it to his farm, and a new school house built. This one stood until 1912 when it was sold to John Kale, and the present house built, I am not sure but I think the second house was built by Deacon Jeremiah Haines.

I here give a list of the scholars for the term from September 28th, 1795 to March 15th, 1796, kept by Timothy Halsey, in Southampton. This was Master Tim, and it was in the Hay Ground District. An account of the school kept by Timothy Halsey for £33, 3s, 4d.

Names	No. Days	Names	No. Days
James Rogers	101	Phebe Brown	24
Hiram Lupton	101	Silas Cooper	58
Polly Halsey	91	David Loper	8
Susanna Rogers	41	Hobart Halsey	134
Mary Rogers	33	Ananias Cooper	100
James Woodruff	48	Luther Corwithee	99
James Topping	109	Stafford Squires	78
Phebe Halsey	128	Jubal Tarbell	82
Jasper Halsey	68	Jane Halsey	11
Luther Rose	17	Jeremiah Haines	26
Stephen Talmadge	67	Hannah Rose	34
Sullivan Cook	112	Hannah Howel	14
Daniel Jennings	98	John Rogers, Jr.	90
Wilman Halsey	107	John Cook, Jr.	46
Mary Paine	15	Phebe Tarbell	20
Anthony Ludlow	47	Peleg Rogers	78
Halsey Woodruff	61	Squire Sandford	52
Shadrach Topping	17	Harriet Halsey	87
Sally Miller	34	Stephen Topping	100
Wheeler Cooper	51	Malby Rose	109
Stephen Rose	46	Job Haines	12
Jesse Halsey	17	Hugh Halsey	46
Abrm. Baker	135	Catherine Halsey	129
Samuel Cook	140	Samuel Brown	74
Hezekiah Halsey	43	Hannah Cook	45
Ezekiel H. Rogers	72	Austin Haines	92
Elnathan Topping	48	Luther Loper	64
John Squires	59	Herrick Aldrich	47

Names	No. Days	Names	No. Days
Frederick Halsey	69	Abrm. Woodruff	69
Catherine Rogers	9	Martin Rose	61
Ludlow Halsey	15	Polly Rogers	8
Agnes Corwithee	8	Hannah Rogers	16
Jane Corwithee	18	John Lupton	16
Job Woodruff	7	Abram Miller	4
Dan'l Talmadge	86	Steva Rogers	12
Nathan Rogers	114	Elizabeth Rose	78
Halsey Cook	69	Silas Corwithee	105
William Corwithee	31	Sally Lupton	8
Susanna Halsey	26	Silas Woodruff	72
Frank Brower	5	William Rogers	97
Polly Lupton	19	Hannah Ludlow	21
Harriett Cooper	43	Elizabeth Ludlow	20
Stephen Haines	8	Folgie Halsey	22
Rogers Woodruff	101	Puah Tarbell	43
Elias Ludlow	48	Stephen Rose	
Zuba Rogers	39	David Haines	
Peleg Cooper	109	Sylvanus Halsey	
James Terry	50	Trustees of Sd. School.	
Herme Halsey	16		

School District No. 18

As early as 1750 a small dwelling house was owned and I presume built by Sylvanus Sandford, on the small orchard lot opposite the home of the late Henry H. Sandford on Butter Lane. At Sylvanus Sandford's death it went to his son, Maltby Sandford. I do not know how soon, but after a time it became vacant, and was then used as a school house. We do know it was used as such in 1810, for Edward Sandford was one of the pupils. At a much earlier date than this my grandfather, Gabriel Halsey, the children of the Loper, Mitchel, Woodruff and Corwithee families attended school here. This was used as a school house until the year 1824, when the new house was built on the triangular lot opposite the residence of Silas W. Corwith, Jr., on the westerly side of Huntington Path.

The following is a copy of the minutes of the first school meeting held in this district.

"At a meeting of the freeholders and inhabitants of the 18th common school district held at the house of Mr. Silas Woodruff, Jr., on the 29th of April, 1824. Mr. Jesse Woodruff was chosen moderator, Jason Loper, Clerk.

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY



North District School House, District No. 18,
1824-1903

“Voted that Gabriel Halsey, John Corwith, Jr., Jason Loper be trustees for the ensuing year. Jared Loper, Collector.

“The site of the school house voted to be at the head of the lane called Mitchell lane.

“Voted that this meeting be adjourned until the 27th of May next, at 7 ock P. M. at the house of Silas Woodruff.

“Agreeable to adjournment a meeting was held at the house of Mr. S. Woodruff, on the evening of 27th of May, 1824. Silas Woodruff chosen Chairman. Jason Loper, CLK.

“It was moved and seconded that the vote for the Site of the school house should be reconsidered & that the site should be at the Northeast corner of Mr. Corwith’s orchard lot.”

The following is a true list of materials used and cost of same for this school house, also the bill for labor :

“to 2300 shingles at 16½ doll’s. & 40 pik.	
at 1/8	\$46.28
to cartage of 5 loads at 2/6—freight 3.50	5.06
to 1 M. ft. mercht. boards at \$11.00.....	11.00
to 285 ft. refuse boards at 7 doll’s.....	2.00
to 2 casks lime at 14/ carting /6.....	3.56
to wrought nails 8/4	1.04
to 8 lb. cut nails, 57 cts.57
to nails41½
to 500 feet spruce boards at 12 doll’s.....	6.00
to 53 ¾ lbs. cut nails	3.80
to 30 lbs. of nails	2.50
to hinges, screws & nails	3.54
to 1 box glass	3.12½
to linsed ol 6/ 9¼ lbs. led	2.19½

spirits turpentine 1/ brick & hair.....	1.06½
Hooks staple & hasp 8/	1.00
Door handle 4/50
Stove & pipe	9.59
to 2000 lath at 13/.....	3.25
to 20 lbs. do. nails at / 10cts.....	2.00
to 5 days maison work at 6/	3.75
to inside door handle & screws.....	.75
to cash paid Jeremiah Haines for building House	58.00

\$170.98½”

At the last named site the house was built, the district buying the building material, the above being a true copy of the original list, and Jeremiah Haines was employed as builder. His labor bill amounted to \$58.00. The total cost of the building was \$170.98½.

A few years later this house was moved to the hill near the residence of the late Melvin Edwards. The location of this site is shown on the 1850 map.

The Edwards house was not there at that time, but was built later by Thomas Edwards, and the land where the school house was placed was at that time common or Town land. When the school house stood on this site, Miss Abigail Halsey (later Sweezy) taught school there.

The house stood on this site until 1853, when it was moved to the corner of Silas Corwith’s lot on Butter Lane (see map for 1900). While here it was enlarged to meet the needs of the district, and remained on this site for just fifty years or until 1903, when the present school house was built, and the old house sold to Samuel E. Edwards, who moved it to his farm where it still stands. It was sold for \$72.00.

The first boy who ever attended school in this house was Richard Cook. His father though a resident of Hay Ground sent him to this new house. “because the old one in Hay Ground (the one I have already mentioned previously in this chapter) was so old, cold and dilapidated.” The above was told me by Mr. Cook himself, about the time the new house was built in District No. 18, in the year 1903.

John Cooper, quite a noted teacher in his day, taught school in this district for some time. He

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

was a very bright man and a great athlete. Many of the boys in the schools at that time were from some Orphan Asylum or House of Refuge, and were a pretty tough lot.

The former teacher had had some trouble with these boys, so the trustees decided to employ Cooper as teacher. When school opened the first day, Cooper was there, and part of his equipment was a good bunch of Hickory saplings, which he stood in the corner by his desk, and told the boys what they were for. He hoped he should not have to use them, but if occasion required, they would be handy.

He displayed another feature that had an equally good effect upon these incorrigible youngsters. He boarded with Jesse Woodruff at this time (the place owned by the late George H. Miller). When he went to school, it was said, he always went across the lots, and never touched a fence going either way.

He could jump and clear every fence with great ease, and with little apparent effort. This had such a soothing effect upon the boys that he never did have any trouble.

Later, this same teacher was employed in Sag Harbor. One of his pupils was the son of a prominent man of that town, who sought protection from punishment for any misdemeanor, under the social prestige of his father. One day, upon being reproved, made answer: "You had better not touch me. I guess you do not know who I am. I am Colonel ——'s son." Whereupon Cooper gave him a good trouncing, and then told him, "Now, you can go home and tell Colonel ——, that his son is a d—n fool."

Charles W. Dickinson was another teacher in this school. Henry H. Sandford when but a big boy, was one of his pupils. He was very uneasy, and hard to keep quiet during school hours, so Dickinson adopted a novel method to keep him still, and not distract the minds of the students from their lessons.

Part of the school equipment was a tin pan used to bring chips from the wood pile, with which to kindle the fire. Henry was called up by the side of the teacher's desk, made to stand on a piece of broom stick, or round stick from the wood pile, and on his head was placed the tin pan full of chips.

All was quiet for a time, but he soon tired, and

sought to change his position, when the roller carried his feet from under him. The tin pan flew and Henry measured his length on the floor.

Miss Mary Gertrude Hildreth and Miss Mary Topping also taught school here; also Charles H. Hildreth and Daniel S. Halsey.

School District No. 13 (Brick Kilns)

While writing about the schools in this section, I think perhaps I had better mention a district school of which but little is known. This was formerly School District No. 13. Some would say that is an unlucky number, no wonder it came to naught, but in its day it filled a very important place in our local history. It was known as the Brick Kiln District and the school house was located on what was later known as Peter's Garden, at the junction of the Brick Kiln Road and the road leading to the beach at Noyack Bay.

"School at the Brick Kilns February ye 1st. 1796 cont. to March the 15th. 1796 taught by Daniel Gibbs at Seven Dollars pr. month."

Names	No. Days	Names	No. Days
Elizabeth		Mary Hand	38
Stanborough	38	Jane Hand	38
Zernviah Hand	38	Patience Edwards	38
Fanny Hand	38	Russel Edwards	38
—— Sandford	29	John Edwards	
Isaac Edwards	38	ye 3rd.	29
Elizabeth Edwards	38	Lucretia Edwards	38
Jerema Edwards	38	Dan'l. Edwards	38
Joseph Edwards	28	Sayre Stuart	38
Abigail Stuart	38	Nathan Stuart	21
Nicholas Payne	30	Henry Edwards Jr.	30
James Talmadge	25	Elias Howel	2
Polly Bennett	2		
		John Edwards	
		Josiah Hand	
		Henry Edwards	Trustees

Water Mill School District

I am confident that there was a school house in Water Mill that was built about 1740 to 1750 but I can find no record to prove this. One elderly man in that locality told me, from what he remembered hearing the old people say, there was a school house at an early date somewhere on the Cobb Road. This is the extent of my information.

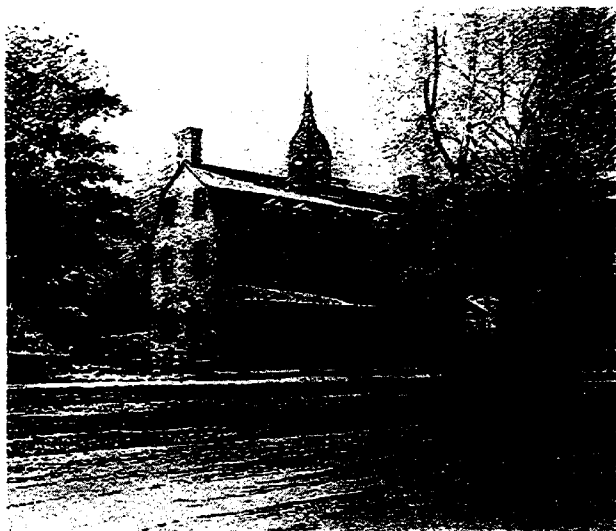
SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

The school house that is marked on the 1850 map, "was built in the fall of 1812, but school did not open until January 1st, 1813, with Hugh Halsey (later Judge) as teacher. His salary for the first quarter was \$30. and I think he boarded himself." This was from the diary of Daniel Hildreth.

This house was used until the year 1870 when it was sold to Frank Benedict, who moved it north of the railroad for a tenant house, here it stood for some years, and finally was destroyed by fire. The next school house was built in 1870 and was used



Southampton Academy, 1831-1893



Clinton Academy, East Hampton, built 1784

for some years, when it was rebuilt and enlarged into the present school house.

In this district have been a number of teachers whose ability and influence should be recognized. I cannot name all who should come under this list, but will name especially Miss Elizabeth Burnett and Abraham Halsey.

It has been, and still is, the opinion of a goodly number of men whose ability and experience should give them a right to know and judge discreetly, that there never was a time in the history of schools and educational advantages in this State, when there was more thorough and efficient work done in preparing students for college and the higher educational pursuits, than in the days of the district schools and academies.

The oldest academy in this State was Clinton Academy in East Hampton built in 1784 among whose alumni were many noted men.

In 1859 a stock company was formed in Bridgehampton, consisting of 50 shares of \$25. each, to build and establish an academy in this place. This was built on the east side of Ocean Road, opposite Mill Hill.

The first trustees were five in number as follows: Edwin Rose, Silas W. Corwith, William Darius Halsey, Alanson Topping and James L. Haines. The building was a two story frame structure, the lower story to be used for the school and the upper story for a hall.

Ichabod Sheffield Seabury was the architect and builder. School was opened in the fall of 1859 with Albert White, of Southampton, as teacher or principal, who taught one year. He was followed by Samuel Herrick, who also taught one year. Then Albert White taught another year. Then came Andrew E. Warner, of Chester, Conn., who taught for five years, or from 1862 to 1867. He was the first principal that I remember, and that was from the fact that he used to come to my Father's home and bring a small organ, on which he played to lead the company in singing.

The Rev. George R. Howell succeeded Warner, then came the Rev. William Lawrence, each of these teaching one year. Then Edwin Hedges taught for three years. This brings us to 1872.

That year Prof. Lewis W. Hallock began a very successful career as principal of this academy. In 1875 this institution was incorporated under the Board of Regents of the State of New York, and the name changed to "Bridgehampton Literary and Commercial Institute." At this time Prof. Charles H. Howell was the efficient and highly respected assistant principal, and this school became one of the

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

most prosperous institutions of learning on all Long Island, and deservedly so.

The bell in the old academy was bought with the proceeds of an exhibition or play given by the students, and is at this time in the custody of the Hampton Library, and may be seen in the Art Room of that Institution.

Prof. Hallock taught here until 1908, when the school was discontinued, and the building sold, Abraham Osborn buying one half, moved it to Poxabogue for a dwelling. Arthur Hallock bought the other half and moved it to the north side of Sagaponack Road, near Sagg Swamp, where it now stands.

There were numerous private schools throughout this entire section from the time of the first settlement. On the map for 1850 may be seen the location of the schoolhouse of Andrew Fordham, a most efficient teacher, and a remarkable penman, as is evidenced by the penmanship of so many of his pupils. He was the son of John Fordham, the blacksmith. (see 1800 map) in Hay Ground. This house was afterward bought by Charles Topping and moved to Mecox (see maps for 1850 & 1900).

Miss Emma Rose taught a school in her Father's house in Hay Ground (Dr. Rufus Rose), she also taught embroidery and sewing and the making of samplers, many specimens of the work done under her instruction may be seen in the homes in this community to this day. She was a sister of Col. Edwin Rose.

Miss Sophronia Topping (later Burnett) taught a private school in Poxabogue. The Misses Nancy and Maria Halsey also taught for years in their home on Ocean Road, now the Peck property next to the Kahle home. It was in this house many years later that they were assaulted by Charles Rugg. (of Maybee murder fame).

Mrs. Nancy K. Hedges and her daughter Maria taught for many years in their home on Lumber Lane, and Miss Susan Beard (later Corwith) was a very successful teacher in Bridgehampton for some years, as was also Miss Katherine P. Halsey, who had a class of young ladies in this place, and taught in the room that was formerly the law office of her grandfather, Judge Hugh Halsey, (see map for 1850). On this same map may be seen the location of the home of Miss Ruth Corwith, on Mitchell's Lane, who taught school there some years,



Bridgehampton Academy, 1859-1907

and Miss Elvira Sandford, when a little girl, attended her school. Miss Corwith afterward married Jason Loper.

Back of where James S. Havens' blacksmith shop stood and west of the J. Havens' house on the 1900 map was a select school kept for a time by a Mr. Gray, brother of the Presbyterian minister, and I think others kept school in this building after Mr. Gray went away. Some think this may have been part of the old "Two Chimney School House." I doubt it, though it is possible it may have been.

In Water Mill, Miss Abigail Halsey and a Miss Burnett both kept select schools.

In the early days the school houses were used for other purposes than day schools. Religious services were often held in the different districts.

The late Judge Henry P. Hedges said that when he was a boy, the general election was held in the school districts. The Town Meeting was held in East Hampton. This was entirely new to me, and I have since wondered if that method applied only to the township of East Hampton. He being a resident of that town ought to know.

In closing this chapter on schools, I wish to quote from an old spelling book in my possession.

In the year 1693, by act of the Colonial Legislature the name of Long Island was changed to "The Island of Nassau."

I have a "Guide to the English Tongue," by Thomas Dyche, "School-master at Stratford Bow, London. Published in 1730." On the fly-leaf of which is written:

"Edward Howell, His spelling book, given him

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

by the Society In England for the propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and Delivered to him by said Societies School Master at Bridgehampton on the Island of Nassau, In the Colony of New York, (Nork) North America. January 13th, 1734-5.

By Edward Davis."

Then are the following inscriptions:

"Edward Howell, His Book, Given him by his Father, December Ye 2, 1742."

"Ezekiel Howell, His Book, Given him by his Father, December Ye 2nd, 1763."

This Ezekiel was the ancestor of the Howell family of Poxabogue. His father was the Edward mentioned above. This Edward's father and grandfather were both named Richard, and going back to the next generation we have the Edward who was the first settler in the Southampton colony by that name, and the one who built the first watermill at Water Mill.

CHURCHES AND MINISTERS

The Church history of this locality has been so fully written by the different historians that it appears superfluous to dwell upon that subject. The Hon. Henry P. Hedges has covered the ground thoroughly. The Rev. George R. Howell made it almost a life study. Mr. James T. Adams gives a full account of the Churches and their history. What more can be said on this subject? I am just going to make a few comments, and relate a few incidents concerning the Churches and their Ministers from the date of the first colony, to the year 1900, the date of the last map.

We have always been taught to revere and honor the Pilgrims, but when we look into and study their history, and note the manner of treatment they meted out to those who differed from them, especially in their religious views, I am led to believe that the



Site of First Church in Bridgehampton on Bridge Lane



First Church in Bridgehampton (Sagg) 1671

little band that settled in Southampton must have been about the best men of all the Massachusetts Colony. I think as a rule they were religious, but by no means wild fanatics.

The first church was of course built in Southampton, and was the only one in the Colony for many years. After the land from Water Mill to Sagonack had been settled on, for at least 30 years, the people all went to Southampton to church. The first church in Bridgehampton was built on Bridge Lane about the year 1671, (the exact date is not known) and stood 14 rods west of Sagg Pond on the north side of the road, (see 1700 map). In size it was 25 by 35 feet, with a thatched roof, and a fireplace. Ministers from Southampton as a rule, came to Bridgehampton and conducted services quite frequently. There was no regular minister until the spring of 1694, though there had been for some

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

time a desire on the part of many to have this section set off as a separate parish, and have a minister of their own.

On August 24th, 1686, it was voted "That ye Inhabitants of mecox and sagonack that is eastward of the wading place shall be Released from paying their proportion of the yearly maintenance of Mr. Whiting from October next upon condition that if they shall be without a minister there at Sagonack for the space of a year," etc. (Mr. Whiting was the minister at Southampton). We know that they did pay their proportion of the yearly maintenance referred to until the year 1694, we also know that by an Act, passed May 16th, 1699, Bridgehampton was made a "Distinct Parish."

There is little doubt but that the church people had written to the Massachusetts Colony as to procuring a minister for the Bridgehampton Church. I here quote from a letter written by the Rev. William Vesey. (The man for whom Vesey Street in New York City was named.)



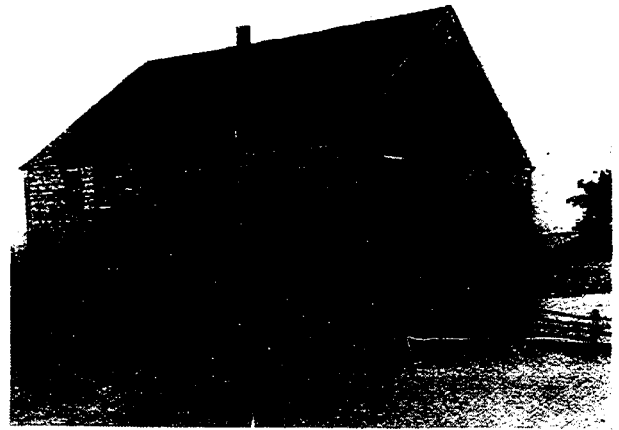
REV. WILLIAM VESEY
First regular Minister in
First Church

Church) and after that, three months in the Church in Boston at the request of Mr. Miles and the Church Wardens, and then in the 24th. year of my age I was called Nov. 2nd, 1696, by the Church Wardens and Vestry of the City of New York to officiate as Minister pursuant of an Act of Assembly as will appear in the enclosed minutes of the said Vestry; Accordingly I departed hence for England, and there was honored by the University of Oxford with the Degree of Master of Arts, July 12th, 1696, ordained Priest the 2nd of August following, and the same

"I have been a communicant of the Church of England ever since I was 15 years, and after I had my Degree in the College of New England, by the advice of some of our Church (not being of age to receive Orders) I preached six months in Sagg, two years at Hemstead, in this Province, (where I presume my life and doctrine were no disservice to our

year returned to the City of New York, where I have officiated to this day in the discharge of this office and of the Office of Commissary of New York and New Jersey, as appointed by the Right Reverend Fathers in God, John and Edmund Lords Bishop of London."

He was ordained Rector of Trinity Church February 6th, 1697. We see by this that he preached



Second Church in Bridgehampton, 1737-1842

three months in Boston, two years in Hempstead, and six months in Sagg. This would make it May, 1694, when he came to Sagg to preach, and probably stayed until about November of that year. Mr. White was ordained October 9th, 1695.

I think it fair to presume that Mr. White may have preached here some time before he was ordained. This would account for the intervening time.

Dr. Ephraim Whitaker called these first churches, Town Churches, I think Community Churches would be a good name. They were not Presbyterian, but quite nearly Congregational in their form of government. They were supported by taxation on all of the property in the Parish, and if a tax was not paid, the property of the delinquent could be sold by the authorities. This method of support was bound to be a short-lived arrangement. Be the doctrine of the first church what it may, it was certainly Calvinistic. Judge Henry P. Hedges thought the first two churches were Congregational until about 1747, the provisions of the grant of 20 acres of land in 1712 notwithstanding. There were no Elders until 1801, and none were ordained until after the year 1811.

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY



Present Presbyterian Church, 1842

The first church (the one on Bridge Lane) was used from 1671 until the year 1737, when a new church was built on the northerly side of Sagaponack Road east of Ocean Road (see map for 1750). The second church edifice was used until 1842, a period of 105 years, when the present church building was erected. According to Ichabod S. Seabury, who helped to raze the old church, and also to build the new one, some of the best of the timber in the old was used in the new building.

The first ordained minister in the first church was the Rev. Ebenezer White, who graduated from Harvard College in 1692 at the age of 20, and he was about 23 when called to this church. In the Sagg graveyard stands the tombstone marking his grave. He died February 4th, 1756, and is called "Pastor of the Church of Christ in Bridgehampton." What a wonderful title for the first minister of the first church. Would that it might ever have remained as it originally was, and under that name, with no man-made denominational differences to di-

vide and separate, all of which are non-essential and immaterial as they relate to true Christianity.

The second ordained minister was the Rev. James Brown, who was born about 1721, and died April 22nd, 1788, in the 68th year of his age. He was a graduate of Yale in the class of 1747 and was ordained here when about 27 years old, on June 15, 1748, the day of Mr. White's resignation.

The third minister in this church was the Rev. Aaron Woolworth, who was born at Long Meadow, Mass., Oct. 25, 1763, graduated at Yale, 1784, was ordained Aug. 30, 1787, received the honorary degree of D. D. from Princeton in 1809, and died April 4, 1821.

After a long period of religious inactivity and apathy there came what was known in New England as the "Great Awakening" in which the Rev. Jonathan Edwards was the noted leader. This religious excitement was supplemented by the effective work of George Whitfield, who on about his sixth evangelistic tour of America, visited Bridgehampton and preached in Paul Halsey's dooryard, standing on a barrel for a pulpit. This was Paul Halsey Sr., whose home was about 20 rods west of Ocean Road on the north side of Paul's Lane in Bridgehampton.

The story of the next religious excitement is best told in "Prime's History of Long Island," which I quote: "The Rev. James Davenport while at college became much attached to and influenced by a wild enthusiast by the name of Ferris. He claimed to know the will of God in all things; and that he had not committed sin in six years, and that he should have a higher seat in Heaven than Moses." I quote only very little of Prime's article.

Davenport became an ardent follower of Ferris and a genuine fanatic. At one time he became so satisfied that he had a special call to labor for the advancement of God's Kingdom, that he addressed his congregation for 24 hours continuously. He did have quite a number of converts who became scattered far and near, many of these were on Long Island. (He preached for a time at Southold). Those in Bridgehampton united in 1748 and built a church in Hay Ground (see 1750 map). This was in use for one-half a century, or until 1798. The building

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was later moved to Bridgehampton, where it now stands, just north of the Kahle property.

The Rev. Elisha Payne was minister in this church from 1752 to 1775, when he died and was buried in the Hay Ground grave-yard. The inscription in part is as follows: "**** preacher of ye Gospel and was Ordained ye first Minister over ye Congregational Church of Christ in this place May 11th, A. D. 1752."

I do not propose to give a list of the ministers of the different churches, for that has already been written in full.

After the church became Presbyterian, about 1747, and was subject to the rules and laws governing that body, Calvinistic theology was dwelt upon and preached more than true religion, and to such an extent that to some it became very obnoxious. At that time the only college-bred men in the community were the minister, the doctor and the magistrate or lawyer. It was only natural that these men should be looked up to, and their opinion regarded as "the end of the law." Then the minister was generally looked upon as the "chosen of God" and the one whose opinion none dared to oppose or question.

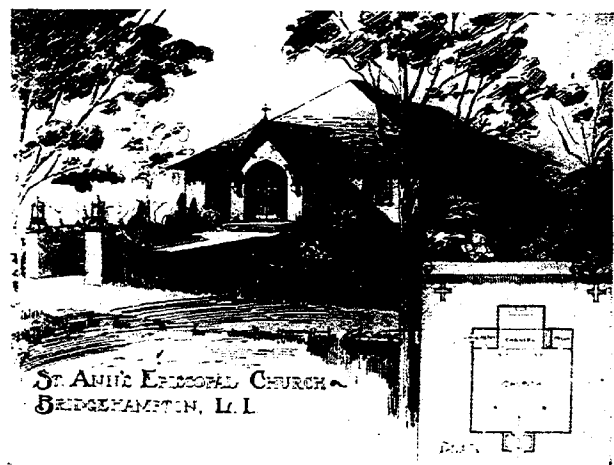
I think the influence of those conditions was about as bad for the minister as it was for the people. They preached the Creator as being, "God the All-Terrible, mighty Avenger, Thunder Thy Clarion, and lightning Thy sword," whose immutable law was irrevocable and whose decrees were from everlasting, to redeem the elect chosen for eternal salvation, or to damn the elect chosen for eternal punishment, and this election was made from the foundation of the world. Then it appeared as if the ministers delighted in, or thought it their duty to preach, the doctrine of "infant damnation," a doctrine most hideous and hellish in all its phases. (I am glad that the Confession of Faith has since been changed). And I rejoice that at this day and time such doctrines would not be tolerated nor allowed to be preached in any modern pulpit. The very thought of it is repelling and savors of anything but true Christianity, and yet, these men were really good and meant well, but Oh, how narrow and bigoted. On Sept. 15th, 1682, the Rev. Cotton Mather wrote to a dear friend, as follows: "There be now

at sea a ship called 'Welcome,' which has on board one hundred or more of the heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penn, who is the chief scamp, at the head of them. The General Court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huscott, of the brig Porpoise, to waylay the said Welcome slyly as near the Cape of Cod as may be, and make captive said Penn and his ungodly crew, so that the Lord may be glorified and not mocked on the soil of this new country with the heathen worship of these people. Much spoil can be made by selling the whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rum and sugar, and we shall not only do the Lord great service by punishing the wicked but we shall make great good for His Minister and people."

"Yours in the bowels of Christ,
Cotton Mather".

We of this day can hardly believe that a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, claiming to be His ambassador could ever have entertained any such thoughts, but such was the case.

Doctor Aaron Woolworth was a good man, and did what he thought was God's will, but note his attitude, his ideas and his belief, when a parishioner, upon losing a little child by death, called upon the Rev. Doctor to attend the funeral. After the little rough box in which the child was placed, was lowered into the silent grave the Rev. Doctor turned to that father, and said, "There is nothing in the Word of God that gives us any assurance that that child can be saved, having died before the age of ac-



St. Ann's Episcopal Church, 1908

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countability." That father, moved by all the anguish of a loving parent, replied, "Doctor Woolworth, I would rather take that child's chance in the Final Judgment than to take yours."

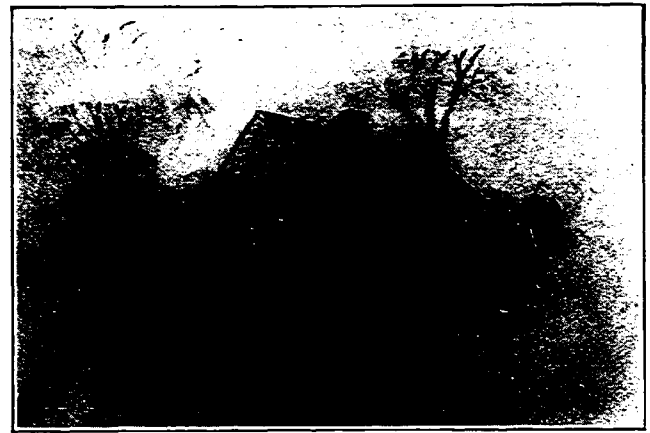
The above conditions were really the cause and reason for the withdrawal of some of the leading and influential men from the old church, and the establishment of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Bridgehampton. A pendulum in swinging one side of the central point of gravity, will, by the laws of nature, swing in return just as far in the opposite direction. From all I can ascertain, that is just what the new church organization did.

They gave way to emotions and excitement that savored of anything rather than true religion and adorable worship. In my opinion it must have lowered the standard of reverence to such an extent that it, like the other condition mentioned, became obnoxious. The pendulum had swung too far the other way. It seems a pity that men in the same community, who profess to be followers of the "One Lord, One Faith and One Baptism" could not live together in unity. I am sure that the time is not far distant when the different denominations will come together in "Unity of Faith," when bickerings and strife will cease forever.

St. Ann's Episcopal Church was built in the year 1908 on the south side of Montauk Highway, in Bridgehampton.

The "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary," Roman Catholic Church, was built in the year 1914, on the north side of Montauk Highway in Bridgehampton.

In the year 1815 the Rev. John Reynolds, a Methodist Circuit Rider, preached at a meeting held



First M. E. Church in Bridgehampton, 1821-1833

in the old Hay Ground school house, "in the evening at early candle light." This was the old school house that stood on the common land which is at this time part of the highway southeast of the homestead of the late Edwin M. Rogers. All of Long Island outside of Brooklyn was in one circuit at this time.

At this memorable service, Capt. Jeremiah Halsey Cook was converted, and accepted Christ as his Lord and Master. He being the first fruits of Methodist preaching in this community. This man was the son of Samuel Cook and brother of Sullivan, both of whom later subscribed toward building the first Methodist Church in Bridgehampton. Jeremiah went to California during the so-called gold fever with many others from this locality, where he died. He married Mary Rogers, my paternal grandmother's sister.

At the close of the meeting referred to above, a Methodist class was formed consisting of six members, viz: Jeremiah H. Cook, Silas Woodruff, Sr., Silas Woodruff, Jr., Roxanna Halsey, William Halsey, and Hiram Sandford, who were assigned to the Sag Harbor Parish.

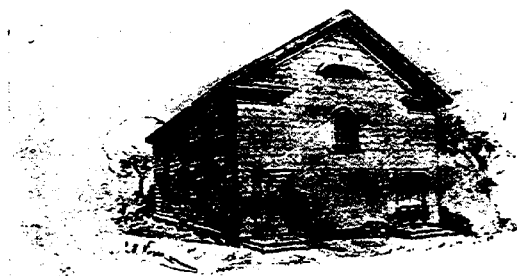
Preaching services were held from time to time by the Circuit Riders, either in the homes or in the school houses of this community. At a meeting held in Bridgehampton, in February of the year 1821, it was resolved that they form a society and solicit subscriptions for the building of the first Methodist Church in this place. The amount of money raised at this time was \$302.00.

This church was built on a lot 50 feet front on what is now "Ocean Road," and 40 feet deep. This



Roman Catholic Church in Bridgehampton, 1914

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Second M. E. Church, Bridgehampton, 1833-1871

was on the property now owned by the Kahle estate. The church building was a wooden frame structure in size 22 by 33 feet, and fronted on Ocean Road. Its construction was under the supervision of the Rev. Ruben Harris, a circuit rider who made his headquarters in Sag Harbor at that time.

On June 19th, 1831, the Rev. John Trippett was assigned to the Bridgehampton Methodist Church as its first pastor. At this time the congregation had increased to such an extent that it became very evident the old church was outgrown, and the building of a new and larger one necessary. A lot was bought on the south side of Main Street now Montauk Highway, just east of where St. Ann's Episcopal Church now stands. The building committee consisted of Silas Woodruff, Hiram Sandford, and Alva Halsey. Contributions were made in money, labor and timber. One stick of timber was brought and used for a girder that was 36 feet long, and was hewed by Robert Hedges.

The architect and builder was William Leffingwell, the other mechanics for the most part were local men. The size of the building was 36 by 52 feet.

Sag Harbor at that time was a prosperous seaport town, and through the efforts of the Rev. John Trippett was the largest subscriber, and gave \$269. The next largest was Silas Woodruff and family, who gave \$210. The old church was sold to William Corwithe for \$252.25, who moved it to his homestead, and added it to his house for a kitchen, where it may still be seen in good order and well preserved.

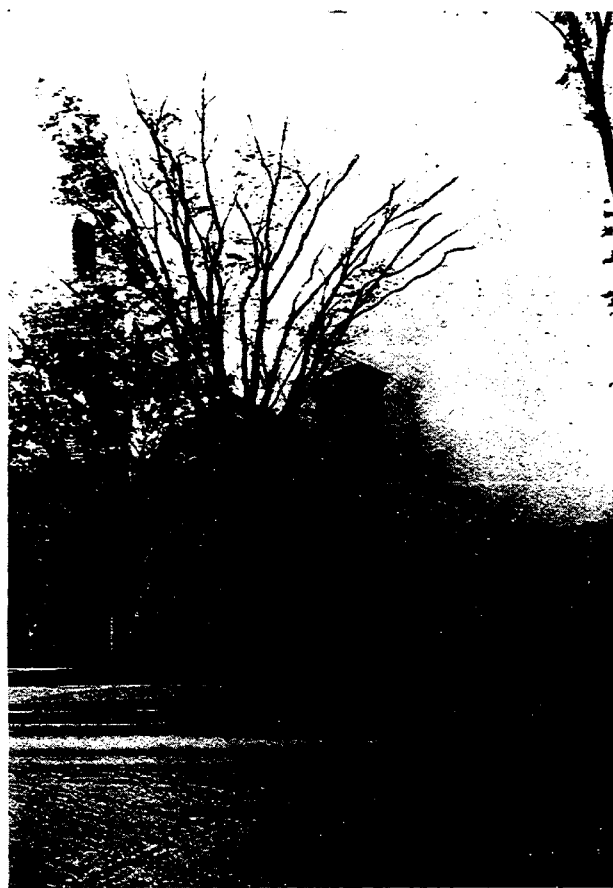
They were obliged to borrow some money to complete the building. The total amount subscribed and borrowed was \$2,938.60.

The first quarterly conference was held at the home of William Halsey March 19th, 1833, he acting as secretary. The cornerstone of this church was laid April 1st, 1833, by the Presiding Elder, the Rev. Samuel Merwin, he preaching to an audience of 400, from the text 1st. Peter, 2. 4-5 "To whom coming, as unto a living stone *** but chosen of God and precious, Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." The contents of the cornerstone were as follows:

Republican Watchman, Sag Harbor, dated March 30th, 1833.

Christian Advocate and Journal, dated March 29th, 1833.

The Corrector, Sag Harbor, dated March 30th, 1833.



Present M. E. Church in Bridgehampton, 1871

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Long Island Star, Brooklyn, dated March 27th, 1833.

Discipline of 1829.

25c piece 1831, marked W. S. T. I think this means W. S. Topping. Spanish Coin, Ferdinand VII. 1820, marked A. T. R. 1833. I think this means Abraham Topping Rose. One Dime, marked 1828.

This church was dedicated June 20th, 1833, by the Rev. Samuel Merwin, preaching from the text, Romans, 1st, 16 at the morning service. The afternoon sermon was preached by the Rev. C. W. Carpenter, from text 1st. Peter 3, 15. The evening sermon was preached by the Presiding Elder, Samuel Merwin, from the text, Hebrews, 4, 14.

In the year 1835 Bridgehampton and Southampton became one circuit with the Rev. Hervey Husted as Pastor, and on July 31st of that year this Church Society was incorporated, and in 1836 became a separate charge with Nathaniel Mead as Pastor. The large stone door steps still in use at the front of our church were bought July 31st, 1836 and cost \$29.

In the year 1870 this church was moved to its present site and rebuilt, an addition of 20 feet was built on, the galleries removed, two towers built. This at an entire cost of about \$7,000. The window in the front of the church was a gift of the Sunday School. This building was re-dedicated December 13th, 1871.

In 1872 a bell was bought at a cost of \$600. and in 1873 the parsonage was built. In 1875 the chapel was built at a cost of \$1,400. In 1880, \$80. was raised and presented to the Sag Harbor Church to help pay their debt, and in 1883 \$300. was presented to the Southampton Church toward their building fund. In 1890 through the efforts of Miss Belle C. Cook, a pipe organ was bought and installed. In 1902 the chapel was enlarged, oak pews, altar rail, metal ceiling and other improvements at a cost of about \$7,000, all paid for and no debt.

The next noted improvement was the one so recently accomplished in the year 1902.

Music in the Churches

The first book of sacred music published in the colonies was the "Bay Psalm Book" compiled by Richard Mather and John Eliot. The former had

been a student at Oxford, the latter at Cambridge, and they "were determined that the Lord's praises should be sung according to His own will."

Few congregations knew more than five tunes, and but ten are known to have been used in the first half century of the Bay Psalm Book's existence. But few of these books ever came to Bridgehampton. I have never seen any of the original ones, but I own several copies made from the original ones, and these with a quill pen.

The singers were taught to sing their particular parts independently of the others, that is, the air, counter, tenor and bass, and when the singers were so trained, the four parts were brought together in harmony. The key was given to the singers by the chorister, who got the key from either a pitch pipe or tuning fork. The chorister also lined out the hymns, one or two lines at a time. A bass viol or violin or sometimes both were used to lead the music. Singing schools were held where the young people were taught to sing by note.

I will relate a true story concerning one of the choristers in the early church. This story came to me from an absolutely authentic and reliable source, or I never would relate it.

A descendant of the Rev. James Brown, a former pastor of the church, was chorister at this time. In that same family was a slave by the name of Will, who had as great musical talent as did the chorister. At the time in question, the chorister was away from home, so the minister asked Will if he would start the tunes and lead the music in the church. This he did, and for aught I know did it with credit.

When the chorister came home and was told about Will's leading the choir, he was very indignant, and said, "I think it a great note to let that fellow lead the music in the church. He is a d——n nigger, without any soul."

It is very evident that the people of this community had a more exalted opinion of the slave Will, than did the chorister of that old church; for in Vol. 2, page 17 of the Southampton Town Trustees Records, at a meeting held in October, 1795, is the following item which I quote: "Voted that the Negro Man Will servant of Mistress Brown shall have fifty rods of land for the purpose of setting a house on & to improve for a garden during the pleasure of the said Trustees."

There are still a few of the old pitch pipes preserved and owned at this time by the descendants of those old musicians, who value them highly, as well they might.

OLD GRAVEYARDS

Probably the oldest graveyard within the area covered by these maps is the one in Sagaponack. The records indicate that this settlement was made as early as 1656, Josiah Stanborough being the first man to locate there. In his Will dated July 6th, 1661, he gives his "body to be burried at Sagaponack by my former wife". This infers at least, that his "former wife" had been buried there prior to the date of his Will.

The above, in my opinion establishes this graveyard as being the oldest one. The earliest date on any tombstone there is "John Topping, Justice of the Peace, Aged fifty Years, Who departed this life in the 29 day of May, in the Year 1686."

Then "Peregrine Stanborough, D. C. in ye Parish, departed this life January 4th, 1701. Mrs. Eunice Stanborough, November 15th, 1701. John Pierson, January 15th, 1704. Mary, wife of Elnathan Topping, April 26th, 1704. Edward Petty, May 11th, 1704. Captain Elnathan Topping, March 26th, 1705." There are many more that might be mentioned here but those named are the earliest dates.

In this old graveyard lie the bodies of 9 people who lived to be 85 years old or more. Their names are as follows, viz:

Elizabeth Pierson, wife of Lemuel Pierson, 96 years of age. Abigail Hedges, wife of Daniel Hedges, 92. Job Pierson, 91. Gardiner B. Topping, 91. Phebe Haynes, 90. Anna Topping, 87. Eunice Howell, 86. Elizabeth C. Pierson, 86. Matthew Topping, 85.

Here also lie 5 men who were Members of Assembly, viz:

Henry Pierson, at one time Speaker of the House. David Pierson, son of Henry. Deacon David Hedges, who served in the New York Legislature 7 years. He also held the office of Supervisor of Southampton Town 20 years. Doctor Nathaniel Topping, who also practiced medicine in this locality for the greater portion of his active life.

David Pierson, a very bright and talented man.

Jesse Pierson is also buried here. He was one of the parties in the famous law suit known as "The Fox Case" that established a precedent in the Law Courts in this State that holds even to the present time. This case was known as "Pierson versus Post." He also became one of the most noted school teachers in this entire locality.

This cemetery was incorporated in the year 1911, and received a small endowment from Mrs. Russell Sage.

Mecox Graveyard

The next oldest graveyard is that in Mecox. This has the distinction of having the earliest inscription on a tombstone of any graveyard in this entire locality; it is that of Anthony Ludlum, one of the earliest settlers of Mecox, who died March 17th, 1681-2, age 31. Others are Isaac Nuton, who died May 20th, 1703-4. Benoni Nuton, March 4th, 1703-4. Johanna Nuton, January 29th, 1703-04. Patience Ludlum, October 11th, 1708. Susanna Cook, January 4th, 1707-8; and others, but these are the earliest dates.

This cemetery was incorporated August 15th, 1917.

Poxabogue Graveyard

The oldest inscription here is that of Mrs. Martha Pierson, who died September 8th, 1773. Then Mrs. Phebe Pierson, February 23rd, 1782. Matthew Pierson, October 17th, 1798. It was in this graveyard that the man with the "Pirate's Belt" was buried. I have heard Mr. Charles H. Hildreth relate this story many times. He said, "I had often heard this story told about the 'Money Belt.' Uncle Stephen Topping said that years before he had talked with an old Montauk squaw about this matter, and she said that a brig came in and anchored off Shagwanoock, and that the Indians went off to her in their boats, and never came back. In the morning the brig was gone. Some supposed they were pirates, and, planning to disband, wanted the boats to scatter in different directions, then scuttled the brig and sent her with the Indians to the bottom together." I think probably she was a Slaver, and that the poor Indians, instead of going to the bot-

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tom off Shagwanoek, were taken down South and sold into slavery.

About this time a sick man stopped for the night at the home of Timothy Pierson, Sr., in Poxabogue, (see 1750 map). In the morning he was so ill that he could not continue his journey, and soon died. Just before he died he said to Mrs. Pierson, "I wear a belt". She said they buried him in his clothes, belt and all. About midnight, following the burial, lights were seen in this graveyard, which is just across the road from the Pierson house. (See same map). Mr. Hildreth said, "I have my own opinion on this subject, others are welcome to theirs, but I suppose that grave was robbed. At any rate, soon after this incident, a certain family in that neighborhood appeared to be in very different financial condition, and the change was very apparent, for that same year a new house was built on the hill east of the old Pierson home." This was the Timothy Pierson, Jr. house, which was bought some years ago by Mrs. Russell Sage.

When the Sylvanus Topping farm (which is located just south of this graveyard) was bought by the Town of Southampton for a "Poor House", a strip of land several rods wide across the south end of this graveyard was taken in from the highway, and added to the graveyard for a burial place for the Town poor.

This cemetery was incorporated in the year 1898, when Mrs. Russell Sage gave a small endowment, the income of which was to be used in caring for this plot where some of her ancestors were buried.

Wainscott Graveyard

Many of the older graves in this graveyard are not marked with monuments. The earliest inscription I find there is that of Joseph Stratton, who died December 25th, 1722. Then John Talmage, November 2nd, 1764. The other dates are around 1800 and later.

This cemetery was incorporated in the year 1898, a small endowment fund. Here lie the remains of a number of men who took an active part in the history of their country, but whose last resting place is unmarked by any monument. This should not be so.

There is Jonathan Osborne, born June, 1737, died

November, 1814. He was a private in Capt. Hallock's Militia Co. of Bridgehampton, in the Revolution, took part in the battles of Trenton and Long Island. Then Jedediah Osborne, Jonathan's father, and Daniel Hoppin, a private in Capt. Ezekiel Mulford's Co., also William Miller, and no doubt many others. (See 1800 map).

Hay Ground Graveyard

I here quote Mr. Addison M. Cook. "In the burying ground at Hay Ground are many silent sleepers who in their day witnessed stirring scenes, and took an active part in many of the great events of the past, that, could we know them, would be intensely interesting to this generation. It may be quite as important, however, to keep the memory of their service green in the country where they first saw the light, where they performed their life work, and where those of us living are reaping the benefits that their strong arms, determined will, and undaunted patriotism bequeathed to us a legacy of priceless worth, secured to us by unremitting toil, hardship and suffering.

"On adjoining farms at Hay Ground there lived in ancient times, two men, long since dead, whose lives are worth recording, if for no other reason than that they were soldiers in the struggle for liberty and independence, they served under Gen. Washington, both survived the war, and lived to a great age, each being upwards of ninety years of age at the time of his death, and their bodies are buried so closely together in the graveyard at Hay Ground that on the resurrection morn they will be within easy speaking distance of each other.

"Capt. Sylvanus Halsey was born December 5th, 1755, and died May 27th, 1851. He served for about seven years, or through the war. He was honorably discharged and paid off in continental currency. After his retirement from the regular army, he was made captain of militia.

"The other was David Cook, born in the year 1720, and died December 15th, 1814, in the 94th year of his life. He was at home on his farm during the greater part of the time that the war of the Revolution was being waged on eastern Long Island. His stock and farm crops were constantly being taken by troops of Hessian soldiers, until he became exasperated to such an extent, that at the

Scuttle Hole Graveyard

age of about 60 years, he enlisted May 3rd, 1780, in the 5th New York Regiment of the line, and served until the following December 6th. It is said that Stephen Talmadge, another veteran of the War for Independence, is buried here but there is no marker to his grave. It is very probable that Abraham and Thomas Halsey, sons of the elder Ethan are also buried here, but there is no way to prove it.

"There are also veterans of the war of 1812 interred in this old graveyard. Brigadier General Abraham Rose, born in 1765, and died August 22nd, 1843. A man of marked ability and achievement. During this war he had command of all the troops on eastern Long Island. Then there was Dr. Rufus Rose, brother of General Abraham, born March 19th, 1775, died June 9th, 1835, was surgeon of the militia. A graduate of Columbia University of New York, and practiced in Bridgehampton for about 40 years. Another man of marked ability, Elisha Halsey, a younger brother of Sylvanus, born September 11th, 1776, died October 20th, 1859, was drummer for his company in the war of 1812.

"There is one more grave where rests the mortal remains of one of Bridgehampton's greatest men, a great son of a great man. It is that of Colonel Edwin Rose, born February 14th, 1807, and died suddenly at Jamaica, Long Island, while Provost Marshal of the first Congressional District of New York, on the evening of January 12th, 1864. It was said, 'He died as he wished to die, in the uniform of his country's service.' He entered West Point Military Academy as a cadet in June, 1826, graduating therefrom in the class of 1830, and was commissioned to duty in the Third Artillery, U. S. A."

Here, as in many other graveyards, are graves unmarked. The earliest date I find is that of Sarah Haine, December 21st, 1721. Then Captain Josiah Topping, January 11th, 1775-6. Mrs. Sarah Cook, May 1729. James Hains, September 6th, 1732. Jonathan Rogers, October 7th, 1732. Obadiah Cook, August 1733.

This cemetery was incorporated in 1913, and is endowed by a gift from Mr. Rufus Rose.

For the location of this old graveyard see maps for 1800 and 1850. There is no way of determining just how early this was used as a burial place, but from an old record, Silas Cook, son of Silas Cook was buried there in 1732. Prudence, wife of Silas Cook, 1754. Daniel, son of Daniel and Abigail Baker died 1760. Nathan Sandford, died February 27th, 1778, aged 66 years. Thomas Sandford (see 1750 map), February 23rd, 1787; and the Rev. James Browne, who died April 22nd, 1788.

Some of the monuments were removed by the relatives of those interred there, and a goodly number were moved to the Old Cemetery in Bridgehampton. This work was done by Messrs. William E. Overton and George McCaslin, who were employed by Mr. Henry N. Corwith.

I wish to relate an incident in connection with the disinterment of those bodies, which is really the sequel to a story I will tell later, but in this case I will reverse the order and relate the sequel first.

In digging a grave the soil becomes mixed, so when put back into the grave it never settles as it was originally. If at any time in the future this grave is dug out, the walls of the grave remain intact, and the mixed soil remains separate. In digging out the graves in this cemetery these men found in every case, the walls of the graves were not plumb, but all slanted toward the valley to the east, and this slant was from 15 to 18 inches out of perpendicular. I submitted this problem to a noted geologist, whose solution was as follows: "This graveyard is on the westerly side of that valley where is located that range of ponds, known in geology as 'kettles', and at some time since these graves were dug, there has been an earthquake that shook this ground and caused it to settle toward these kettles. In other words there has been a landslide."

Mr. Alanson Cook said that between 1793 and the year 1800, there was a severe earthquake in this locality. This without doubt caused this landslide. In digging out one grave they went so deep that they became discouraged in their efforts to find the remains, yet they kept on, until at a depth that no man could have gotten out of alone they found the remains. On the map for 1800 may be found the location of the homes of two men bearing the same

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

name, viz: Elisha Halsey. The one on the Hay Ground Road was a loyal citizen, and served his country in time of war, while the one living on the north road was a "Tory". He was also called "Wicked Lish".

This man had a neighbor with whom he had quarreled, and as time went on this belligerent condition grew worse rather than better until it became almost a feud. Now, it happened that this neighbor was the one employed in that locality as grave digger. Then as now, the years came and went, and in the course of events, Lish was taken sick and died. A plot was selected in the Scuttle Hole Graveyard, and the neighbor, the grave digger, was asked to dig the grave, to which he agreed. There was more or less superstition prevailing at that time, particularly in regard to graveyards and such places.

A lone man was passing along the road the day in question and his attention was attracted by strange, weird sounds and groans. He stopped and listened, became very much alarmed and fearful, for the sounds appeared to emanate from the nearby graveyard. This fact made him still more fearful, but it being day time, he mustered courage enough to investigate.

On approaching the graveyard he saw a mound of fresh earth, and the groans and mutterings became more and more distinct and were interspersed with utterances not altogether of a pious character. Then he became bold and advanced to where he could look into the open grave, where he found the old gravedigger engaged in a desperate but futile effort to get out of the pit he had just dug. When asked "What in the world are you trying to do?" He replied, "I am trying to get out of this hole, as you might know". "Well, what is it for?" "It is a grave for old Lish Halsey", said he. "Why did you dig it so deep, you can never get out of that hole without help". "I do not know as I can, but I will tell you it is just this, I meant that old Lish Halsey should be the last man up at the Resurrection, if getting him down deep would do it." The sequel proved the story.

Water Mill Graveyard

At a Town Meeting held April 1st, 1729. "I was vote yt the neighbors att ye water mill shall have one acre of land for a burying place between Israel Rose's and Abiel Cook's." (For location of all of

these places see map for 1750). This is the time that this graveyard was established. This vote taken at a Town Meeting held April 1st, 1729, was later supplemented by an order of the Town Board of Trustees passed at a meeting held October 31st, 1746, and recorded in Vol. 1 of the Town Trustees Records, page 51. Martyn Rose was the first man of the Rose family to locate here, and was also the first one to be buried in this graveyard. The date of his death is not given. There are but few very old inscriptions in this burial place. It was incorporated in 1924.

Old Graveyard in Bridgehampton

In writing the history of this "Old Bridgehampton Burying Ground" I am certain I cannot write anything that will be so complete as the article written by the late Judge Henry P. Hedges and published in the Bridgehampton "News" of September 29th, 1910, which I quote as follows:

"East of the Presbyterian Church and south of the Main Street in Bridgehampton, lies the ancient burying ground, used in common by residents near that center, to which was added on the east many lots, part of Mill Hill, and title to which was in the name of individual owners, all these lots are fenced together as one enclosure and now incorporated.

"I have been urged strongly to write an article on this burying ground, on the plea that if I don't nobody will, and thus much of its history will be lost in oblivion. The undertaking would be formidable to one in midlife, and is more so to me, in my 93rd year, with powers so deficient and memory impaired.

"I commence with alarm at my own temerity. Within this enclosure rests the bodies of three persons over 90 years of age, and I must soon be laid with them. There rest the remains of two County Judges and Surrogates, and there, and not long, survivors will carry my body, to where their bodies repose.

"In that hallowed ground was buried all that is mortal of two presidential electors, of six ministers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, of three Members of Assembly of this State, of twelve master mariners, of two surgeons of the Revolutionary War, of fourteen dead veterans who fought in the war for the Restoration of the Union, of a son of Bridgehampton

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ton who made a name memorable and illustrious as an artistic painter.

"If we look at eminence attained, eloquence displayed, enterprise exhibited, heroism illustrated, patriotism signalized, virtue enthroned, piety predominate, all this speaks specifically from the mounds in the Bridgehampton Burying Ground. From the general I now state personal examples.

"Aunt Phebe Smith, so commonly known, died April 24th, 1872, aged over 94 years, an example of industry untiring, of resolution unswerving, of self denial persevering, a person persevering under the most arduous conditions, attaining a competency by honest endeavor, and leaving a name untarnished.

"Oliver Halsey died January 6th, 1885, having attained nearly the great age of 95 years. The son of William Halsey, a farmer, he lived and died in the same occupation, leaving to his descendants unencumbered and unimpaired, the inheritance received from his father, much improved.

"Jerusha Halsey, widow of Daniel Halsey, died August 29th, 1843, aged 92 years. She was the great-grandmother of William D. Halsey, a woman of strong character and saintly faith. In a terrible thunder storm, her family proposed moving into another room, she said, 'Stand still, and see the salvation of God.' They did so, and the other room was soon struck so hard, that if there, death would have been their fate."

Daniel Halsey, my great grandfather, who was a private in the war of the Revolution, is buried in this graveyard.

"Abraham T. Rose, born in 1792, died April 28th, 1857, and Hugh Halsey, born January 25th, 1794, died May 29th, 1858, were both Judges of the County of Suffolk, both chosen presidential electors, Halsey in 1844, and Rose in 1848, both voting for candidates who became Presidents of the United States, both graduated from Yale College in 1814. As lawyers, each attained eminence. In eloquence as an advocate, Rose for a long time, had no equal at the Suffolk County bar. He was a man gifted by natural mental endowments, of preeminent ability, with winning ways, sympathetic sensibilities, generous impulses, magnetic personality, and was admired and loved as a general favorite.

"Hugh Halsey was a scholar, thoughtful, studious, methodical, industrious. There was nothing superficial in his character. He was all that he ap-

peared to be, and more. He was honest from principle, not policy. He was no creature of freaks, or queerisms. The balance of his mind was even. His sense of justice dominant. His perception clear. His judgment correct. He was not gilded over, but gold clear through. As Member of Assembly in 1823-24, as Surrogate from 1827 to 1840, and first judge of the County, from 1823 to 1847, as presidential elector in 1844, and as secretary of the electoral body, as surveyor general of the State from 1845 to 1848, and Member of the Senate in 1854 and 1855, he was weighed often and not found wanting.

"James M. Halsey, son of Judge Hugh, born May 22nd, 1825, died March 22nd, 1899, was supervisor of this town, and in 1868 was Member of Assembly of this State.

"The gravestone over the body of Samuel H. Rose, father of Judge Abraham, records his birth as dated May 29th, 1761, and his death as occurring July 10th, 1832, and the fact that he served as surgeon in the army of the Revolution, in the War for Independence of the United States. He was a physician in Bridgehampton, practicing there almost all his manhood life. Samuel Rose, grandson of this Samuel, and son of Judge Abraham T., born June 26th, 1827, died August 30th, 1850, graduated M. D. at the Medical College in New York City, March 8th, 1850, cut down an only son in early manhood, and was buried near his father, and with him was buried that father's hopes. The tragedies recorded in graveyards are real, are fearful. ' 'Tis the survivor dies'.

"The mortal remains of Doctor Stephen Halsey, lying near those of his son, Judge Hugh. He died January 25th, 1837, aged 80 years. He is said to have served in the army of the Revolution, as a surgeon. In the war for the Restoration of the Union of the United States, Charles E. Halsey, son of Judge Hugh, and Nathan Wright, son of Doctor Levi D. Wright, were surgeons or assistant surgeons in the Union Army. Levi D. Wright was a medical practitioner in Bridgehampton for nearly fifty years. John L. Gardiner was a like practitioner in the same village, and for over half a century. His father, David Gardiner, in his later years, lived, died and his body was buried in the same cemetery, where all these members of the medical profession rest. Over their remains, monuments tell dates of

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their birth, death and the profession which they followed. The limits allow no minutia of their lives, or eulogy of their successful careers, yet the history of this cemetery demands mention, though brief, of names worthy of lasting remembrance, and in number far exceeding that found usually in any village cemetery.

"Near the wide gate on the east side of the cemetery is a massive and graceful monument of the Hedges family, marking the grave of Captain David Hedges, a veteran of the war of 1812. In the same enclosure was buried the body of his son David, and his grandson, David Anson, M. D., practitioner of medicine in New York City, and with both skill and success.

"James H. Rogers, M. D., son of Nathan, and said to have served as surgeon in the Union army in the Civil war, was a skillful physician. His body rests in this cemetery.

"Six ministers of the everlasting gospel, laid down their lives in Bridgehampton, whose bodies are in this cemetery, one excepted. All the others labored in the gospel here from the first or nearly the first, to the last of their days. The body of Minister James Browne, first buried in Scuttle Hole burying ground, near where he died, was by his descendants removed from there to this cemetery. Minister Browne died April 22nd, 1788, aged 68 years. One writer reports him a native of Mendham, N. J.

"Thompson in his History of Long Island, records him as a descendant of the Rev. Chard Brown, and connected with that family of Browns made famous by Brown University. He graduated from Yale in 1747, was ordained minister of the church in Bridgehampton June 15th, 1748. Oppressed with great bodily infirmities he resigned his pastoral charge March 27th, 1775. Tradition tells of his massive frame, melancholic temperament, robust common sense, diffidence and distrust of himself, creditable scholarship, marital afflictions, in the decease of wives, and shadows of despondency. I once saw, (when and where I cannot recall) his copy of 'Edwards on the Will'. On the margin of the pages were written, profusely and fine, in his own handwriting, his thoughts, indicating keen perception, great power of abstract, argument, much ability of generalizing, bedrock power of reasoning. All authorities credit him with soundness in faith in the great foundation truths of revelation. His

descendants have venerated his name, and largely inherited his physical power and intellectual mastery.

"Aaron Woolworth, D.D., born at Long Meadow, Mass., October 23rd, 1763, died April 4th, 1821. Graduated from Yale in 1784. Ordained here August 30th, 1787. After a pastorate of 34 years, left a name revered in the church, honored in a large circle, recorded so fully on his monument, and on the hearts of his people and in enduring and accessible publications, as to require nothing now or here of enlargement. Obscurity and oblivion will not for ages cloud his name. His descendants inherited his genius, and will perpetuate his memory.

"The last lines above written with equal force apply to his successor, Rev. Amzi Francis, who was born at West Hartford, Conn., July 31st, 1793. Commenced preaching here in September, 1822, and was ordained pastor April 17th, 1823, and died Oct. 18th, 1845. In scholarship, in united labors in the Master's work, in the purest, loftiest ideals, in spiritual fire, this man excelled. The testimony of the writer is that of a personal and living witness.

"The Rev. David M. Miller was born in Elizabethtown, N. J., June 12th, 1827, and died June 29th, 1855. He was ordained April 27th, 1854. He gave bright promise of great usefulness in the ministry of the Gospel. The silver trumpet soon fell from his hands. *****

"Rev. Carlton P. Maples, minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church died here in the 57th year of his life, and 27th of his ministry in Ohio, and the farther west, and at St. James in Smithtown, L. I. His wife was Frances, daughter of Dr. David Gardiner, and sister of Dr. John L. Gardiner, and the monument that marks his grave is adjoining theirs.

"Samuel Denison Rogers, son of Nathan, also became a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He died in early manhood, before long service had established a reputation, which his ability and remarkably genial and sympathetic ways promised.

"Nathan Rogers, son of John T., farmer of Bridgehampton, apprenticed to a ship builder in Hudson, N. Y., wounded in the knee and lame and disabled for life from active locomotion, and oft defeated in attaining a life occupation that would sustain him, finally chose that of a painter. His story is a marvel of surprise and success, and is told

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interestingly in Thompson's History of Long Island, Vol. I, page 358: 'He attained the first rank for eminence in miniature and portrait painting in the city of New York, and what was then an independent fortune.' In later years he returned to Bridgehampton; built and resided in the dwelling now the Hampton House, which attests his genius in conception of harmony of proportions, completion of design and architectural beauty. The monument that marks his grave is near the northwest corner of the cemetery, where and near it, are the marked graves of his son, the minister last named, and the Doctor James H. Rogers.

"The names of great benefactors of our race designedly omitted here, would be base ingratitude to their memory. William Gardiner and Charles H. Rogers endowed on a solid foundation the Hampton Library in Bridgehampton. The widow of Mr. Rogers made a generous donation to that institution.

"By their last will and testament, John Corwith and his sister, Mrs. Phebe R. Riley, remembered and gave legacies to the Presbyterian Church. ***.

"In this burying ground were deposited the lifeless bodies of those dear to me, by the ties of friendship, affection and blood. There are buried my two brothers, Edwin and Jeremiah. There my son Edwin, graduate of Yale in 1869, attorney and counsellor-at-law, cut down in early life, with a career full of promise seemingly untimely blighted. There my wife Gloriana, whose departure left a shadow on my own life, I may not, and cannot adequately express.***.

"Before and in the Revolutionary war, Beriah Dayton commanded a small vessel running out of Sag Harbor. Deacon Stephen Rose told me in entering the port of New York, his vessel was taken by the British ship of war Asia, and as they were hoisting Captain Dayton and his vessel on board that vast ship, Dayton, who seemed not disturbed for himself, cried out, 'Be careful, she is an uncertain jade.' The earliest burials in this ground were made near the southwest corner, and extended apparently eastward from thence, and in that corner was laid the body of Captain Dayton, noted in his day. His grave stone records the date of his death as September 27th, 1791, aged 84 years. His widow is buried in East Hampton South End Graveyard.

"Bridgehampton's sons from its earliest days were adventurous. Many of them rose to be master mariners and commanders of whaling ships. In this cemetery were laid to final rest these I name: Capt. Uriah Sayre, Capt. William S. Topping, Capt. John Stein, Capt. William Pierson, Capt. Benjamin H. Halsey, Capt. Samuel B. Pierson, Capt. Josiah Foster, Capt. Alanson Topping, Capt. Isaac Ludlow, for whose humanity the British Government awarded a medal of lasting merit, as a memorial of their gratitude in rescuing the officers and crew of a ship wrecked, and conveyed by him to a place whence they sailed to their homes.

"The graceful monument to the memory of the brothers Capt. James R. Huntting and Henry E. Huntting is not undeserved. Sons of Deacon Edward Huntting of Southampton, 'an Israelite in whom there was no guile,' descendant of that minister Huntting who for half a century ministered in East Hampton for the flock of God's elect, born with great executive power, often called to ride on storm by sea and land, leading no life of tameness.

"They attracted many friends, and could not avert as a positive personality some dissent. Capt. James R. Huntting was full six feet six inches in height, and of massive frame. He loomed up like Saul in stature, a King. Sometime supervisor of the town, always public-spirited, always promoting what he believed to be the public good in church and state.

"Henry E. Huntting was a long-time superintendent of life-saving stations, and Member of Assembly for several sessions. The adverse criticism hurled against both of these men was almost if not all political and transitory, dying before they died.

"Twelve master mariners, after lives of hardship and storm in peaceful end rest in this one enclosure. In the new (Edgewood) cemetery, where recently burials most frequently occur, are deposited the bodies of Capt. Jeremiah Ludlow, Capt. Charles A. Pierson and Capt. James A. Rogers, the last named died Feb. 26th, 1910, aged 92 years.

"The Gelston family, formerly residents in Bridgehampton, and to commemorate whom are many monuments in this cemetery, now reside elsewhere, and the name has no representation here. Deacon Maltby Gelston died September 22nd, 1783, aged 60 years. The family had been prominent as advocates of the independence of the colonies, and

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after the battle of Long Island, he and his sons, David, William, John, Hugh and Thomas, fled to Connecticut. His son, John, died August 31st, 1834, aged 84 years. Phebe, wife of John Gelston, died October 29th, 1786, aged 39 years. ***.

“Richard Lester, born in East Hampton, long resident in Sagaponack, where he died March 27th, 1879, aged 82 years, and buried in this cemetery. His standard of fair and upright dealings was above all trickery and crookedness, and was an example far higher than that of many officials of our day. No blot of dishonor mars his fair name.

“The publication of an article like this is open to adverse criticism, because other names worthy of mention are omitted. This is extended beyond ordinary limits, and must end somewhere. Let the critic credit me with charity, while I admit the truth of his charge, by saying I know how imperfect it is, and yet it is the best my age and infirmity and crippled activities permit me to do.”

“Bridgehampton, September 29th, 1910.

“H. P. Hedges.”

The Old Cemetery was never a part or included in the church property adjoining, though some have been of that opinion. The shape and location of this old graveyard may be seen by referring to the maps for 1800 or 1850. This old portion was simply a graveyard set apart and used by any one who chose, but its title was vested in the Trustees of the Proprietors of the common land of the Town of Southampton, and they held that title until the time of incorporation, as will be noted later. The new, or easterly portion, was formerly owned by the Atlantic Steam Mills Co. and was later bought by William Hand, who laid it out into cemetery lots and sold it to individuals.

When this cemetery was incorporated, both the old, as well as the new part, were legally united and included into the one. The Proprietors having quit-claimed their right, title and interest, and released all claims of the Town, and the majority of the lot owners in the new part, at a meeting held for that purpose, voted to incorporate the same under the Laws of the State of New York. This was accomplished February 4th, 1915, under the charter name “The Old Cemetery Association of Bridgehamp-

ton” under the management and control of six trustees. The original trustees were as follows:

William D. Halsey, President
John C. Sayre, Secretary and Treasurer
Wallace H. Halsey
Samuel O. Hedges
Henry N. Corwith
William I. Halsey

In the above article written by Judge Henry P. Hedges, he states “there rest the remains of two County Judges and Surrogates, three persons over 90 years of age, three Members of Assembly of this State, and there I must soon be laid with them.”

It is now my sad duty to add to these numbers the name of the writer whom I quote, who died September 26th, 1911, within a few days of being 94 years of age. The above article having been written only about one year before his death. He was a man in no way inferior to those of whom he wrote. Unquestionably our greatest local historian, and apparently almost to the last “His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.”

His burial in the ‘Old Burying Ground’ adds one more to the number of those he refers to as having reached the age of over 90. One more to the number of County Judges and Surrogates. One more to the number of Members of Assembly.

Those now buried there, who were over 90 years of age are as follows: Mrs. Phebe Halsey, 97 years. Oliver Halsey, 95 years. Henry P. Hedges, 93 years, 11 months, 13 days. Mrs. Phebe Smith, 94 years. Miss Nancy Halsey, 93 years, Mrs. Jerusha Halsey, 92 years. Jesse Woodruff, 92 years. Jeremiah Hedges, 90 years. Then he mentions six ministers of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. To this number I have to add the name of the Rev. Arthur Newman, who died December 8th, 1924, having served the Presbyterian Church in this place for almost 42 years. A thorough scholar, an eloquent preacher, a devoted pastor and an untiring worker; only one other minister of this church served a longer pastorate. He was really the prime mover toward the incorporation of the ‘Old Burying Ground,’ and also toward the erection of the monument in memory of the Founders, Sailors and Soldiers, that now stands in this village.

There is one other tombstone to which I wish to call attention. It is the little monument (a fac-

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simile of the larger one by which it stands) located in the easterly part of the old portion of this cemetery, erected to the memory of "Mary Evelyn daughter of Capt. S. C. & M. A. Woodruff, died in Nagasaki, Japan, Aug. 19th, 1863, Ae. 1 yr. 6 mos." This little girl was brought home from that far country, in a cask of alcohol, or liquor of some kind, it being before the days of embalming, and also the necessity of secrecy owing to the superstition of the sailors regarding a corpse on shipboard.

To the number of ministers interred here is another that was buried here at his own request, having expressed such a desire while yet living. It is the Rev. Henry T. Rose, who died in the year 1919. There is still another to be included in the list of ministers buried here, it is the Rev. William Hedges, son of Henry P. Hedges. There is also another master mariner that Mr. Hedges has omitted. It is Capt. William S. Denison, who died May 22nd, 1862. For rescuing the crew of a French ship, that had been rendered helpless in a severe storm, and bringing them safely into port, the French Government presented him with a beautiful gold medal, which is now in possession of his descendants.

There is another grave in this cemetery worthy of mention. In the year 1840 the Rev. Henry F. Roberts was assigned to the Bridgehampton Methodist Episcopal Church as pastor. He had married Mary Crain, daughter of Daniel Crain of Jersey City. They had a little boy born to them in the parsonage. This house is still standing on the northerly side of Main street. At the birth of this child, Mrs. Crain died, and was buried in the Old Cemetery, where a white marble tombstone marks the grave.

This boy was named Daniel Crain Roberts, and became an Episcopal Minister. When the Centennial celebration was to be held in Philadelphia in 1876, he was requested to write a National anthem for that occasion, which he did. The first stanza of which is:

"God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
Our grateful songs before thy throne arise."

Private Graveyards Now Discontinued

I again quote in part Mr. Hedges in regard to these: "Just south of the dwelling on the east side of Mitchel's Lane on the farm of the late Orlando

Hand, several generations of the Mitchel family, once owners of the farm, were buried (for location of this graveyard see map for 1850). Some 40 or 50 years since they were removed, and buried in the plot where stands the granite monument to the memory of Edward Mitchel, near the center of the Old Bridgehampton Cemetery.

"On the triangle where the roads part, west and northeast from the road going to the farm of the late James Edwards, and later of Theodore White, was an ancient burying ground wherein were deposited with others, two or three generations of the Loper family, including those of Jared Loper, once owner of the farm."

These bodies of the Loper family were removed, and the monuments in one group are just east of the southwest corner of the Old Bridgehampton Cemetery. This removal occurred within 40 or 50 years. (for location of the Loper graveyard see maps for 1750, 1800 and 1850.) There was also a private graveyard on the farm of the late John Wilkes Hedges, but a few years ago this was abolished and the remains all removed to the New Cemetery in Bridgehampton.

In Water Mill on the northerly side of the old road leading over the Mill Dam, and near the southerly shore of the Mill Pond, was an old graveyard, now abolished. I have been told that the monuments were buried; this, however, I cannot vouch for, but I here quote Mr. Adams as to the inscriptions on three of those monuments:

"Here lyes buried the body of David Halsey dec'd Feb. ye 18th, 1731-2, in ye 69th year of his age."

"Here Lyes the Body of Mrs. Temperence Cook, Wife of Ellis Cook, who Died December 9th, 1725, in ye 19th year of her age."

"Here Lyes ye Body of Mrs. Temperence Ludlum, Wife of Mr. Jeremiah Ludlum, who Dec'd April ye 21st, 1726, in ye 29th year of her age." I think these monuments can still be found, by digging in the site of this old graveyard.

On the easterly side of the Towd Road, perhaps one-half mile north of the present home of Mr. James H. Corwith, was the home of Joseph Goodale. (See map for 1800). Here that family were buried in their private graveyard, and I think their bodies are there yet, though the graves are obliterated and monuments covered.

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I will also mention the grave of John Wick, in his lot in Bridgehampton. (See map for 1800 & 1850 & 1750).

Before the days of vaccination, smallpox often became epidemic and its ravages were extremely severe, not only among the Indians, but among the early settlers as well. Isolated houses were constructed remote from all other dwellings, most often out in the woods or forest, where people suffering from that malady could be taken and cared for without endangering the rest of the community. On the maps for 1750 and 1800 may be seen the location of the "pock house" in Bridgehampton. It is to the north of Cook's Lane, and nearly opposite the northerly end of Norris Lane, though this lane does not appear on the 1750 map. I think it was here that my grandfather, Gabriel Halsey, went when a young man, after due preparation, and at a convenient season, to take this disease, so that he might be immune, and in case his family or friends should contract this dread disease, he might be able to act as nurse for them.

Smallpox was so dreaded at this time that even after inoculation had been proven to be a preventive, yet there was so much skepticism and fear and doubt, many believing that this would give one the dread disease, that the Town Trustees enacted laws forbidding it.

I here quote from the Records, dated April, 1774: "Whereas the siting up Inoculation hath not only bin dangerous to the lives and helth of the inhabitants, but hath occasioned great unesiness among the people, to prevent the which for the futor It is enacted by the Trustees that no person on any pretence whatsoever shall set up inoculation, or inoculate any person within the bounds and limmits of this Township on penalty of £5 for each and every person he shall inoculate with the smallpox."

"And that no person shall be inoculated by any person whatsoever within the bounds and limmits afore said on penalty of £5 And that no person whatsoever shall receive into their house or entertain any person so inoculated on penalty of £5 for every person so received or entertained. And that no person whatsoever shall attend upon or nurse any person that is inoculated on penalty of £5 for every person they nurse or tend. Except it be by the concent and aprobatation of two of his Majestyes Justices of the Peace of said Town."

Lemuel Howell, the father of Capt. Caleb, the location of Caleb's house may be seen on the map for 1800, while on a visit to New York contracted smallpox. After reaching home and coming down with that disease, he was taken to the pock house, where he died, and for burial was taken a short distance to the south, and near the northeast corner of his own farm. The inscription on his tombstone is as follows: "Lemuel Howell, Born Sept. 18th, 1718. Died Feb. 22nd, 1781." No one thought that that very ground would eventually become an incorporated cemetery, but such is the case. The New Cemetery on Norris Lane was laid out and opened soon after the first meeting, held March 20th, 1893, at which meeting it was voted to incorporate under the name of "The Bridgehampton Cemetery Association" and the Lemuel Howell grave was included within this cemetery. The first interment after incorporation was on Aug. 17th, 1894.

OLD DWELLING HOUSES

In this chapter I am going to divide the Old Houses into three groups. The first to consist of those now standing that were built between the years 1675 and 1725. The second those built between 1725 and 1775. The third those built between 1775 and 1825, thus covering a period of 150 years.

Some very excellent workmanship is shown in the construction of some of these old houses. The timber was of hewn oak, cut in many cases in the forest near where the house was built. The frame morticed, tenoned and pinned or dovetailed. In some cases where the beams were exposed, they were beaded, shingle lath of sawed or rived oak. The nails, spikes, door handles, hasps, hinges and latches all hand-wrought by a blacksmith. Some of the door locks were made of wood, and may be seen at this time. Foundations were usually of native stone. Chimneys of brick made of clay tempered and molded by hand, and in the earlier days laid up with clay mud. Walls of lime made from oyster shells. Shingles of cedar, some of native wood, but more imported from the mainland. Window lights of imported glass, on which there was a heavy import tax, which accounts for the small windows and few in number.

OLD DWELLING HOUSES



Old Haines House, Scuttle Hole, 1679



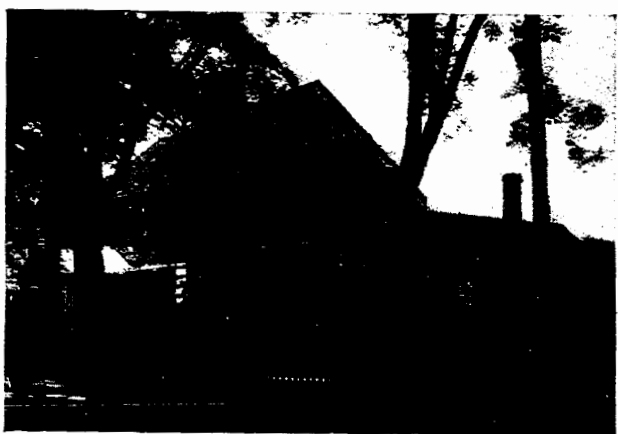
Job Pierson House, Sagaponack, 1695



Ezekiel Sandford's House, Bridge Lane, 1680



Thomas Strong, later Abner, 1695



John Wick's Tavern, 1686



Thomas Osborn, later Elisha, 1700

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These houses were usually set facing south, sometimes with a compass, so that at high noon the sun would be in a direct line with the house frame, then by marking the hours, they had a sun dial. The style of these houses, if two stories, was a short roof to the south, and to the north a long one brought down so low as to just leave room enough for a door under the plate. The cellars were as a rule very small. The chimneys of immense proportions, placed in the center of the house, with huge fireplaces on either side, on one end of which was the brick oven, where the family baking was done. A large crane in these fireplaces from which was hung kettles, spiders, baking pans and other cooking utensils. The fuel was wood, and the light was from either pine knots, whale oil or tallow dips. the latter home-made.

Of the houses in group one, I would place first on this list the Old Haines House in Scuttle Hole, built in the year 1679, the year of the laying out of the 40 acre Division, and rebuilt by James Haines in the year 1779. Then the Ezekiel Sandford House on Bridge Lane in Bridgehampton, built in the year 1680. Then the John Wicks' (Bull's Head Tavern) built in the year 1686. Then the Job Pierson House in Sagaponack, built in the year 1695. Then the Thomas Strong House (later Abner) in Wainscott, built in the year 1695. Then the Thomas Osborn House (later Elisha) in Wainscott, built in the year 1700. Then the Moses Rose House (later Edward Mooney) in Sagaponack, built in the year 1705. Then the Widow Topping House, in Bridgehampton. (later Lewis Sandford, later Charles H. Hildreth) near Windmill Hill, built in the year 1725. These eight houses are still standing at this time (1935). The west half of the H. Morgan Topping house in Wainscott was probably built about 1690, by either a Mulford, Howell or Osborne, all of whom lived there for a short time. In 1700 it was owned and occupied by George Squires, but I have not included this house from the fact that it has been rebuilt and I cannot separate the new part. This is also true of the James White House (later Charles S. Rogers) in Sagaponack. It is the center of this house that is old. This is also true of the Cooper house in Mecox, and the Col. Henry Pierson House in Sagaponack.

There are a few facts relative to two of the eight

houses first named above that I wish to relate. The first mention of Sag Harbor in the records was in 1707. At that time there were three houses there, and they stood near the shore below the bluff at the northerly end of "Turkey Hill." At an extremely high tide caused by a severe easterly storm, one of these houses was floated from the piers on which it stood, and drifted across to Hog Neck (now North Haven) where it landed high up on the beach. It was then sold to Moses Rose of Water Mill, who took it apart and carted it across Short Beach, Long Beach and then through the woods to Water Mill. About the year 1870, this man's grandson, Hervey Rose, sold it to Edward Mooney, who had it moved with teams of oxen to Sagaponack, where it still stands. Edward Mooney paid Fifty Dollars for it.

The other is the Widow Topping House (see T. R. Vol. III, page 212). This house was built just south of the Triangular Commons about 1725. When Lewis Sandford was about to get married, his father, David Sandford, bought this house and moved it to Windmill Hill. This place was later bought by Jason Loper for his son, Edwin Loper. Charles H. Hildreth married Edwin Loper's daughter Julia, and so came into possession of the place. He rebuilt it. It is still standing (1935).

The second group or class are those built between 1725 and 1775. The first house I name in this class is the Stephen Hedges House, (later Jared, later Charles O.) on Parsonage Lane, built in the year 1730. Then the Zacheus Rose House, (later Stephen, later Henry Martin) built about the year 1730. Then the James Brown, parsonage, (later Rev. Aaron Woolworth) built about 1730. Then the Sylvester Strong House, (later Edwin) built about the year 1740. Then Capt. William Pierson House, (later Josiah Rogers) built about 1740. Then the Timothy Pierson, Sr. House, (later L. P. Topping, in Poxabogue, built about 1745. The Ethan Halsey, Sr. House (later Widow McGee) was built about the year 1775, in Hay Ground.

Then the Ebenezer Edwards House, (later Thomas Gelston, later E. H. Dickinson) on Butter Lane, built in the year 1747. Then the James Sandford House, (later Lorenzo Sandford) in Bridgehampton, built about the year 1745. The John White House in Sagaponack was bought by him of Hezekiah Bower in 1797, when he repaired it. I think it

OLD DWELLING HOUSES



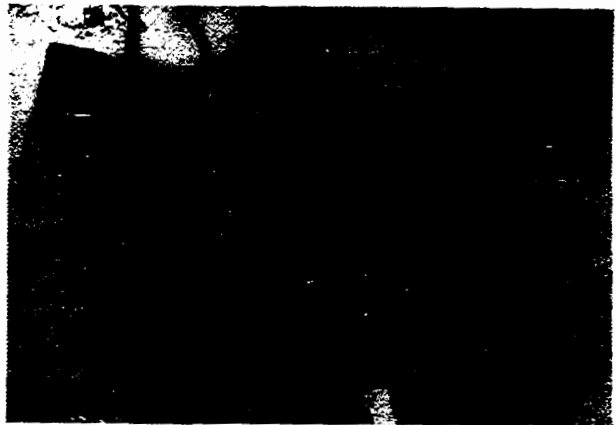
Moses Rose, later E. Mooney, Sagaponack, 1705



Zacheus Rose, later Stephen, later Henry Martin, 1730



Widow Topping House, later Chas. H. Hildreth, 1725



James Brown Parsonage, later Woolworth, 1730



Stephen Hedges, later Jared, later Chas. O., 1730



Sylvester Strong, later Edwin, Wainscott, 1740

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

was built as early as 1730. Hezekiah Topping owned it in 1767, and he left it to his two nephews, Hezekiah Bower and Job Haines. I presume Haines sold his share to Bower. The Matthew Halsey House on Lumber Lane in Bridgehampton, (later Richard Halsey) built about the year 1740. This house was built in the hollow to the south of where it now stands, and to prevent it from being flooded they built a dyke across the valley to the east, but this proved inadequate, so they employed Samuel Schellinger of Amagansett to move the house to its present site. Some one asked Schellinger how he could move it up hill, whereupon he replied, "I would rather move it up hill than down, for if I were going down the hill with it, I should have to put a breeching on it".

I think the Ebenezer Edwards house was built by him shortly after he sold his farm in East Hampton about the year 1747 for 350 Pounds. I also am of the opinion that he only held it for a short time, and then sold it to Deacon Maltby Gelston. It then passed to Maltby's son Thomas, and after he died it was bought by David Ludlow and his wife Phebe Topping, then by will to Edward Howell and wife, and then to the Dickinson family.

About the year 1730 Jeremiah Halsey built a one-story house on the north side of Paul's Lane in Bridgehampton, it then went to his nephew Sylvester Halsey, who raised it up and made it two stories. At his death he left it to his nephew, Lodowick Halsey Cook, it then went to his son, Augustus L. Cook. Then the Stephen Topping House, (later Paul Topping, later Elisha O. Hedges) in Poxabogue, built about 1750. Then the Andrew Barron House, (later Lemuel Haines) in Sagaponack, built about the year 1750. Then the Paul Halsey, Jr. House (later Watson Halsey) on Paul's Lane, built about 1765. Then the Capt. Nathan Post House, (later Uriah Sayre) in Bridgehampton, built about 1770. Then the Timothy Pierson, Jr. House, (later Capt. Austin) built about 1770.

The Wilkes Hedges homestead on Hedges' Lane was built by Deacon David Hedges in the year 1775, and he left it to his son Wilkes; the Deacon's former homestead located on the westerly side of Sagg Street (1800 map) went to his son Zephaniah.

The Miller Edwards House (later Robert Hedges) on Sagg Road, and the Aaron Fithian House,

(later Benjamin Vail) on Montauk Highway in Bridgehampton, were both built about the year 1740, but have been rebuilt and changed to such an extent that the old building does not appear.

The Elias Sandford House (later Edward, later Henry H.) on Butter Lane in Bridgehampton. This was the second Elias, he moved one half of this house from Poxabogue about 1730, and soon after built the other half.

The Gideon Halsey House, (later Halsey Foster) in Head-of-the-Pond, was built about the year 1775. These houses in class two named above are still standing, and for the most part are in fairly good order.

I wish to relate an incident relative to the Aaron Woolworth property in Bridgehampton. "When the parsonage was being made ready for the new minister, Aaron Woolworth, Capt. John Hulburt desired to add to the beauty of the grounds, which gave occasion for the following letter, written to a relative in Connecticut, dated Bridgehampton, April 21st, 1789." "I wish you to get six good Buttonwood trees and put them on board Parker's boat, when he comes down, for Mr. Woolworth to set around his house. Send your bill also of them." "John Hulburt".

Of the trees mentioned above, one still lives. It measures about 7 feet in circumference, and may be seen at the old Woolworth parsonage, (at this time, 1935) which is now the property of the late Charles T. Ludlow, in Bridgehampton.

The houses in group three are those built between 1775 and 1825, and of course will be much larger than either group one or two. I will refer the reader to the map for 1850, where the location of most of these houses may be found.

I will begin with the James B. Halsey House in Hay Ground, (later Capt. James H. Rogers) built about the year 1776. Then the Abraham Pierson House (later Nymphus Wright) in Sagaponack, built in 1776. Just east of the Pierson house is the Wilkes Hedges house, built in 1775. From the fact that the Hedges house was going to be so much better than the one in which the Piersons lived, the latter would not stand for it, so started at once to get out timber for a house that should be as good, if not better than Wilkes Hedges'. After the new house was completed, it proved to be not as good as

OLD DWELLING HOUSES



Capt. William Pierson, later Josiah Rogers,
Sagaponack, 1740



Ebenezer Edwards House, later Gelston, Butter Lane,
1747



Timothy Pierson, Sr., later L. P. Topping, 1745



Ethan Topping, Hay Ground, 1775



Ethan Halsey, later Widow Magee, 1775



Mathew Halsey, later Richard, Lumber Lane, 1740

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

they intended. Isaac, Abraham's son remained at home, but Samuel Hunting, another son, was so provoked over this fact that he moved to Chatham-four-corners, New York State, I think Columbia County, where his descendants still live.

The Timothy Halsey (Master Tim) later Jeremiah Haines House, in Scuttle Hole, the Nathan Pierson House (later Wallace W. Hildreth) in Sagaponack, and the William Halsey House (later Roger Halsey, later Herman R. Halsey) were all three built about the year 1790. This last named was in Hay Ground. The Nathan Topping Cook House in Hay Ground (later Alanson, later Addison M. Cook) was built in the year 1793.

The Silas White House (later Jesse Halsey, later David Halsey) in Head-of-the-Pond, was built in the year 1794. James White, a brother of Silas, built a similar house a few rods east of the one first named, and in the same year, viz: 1794. When James got married, he moved this house across the street, and it became later the Darius White homestead. Since that it was bought by Mr. Bottomley, who moved it to its present site. The John Norris House, in Poxabogue, (later Stephen Topping), the Capt. Jonathan Osborne House, in Wainscott, the James Edwards House, (later Thomas Osborn, later Oliver) in Wainscott, the Daniel Woodruff House, (later Jetur Bishop) in Bridgehampton, the Silas Pierson House, (later Hiram S. Rogers) in Sagaponack, were all five built about the year 1795. The Esquire Maltby G. Rose House (later Elbert Rose) was built in the year 1791. The William Howell House, (later John N. Hedges) in Mecox, was built about the year 1800. The Theophilus Cook House, (later Capt. John Sweeney, later Albert Jennings) was also built about 1800. The Dr. Rufus Rose House, (later Capt. George Hand) in Hay Ground, was built in the year 1804. I herewith show copy of the contract to build this house.

"This agreement made this 29th day of October, 1804 between Nathan T. Cook & Rufus Rose concerning the building of a House is as follows, Viz.

"That sd Cook agrees to erect a house twenty eight feet in front & thirty two feet from front to rear two storys high in the same model with the house now occupied by John Hulburt, Esq. And to be finished in the same way except his kitchen in the Lieu of which a porch is to be substituted the house to be covered with shingle, the lath to be

sawed, the timber to be taken from the stump & that which is too large, to be sawed &c &c. And sd Rose doth agree on his part to furnish materials sufficient for the above work in such season the sd Cook shall not be obliged to wait for any one article & if such materials are not provided according to the tenure of the preceding clause sd Rose is to make good the damages, he is likewise to Cart the timber & raise it after it is framed & do the glazing, he is likewise at the completion of the above work to pay sd Cook Seventy Five Pounds for his labour, in witness whereof we have interchangeably set our hands the day & year above written."

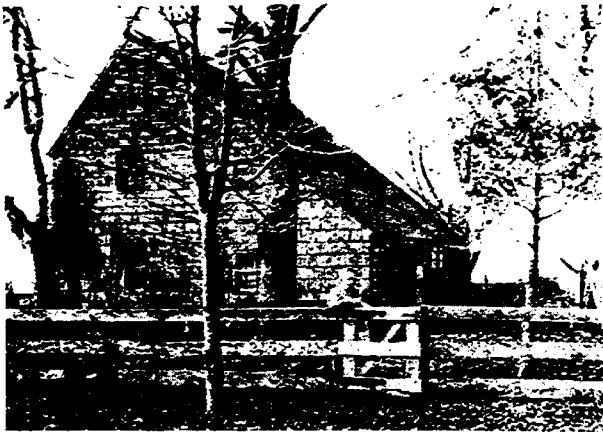
Here are the names
of contracting parties

The John Hulburt house referred to above is the one in Sag Harbor, on the east side of Main Street, now owned by Mrs. Clarence Shamel.

The John Cook house in Mecox was built by Nathan Topping Cook and Sullivan Cook in the year 1809. I herewith give a copy of the Agreement to build this house.

"This Agreement Made this 22nd Day of March, 1809. Between Nathan T. Cook, Sullivan Cook and John Cook, Concerning the Building of a House, Which is as follows, viz; that Said Nathan T. Cook & Sullivan Cook Do Bind themselves to Erect A House for the Said John Cook, Which is to Be Thirty By Thirty Six Feet—The Building to Be two Stories High. The Work to Be Done as Well as that Now Occupied By Ruffus Rose. Having A Porch 9 By 15 feet. The House to Be Covered By Shingles—The Lath to Be Sawed—The Timber Taken after Carted Home—The Said John Cook Does Agree on His Part to furnish All Materials Sufficient for the Above Work In Such A Season that the Said Cooks as Aforesaid Shall Not Wait for Any one Article & if Such Materials are not Provided According to the Tenor of the Preceding Clause, the Said John Cook Is to Make Good the Damage. He Is Likewise To Raise the House After it is framed and to Do the Glazing—He Is Also to find Said Cooks One Meal Per Day While they are Doing the Said Work, and after the Said Work Is Completed He is to Pay the Said Cooks as Aforesaid the Sum of Two Hundred And twenty Five Dollars For their Labour—And We the Said Cooks Do Agree on our Part to Not Let other Work Interfear With Said Cook as Aforesaid To His Dam-

OLD DWELLING HOUSES



Stephen Topping, later Paul, later E. O. Hedges, 1750



Deacon David Hedges, later Wilkes Hedges, 1775



Andrew Barron, later Lemuel Haines, 1750



Old Hildreth House, Mecox, 1690-1873



Paul Halsey, Jr., later Watson, 1755

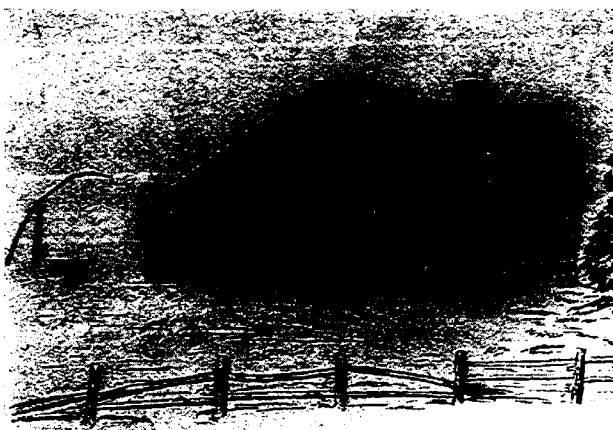


Stephen Topping, later Malines Osborn,
torn down 1914

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

age, Whereof We Have Interchangeably Set our Hands the Day and Date As Above Ritten”

The Jesse Woodruff House, (later George H. Miller) on Mitchel's Lane in Bridgehampton was built by Sullivan Cook in the year 1807. The Jacob Halsey House, (later Capt. Benj. H. Halsey) on Lumber Lane in Bridgehampton, was built about the year 1805. The William Turbell House, (later Charles Turbell) in Hay Ground, was built about the year 1810. The Sullivan Cook House, (later Richard Cook) in Scuttle Hole, was built about the



Jonas Wood, later Ebenezer White, 1676-1856

year 1815. On the 15th of September of the year 1815, there occurred one of the most severe storms that ever visited eastern Long Island, it blew down vast numbers of great trees in the forests. The James Hand House, (later Albert, later John H. Hand) in Wainscott, was built in the year 1816, and the Anthony Ludlow House, (later Charles Ludlow) in Mecox, was built in the year 1817; the frame of both of these houses was hewn from trees blown down in that severe storm. The Presbyterian church on Shelter Island was also built of timber hewn from trees blown down in that same September gale. This church was destroyed by fire a few months ago. The Col. Hervey Hedges House on Hedges Lane in Sagaponack was built in the year 1825. The Matthew Topping House, in Sagg, (later Gardiner B., later Addison G. Topping) built in year 1797.

There may be others that I have omitted, but I have tried to include all. These houses are now (1935) all standing, and for the most part are in fair order.

In group one I think I should have included one half of the Thomas Rose House, (later Israel Rose, later Pulaski Warren) in Water Mill, built about 1700.

WHAT BECAME OF SOME OLD DWELLING HOUSES

In writing about Old Dwelling Houses in this locality, I wish to mention some of those known and remembered by the older men, but which at this time are gone. (See 1750 and 1800 maps). I will begin with Wainscott. There was the John Talmage and the Daniel Hopping houses on the road to East Hampton. Then in the lower end of Sagg Street, there was the Jonas Wood house, later Rev. Ebenezer White, built about 1676, torn down in 1856. Northwest of this was the Hezekiah Bower house in 1750, later Deacon David Hedges, later Capt. Josiah Foster, this was burned in June of 1874.

There has always been a question just where the Robert Norris House was located in Sagaponack. Judging from a boundary line mentioned in an old deed, and from the fact that there are pieces of old brick found that would indicate the site of an old house, I am persuaded that the Robert Bower house,

was located south of the Hezekiah Bower house, (later Deacon David Hedges, later Josiah Foster.) Robert Norris was a taxpayer in 1683, and lived on the west side of Sagg street.

The Mrs. Cleaves house in Wainscott was bought by Ernest Fields, who moved it to its present site. The Samuel Edwards house on Hedges Lane, owned by J. Dayton Miller in 1800, and Ebenezer Hedges in 1900, later the farm was bought by Raymond Magee, who sold the house to Charles Schwenck, and he moved it north on the Wainscott Road. The Isaac Hopping house in Wainscott, built about 1790, was burned in 1917. The Levi Hedges house on Parsonage Lane, was built about 1780, and torn down about 1900. The house marked Mr. Chase (1850 map) was a very old house and was torn down about 1855. The William D. Halsey house in Poxabogue was sold to Capt. Edward Halsey, and

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

torn down in 1890. The Seth Topping House (1800) Halsey Hildreth in 1850, was torn down about 1870, this was in Poxabogue. The Stephen Topping House 1800, Malines Osborn in 1850, in Poxabogue, was torn down about 1914. The Miller Edwards House, Poxabogue, (1850 map) was torn down in 1865. The Stephen Topping house on Poxabogue Road was formerly the store of Stephen Topping, Sr. (1800 map) afterward sold to Thomas Tyndall, and moved east of the graveyard. The Town Poor farm was formerly owned by Sylvanus Topping. (1800). Sold after many years to Michael Haney, who tore down the older part of the house and retained the wing for a dwelling. The site of Capt. Caleb Howell's house could be located until a short time ago, by the old well some rods east of the Henry Howell house.

The Edward Howell House and Tavern (which is shown on all maps except the one for 1670) in Poxabogue, was built in the year 1690, was moved across the street to the west about 1875, and torn down in December of 1931. I have preserved a section of the corner post, rafters and plate of this house. The old Hildreth House in Mecox was probably built about the year 1690, and was torn down about 1873. The Thomas Cook House in Mecox was moved from Bridgehampton, and later owned by Jesse Ludlow, and has now gone to decay. The Jeremiah King House in Mecox was bought by Roger Marran, and is now a wreck. The Benjamin F. Sandford House in Mecox was built in Sag Harbor, afterward taken down and moved to its present site. The George Halsey House, on Ocean Road, (later Samuel Howell) was formerly the store of Robert Halsey, and stood where the store of David Hallock did later, (now the Chester Store). The Hezekiah Sandford House stood in the valley south of the Matthew Hildreth house, west side of Ocean Road. The Jerusha Halsey House was torn down by Henry P. Hedges after he had bought that farm and moved from Sag Harbor. This was on Ocean Road. The Levi H. Hildreth house stood a few rods south of where the house of his son, Lawrence Hildreth, stood in 1850. The Mrs. D. Sandford house, (1850 map) (later Richard Overton) was bought by Hiram S. Rogers who moved it to his Fordham lot on Butter Lane, and is now owned by George McCaslin's heirs. The blacksmith shops of

William Fordham and Elisha Howell were both torn down. William Jones' blacksmith shop on Main Street was bought by Hiram S. Rogers, who moved it to his farm in Sagaponack for a shop. The Watson Hand house (1850 map) was moved to Church Street, where it now stands, and is owned by Mrs. William Rogers. The David Pierson house on Butter Lane was torn down; it formerly was the property of Richard Gelston, his daughter, Laura, afterward Mrs. Jeremiah Ludlow, was born there. The Alva Halsey house was torn down. The District No. 9 schoolhouse (1850) was sold to E. P. Rogers, who moved it to Narrow Lane for a dwelling house. The Tiffany & Co. store was destroyed by fire. The John King Hotel, (1850) was originally the Capt. John Hulburt house (1750), finally came down to Augustus Gardiner, who moved it to the Triangular Commons, raised it up, and built another story under it. Later it was owned by John W. Hull, who ran it as a hotel for many years. It was then sold to the Episcopal Church Society, and torn down in 1915. The John L. Gardiner house (1850) later David Hallock, was moved to Osborn Park (so called) where it now stands. The Rogers store was later moved across the street, and was still later burned. The William Pierson house was destroyed by fire. The John Cook house in Mecox was built in the year 1809, and was destroyed by fire in 1921.

The Mary Brown house on Lumber Lane in Bridgehampton, was very old when I was a boy, and was finally torn down. The Ledyard Halsey house (later John Elliston) on Lumber Lane was burned about 1918. The Stephen Topping house (1800) and the Alfred Talmadge house, both on Lumber Lane were torn down. The Arnold Edwards house on the Sag Harbor Turnpike, (later Hassler) was burned about the year 1872. The John Edwards house on the south side of Huntington Path, was a one story building, and stood there until it was worn out and gone to decay. I remember it in 1872. It must have dated back to at least 1740. The David Rogers house in Scuttle Hole was built in 1786 (1800 map) and was torn down about 1870. My grandmother, Elizabeth Tuthill Rogers, was born there. The Charles Seeley house, (1850) was moved to Sag Harbor, erected on the north side of John Street, owned by John Thatford, and burned about 1880. The Daniel S. Halsey house on

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

Butter Lane was formerly the kitchen on the Gabriel Halsey house on the Brick Kiln Road, and was moved to its present site in 1840. The Isaac Sandford house on Butter Lane was torn down. The David Sayre house was torn down, and later the Stephen Sayre house was bought by Phineas Terry and moved to a site near the former site of the David Sayre house. The Sylvanus Sandford house on Butter Lane, (1800) was bought by Elias Sandford who moved it across the street for a barn. The Elias Woodruff house was burned December 21st, 1899. The Silas Corwith house was burned about 1910. The Job Woodruff house was moved to the Kahle farm for a tenant house, where it now stands. The Capt. Jones Rogers house on the Hay Ground Road was bought by Patrick Connor, and later by Addison M. Cook, who tore it down. The Orlando Rogers house was burned in October of 1919. The Albert Cook house (later William Marran) was burned in 1911. The Thomas Halsey house was bought by William Edwards, who moved it north of the railroad, and was later owned by Charles

Strong. The Charles C. Topping house in Mecox was formerly the schoolhouse of Andrew Fordham in Hay Ground, and is now torn down. The Edward Squires house at Head-of-the-Pond was torn down. The Abigail Squires house was moved from Hay Ground to its present site, later bought by Frank Benedict and moved to the Polish settlement. The house in Deerfield marked Sullivan Cook (1850) later Widow McGee, was formerly the Ethan Halsey house in Hay Ground, and was moved by Cook. The Enoch Halsey house in Water Mill was burned November 10th, 1901. The John Lupton house, formerly David Lupton, on Ocean Road was destroyed by fire. The Hedges Sandford house in Water Mill was sold and moved across the street to the south. The old house on the east side of Mecox Road, in Mecox, that was formerly the Corwith Store of early days, was destroyed by fire July 3rd, 1843, at 10 o'clock A. M. The James Edwards house on Mill Stone Road was burned about 1860. The J. L. Overton house was torn down, this was the old Loper homestead.

BRIDGEHAMPTON IN THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION

During all of the early history of eastern Long Island, there never was a massacre of the Colonists by the Indians. This appears remarkable when compared with contemporary history on the mainland, but this is largely explained when we consider that when the Colonists bought the land of the Indians for a stipulated price, they also agreed to defend them against invasion of this territory by hostile tribes. This referred directly to the Pequots and Narragansetts, for these tribes had conquered and were receiving an annual tribute from the Long Island Indians. The only event that savored of even the spirit of massacre, was the murder of Phebe Halsey, wife of the first Thomas Halsey at Southampton. Montauk Indians were suspected, but upon investigation, it was proven to have been two Pequots, who were arrested and taken to Hartford where they were tried, convicted and executed. At that time all criminal cases had to be tried in Hartford, from the fact that eastern Long Island at that time was under the jurisdiction of the Connecticut

Colony. It was during this episode that Lyon Gardiner gave himself as hostage to the Montauk Indians for the safe return of their Sachem, Wyandanch.

The Long Island Colonies were subject from the first to obligatory military training. "On October 9, 1642, Yt is ordered that every man in this towne that beareth armes shall watch and ward and come to traynings." "Each man must have a flintlock musket that would strike fire, with a bayonet to fit it, and cartridge box." First the officers had their training, a few days later those between 18 and 45 who were liable to military duty were called out and they had company training. Later they had general training, when the companies from Southampton, East Hampton, Bridgehampton and Sag Harbor all met on the Triangular Commons in Bridgehampton. I think this law was in force until well toward the middle of the 19th century. I herewith give a list of the members of the Militia, whose names appear on the Muster Roll of November 5th, 1715. Most of these names may be found on the map for 1700.

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

The Captain of this Company was Josiah Topping, of Hay Ground.

Stephen Topping	Elias Cook
Daniel Hedges	Nathaniel Woodruff
Obadiah Cooke	Alexander Wilmot
William Tarbell	Jeremiah Halsey
Samuel Haines	Thomas Cooper
Elisha Howell	Josiah Topping
Martin Rose	Josiah Stanborough
Ezekiel Sandford	James Haines
Thomas Howell	Edward Howell
James Hildreth	Henry Ludlam
Theodore Pierson	Abiel Cook
David Halsey	Samuel Lum
Ammi Rusco	Elias Petty
James White	

The following list of names are those the location of whose homes appear on the map for 1750.

Eliphalet Clark	Theophilus Howell
Joshua Hildreth	Jacob Wood
Jeremiah Halsey	Zechariah Sandford
Henry Ludlam	Abraham Halsey
Job Pierson	Elnathan White
Thomas Sandford	Ezekiel Sandford
Israel Rose	

Very many of the sons of the above named men enlisted and fought in the war for liberty and independence only a few years later. At this time, however, these Bridgehampton men were really part of the English army, and during the French and Indian War, (1755-1764) some of them did service. Elias Halsey (1750 map) served as Lieutenant, Albert E. Squires, father of Ellis, (1800) did service both in this war and also the Revolution. David Hand started to go on the expedition with Montgomery, but was taken sick at Albany and returned home.

Some years later throughout all of the Colonies, the men and officers who had kept up the interest in the training of the militia, saw not so very far ahead the probability of abundant use for their ability as soldiers and military leaders. England, like the old Egyptian monarch, sought to strengthen their cause by increasing the burdens of their subjects, but in both cases it worked inversely. Throughout the Colonies, men who were quietly following their vocations, unnoticed, became eloquent orators in the cause of liberty and freedom. 1776 found the Town

of Southampton, east of Water Mill, or that area covered by these maps, with a population of 1,434, according to the census of that year. At this time all of the men who were subject to military duty, were enrolled and organized into companies. At the period just prior to the Revolution there were two companies in Bridgehampton. One being in Sagg, and one in Mecox. In Onderdonk's Rev. Incidents, we read "Company 3, (this is Sagg) Capt. David Pierson, 1st Lieut. Daniel Hedges, 2nd Lieut. David Sayre, Ensign, Theophilus Pierson." Company 9, (this was Mecox) Capt. John Sandford, 1st Lieut. Edward Topping, 2nd Lieut. Phillip Howell, Ensign, John Hildreth." Most of these names appear either on the map for 1750 or 1800. "In 1775 associations were formed, the members of which pledged themselves to the support of the measures of the provincial congress, and the union of the American colonies, to resist the oppression of the British government." Every male inhabitant in Southampton, with only two exceptions, signed this instrument of association, and these two after some hesitation also signed it, which made it unanimous. It only took a short time after the declarations in writing of these men, before the matter of organizing regiments in Suffolk County was thought to be a necessity. "On April 5th, 1776, the First Regiment, of 13 companies was reported, this was composed of 1,030 men and officers from the western portion of the County, but as early as February 10th, 1776, the Second Regiment reported nine companies, with 760 men and officers, of which it is thought Bridgehampton furnished three companies, and in addition to these, Bridgehampton, East Hampton and Southampton furnished a company of minute men to act as a home guard, and this was prior to the date of the First Regiment."

After the battle of Long Island, which took place August 27th, 1776, which resulted in the defeat, or rather retreat of the Colonial army, Long Island was left undefended, and an easy prey for the enemy's depredations. What with war vessels on either coast, and the English army supplemented by hired Hessian troops, marching unopposed the entire length of the Island, it would be impossible to portray the ill treatment and insults to which the Colonists were subjected. Live stock was confiscated and never accounted for, cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry and even horses were taken, and the farmer forced to

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

cart hay and grain with which to feed them, and none of these articles were ever paid for.

The companies of eastern Long Island men who took part in the battle of Long Island, and there were a good many, retreated to the mainland with the rest of the army. While those left at home either fled to Connecticut, where they joined the Continental army, or were forced to take the Oath of Allegiance to the English King. Some of these at the point of a bayonet, as was Col. Jonathan Hedges, and hundreds of others. This military occupation of the Island by the English, broke up the regiments already organized, or those that were being organized by the Colonists, and so put a stop to all military training. Some took their families with them to the continent, and never came back, others returned after the war was over, to former homes, now devastated and left in ruin.

I herewith give a copy of an Oath of Allegiance taken by Daniel Hildreth, the original of which is still preserved, and sworn to before the Tory Governor, William Tryon.

"I do hereby certify, that Daniel Hildreth, aged 63, of Southampton Township, has voluntarily sworn before me, to bear Faith and true Allegiance to his Majesty King George the Third, and that he will not directly or indirectly, openly or secretly, aid, abet, counsel, shelter, or conceal any of his Majesty's Enemies, and those of his Government, or molest or betray the Friends of Government, but that he will behave himself peaceably and quietly, as a faithful Subject of his Majesty and his Government. Given under my Hand on Long-Island, this 22nd Sept. 1778."

"Wm. Tryon. Govr."

This Daniel Hildreth was the grandfather of the man from whose diary I will quote later. He lived in Seven Ponds, and was noted for the high grade pumps he made and sold throughout this entire section. I wish to say also, that at the time this document was executed Major John Andre was secretary to Governor William Tryon, and it is very probable that the document is in Andre's handwriting.

Lord Erskine, who commanded the forces on eastern Long Island, made his headquarters in Southampton, and was a gentleman in every respect, a kind officer and just. He evidently saw and be-

lieved in the injustice to which the Colonists were subjected, for at an early date he resigned his commission and returned to England. Major Cochran was of a very different type, a man arrogant, brutal, domineering, autocratic and vile. Note his order for the whipping of William Russel. He made his headquarters in Sagaponack, and left a record despised and hated, and always will be.

I will name the officers and privates who served in the war of the Revolution, the location of whose homes appear on these maps, and designate the district in which they lived.

Those in Water Mill were:

William Ludlam	Capt.	Henry Ludlam	Private
Jeremiah Ludlam		John Conklin	"
	Private	Thomas Stephens	"

Those in Mecox were:

Benjamin Sandford		Matthew Cooper	Private
	Private	John Cook	"
Daniel Sandford	"	Job Halsey	"
Edward Howell	"	William Howell	"
David Lupton	"	Daniel Schellinger	"

Those in Wainscott were:

William Miller	Private	Daniel Hopping	Private
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Those in Sagg were:

Lemuel Pierson		Hezekiah Bower	Private
	Sergt. Major	Jonathan Hedges,	
Jonathan Hedges		Jr.	"
	Colonel	Henry Topping	"
Daniel Topping	Lieut.	Benjamin White	"
Job Hedges	Private	David White	"
Abraham Pierson	"	Ephraim White	"
Isaac Pierson	"	John Pierson	"
Job Pierson	"	Josiah Stanborough	"
Lemuel Pierson	"	Zebedee Osborne	"
Matthew Topping	"	Jeremiah Hedges	
Daniel Hedges	Capt.		Surgeon
David Pierson	"	Elias Pierson	Corp.

Those in Bridgehampton were:

John Hulburt		Jeremiah Rogers	Capt.
	Lieut. Col.	William Gelston	"
Stephen Halsey,	Surgeon	Phillip Halsey	"
David Gelston	Sergt.	Elias Halsey	Lieut.
John Gelston	Adjutant	Henry Halsey	Capt.
Nathan Cook	Fifer	Stephen Halsey	Sergt.
David Howell	Capt.	Timothy Halsey	"

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

David Hand	Capt.	Beriah Dayton	Private
Sylvanus Halsey	"	Jeremiah Halsey	"
Phillip Howell	Lieut.	Matthew Halsey	"
Josiah Hand	Private	John Corwithe	"
Jeremiah Parker	"	Daniel Halsey	"
Henry Moore	"	Daniel Woodruff	"
Edward Topping	Capt.	Luther Hildreth	"
David Sayre	Lieut.	Abraham Halsey	"
Silas Cook	Private	Samuel Brown	"
Henry Corwithe	"	Ethan Halsey	"
John Edwards	"	Lewis Sandford	"
William Halsey	"	Thomas Halsey	"
Joshua Hildreth	"	Caleb Corwithe	"
David Howell, Jr.	"	David Woodruff	"
Moses Howell	"	James Sayre	"
Stephen Sayre	"		

Those in Scuttle Hole were:

Abraham Rogers		Silas Woodruff	Private
	Private	Samuel Browne	"
David Sandford	"	Benjamin Woodruff	"

Those in Hay Ground were:

Jonathan Cook	Corp.	David Cook	Private
Matthew Jagger	"	Nathaniel Rogers	
William Rogers	Capt.		Ensign
Abraham Rose	Lieut.	Albert Squires	Private
David Cooper	Private	Stephen Talmage	"

I will relate a few incidents in the lives of some of the men whose names appear in the above list.

The stories of David and Daniel Hedges in connection with the Refugees has already been told by Judge Hedges. David Hand, the patriot, Josiah Hand, already mentioned as living at the Brick Kilns. The Matthew Halsey named above, served as a private at the battle of Long Island, under Gen. Israel Putnam. He headed a private expedition to New London and captured 13 Hessians, for which exploit he received from the Continental Congress a large quantity of currency. The winter that Washington was at Valley Forge, this man went to Newark by skating across the frozen New York Bay, the Kill van Kull and Newark Bay, it being a very cold winter. William Miller of Wainscott was a private in Col. Smith's regiment, and was on the Privateer "Marquis de Lafayette."

Nathan Cook was a fifer in the war, but a tailor by trade. I will relate a story of him in a later chapter. Lieut. Daniel Topping was at Valley Forge

with Washington that memorable winter. Benjamin Woodruff of Bridgehampton was on the Privateers "Oliver Cromwell" and "Putnam", and also served with the land forces in Connecticut. Col. John Hurlburt not only served as an officer in the army, but kept a store and tavern, and was a prominent man in this community, but met reverses in later life. His mother, Elizabeth, died August 16th, 1788. and is buried in the Old Cemetery in Bridgehampton. He lived on the north side of the Main Street in Bridgehampton, across from the Bull's Head Tavern (see map for 1750).

For the location of the houses where some of the interesting events of the war took place, I will name the map where they may be found. Where Capt. Edward Topping shot the British soldier, see Bridgehampton Main Street 1750 map. John White, who took part in the successful expedition of Col. Meigs, when he captured the British outpost and fort at Sag Harbor, in May of 1777, see lower end of Sagg (1800). Dr. Stephen Halsey, surgeon in the Revolution, see north side of Mecox Road (1750 map). Abraham and Thomas Halsey served all through this war, were both at Ticonderoga in 1775. The musket carried by one of these men is still preserved. They were brothers of Ethan Halsey, see north side of Main Road, Bridgehampton (1750 map). David Hand, see north side of road in Poxabogue, (1750 map). Timothy Halsey and Abraham Rose, see 1750 map. Capt. Sylvanus Halsey, see Hay Ground Road, map for 1750. David Cook, same map. Daniel Halsey, (my great grandfather) see Butter Lane, 1800 map. Josiah Hand of Brick Kilns, worthy of mention, and formerly of Poxabogue, and brother of David, does not appear on any map. but was in Col. Josiah Smith's Regiment. Abraham Rogers, of Scuttle Hole, was killed at the battle of Bunker Hill.

Nathaniel Rogers of Hay Ground, was in the battle of Long Island and in the famous retreat, he swam in a soldier's blanket across the river, carrying his gun and ammunition above his head.

I omitted to mention that Capt. Sylvanus Halsey was paid \$600 in Continental money, when he was discharged, some of which is still preserved. I procured \$52 of these bills of Orlando Rogers, his grandson.

Nathan Halsey of the Fifth generation from the

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First Thomas had three sons, Timothy, Nathaniel and Theophilus.

Sylvanus was of the sixth generation and the oldest son of Timothy Halsey and Phebe Topping. Daniel Halsey was the oldest son of Nathaniel Halsey.

In the library of the Suffolk County Historical Society are the original muster rolls of Col. Josiah Smith's Regiment. These are also to be found in Mather's "Refugees."

Two of the companies were from Southampton Town, one of which was under the command of Capt. David Pierson, and was called "The Minute Men of Bridgehampton."

In this list appears the names of Sylvanus Halsey and Daniel Halsey (my great grandfather).

Sylvanus Halsey lived in the old homestead in Hay Ground, later owned and occupied by his grandson, Orlando Rogers.

Attached to this page is a short historical sketch of this old "Soldier," written by Mr. Addison M. Cook and published in the New York Herald, January 12, 1923.

The flintlock musket that Sylvanus carried through the Revolutionary War, came into possession of Orlando Rogers. He sold it to John L. Cook. It is now owned and in the possession of Lawrence C. Halsey, of Mecox, Long Island, New York.

Two Lives Span 168 Years

A Long Islander Who Played With a Revolutionary Soldier.

To The New York Herald: I am the only man, so far as I know, in my locality who can truthfully claim the distinction of having seen a soldier of the Revolution.

Captain Sylvanus Halsey was born December 5, 1755, served all through the war under General Washington as a private soldier in the ranks, and at the conclusion of hostilities was honorably discharged. He afterward became Captain of a militia company. He died May 27, 1851.

I was born June 28, 1847, and was therefore nearly four years old at the time of his death. He often played with me in his lifetime, offering one of the "yellow boys," as he called them—one of the

gold coins that the Government had given him as pension money.

I attended his funeral with my parents, as was the old time custom, amid the most terrific thunderstorm of my experience; the crashing thunder, the vivid lightning, accompanied by floods of water from the skies, with darkness almost like night, relieved by the flashes of the lightning that only served to display more distinctly to my frightened eyes the black casket on the opposite side of the room, fixed in my mind and memory a scene never to be forgotten.

When this man was discharged and came home he brought \$600 in Continental currency; it was evidence of service, if not of pay, for the whole of it would not purchase one square meal. Such men should be honored. On Memorial Day we place upon the grave of this soldier of the Revolution the flag for which he so gallantly fought and in the quaint rural cemetery again we read the lettering upon the little gray moss grown slab of marble that for so many years has marked the last earthly resting place of a true patriot, a soldier of 1776.

A. M. COOK.

Water Mill, January 12.

In Mather's "Refugees" there appears the name of Samuel Brown, of Southampton. He was from Bridgehampton, (see Butter Lane 1750 map). Tradition says he was a fearless soldier, and became one of Washington's body guards, wintering with the army at Valley Forge, crossing the Delaware Christmas night of 1776, assisted in the capture of the Hessians, wintered with the army at Newburgh, N. Y., and received an honorable discharge when the army disbanded in the fall of 1783. The army had been stationed at Newburgh since March of 1782. It was at this time that Washington received the famous "Nicola" letter, proposing that he become king.

This section of the Hudson valley was settled by the Germans from the Rhine valley, and the Dutch. During the greater portion of this period the army was not actively engaged in warfare, but were simply doing camp duty. The soldiers not doing sentry duty, were at liberty to stroll about the country. One day this man Brown in company with a number of comrades, went to the home of a Dutch farmer, a very old man, whose eyesight was very

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poor; this old man took great pleasure in taking them about his farm, and showing them his live-stock, among which was a large flock of fine geese.

The entire company highly appreciated the kind attention and cordial reception given them by the old settler, and endeavored to show in every possible way their appreciation by strictest attention to his interesting remarks while taking them about the farm. Brown wandered away from the company for a little; secreted in his pocket was a small line to which was attached a fish hook. He had gotten a sample of corn from the goodly supply stored in the corn crib which they had just been shown. He very deftly placed a good fat kernel on the hook, dropped the bait and walked away, letting a goodly length of line pay out, at the same time scattering enough corn about the bait and line to conceal it; this was of course soon seen by the geese, when there was a grand rush and strife. It was picked up by a fine specimen of the flock, which after swallowing it found it was in trouble, seeking relief by flapping its wings and running. Brown, on the other end of the line, began a retreat, crying, "call him back, call him back." The old man hearing the commotion, inquired as to the cause, when the company told him, "One of the geese is chasing that man." The old man shouted, "Don't be afraid, come on back, he won't hurt you." The answer came back as the man and his goose disappeared over the hill. "The Devil trust him." During the same winter that the army was encamped at Newburgh, N. Y., another story is told in which this same soldier figured. At this early period, wild animals had not as yet been driven very far back from the frontier of civilization. The settlers were obliged to wage a perpetual warfare against these pests, for the protection of their farm stock. The meat of bears was edible, and closely resembled pork, especially if the hog was skinned instead of being scalded. One morning after a dark stormy night, a farmer came to the officer's headquarters, and entered a complaint that during the night he had lost one of his hogs, and it was his belief that some of his soldiers were guilty of having stolen the hog, and that they had it concealed somewhere about the camp at that very time. To satisfy the farmer, and also to clear his own men of all suspicion of guilt, he declared he would at once order a search, and if proof were found, the guilty party should be punished. For

some reason an extremely light and superficial search was made of Brown's tent, though to appearance the search was most thorough. The man doing sentry duty on the outpost of the camp that night may have been asleep, or he may have sought the shelter of some primeval oak, with gnarled branches that defied the raging storm; at any rate, a little company of men trekking back to camp, passed unnoticed, and all was well. Somewhat later, the correct countersign was given, and the guard by the officer's tent was passed, a rap on his cot awoke the officer, and he heard this question, "Officer, wouldn't you like some bear meat?" It is needless to say what was cooked for breakfast that morning. More bear meat was offered the next night. There is another Samuel Browne, in the list of 'Refugees' from Southampton, who like the other Samuel Brown, was from Bridgehampton. I do not agree with Mather in this matter. The first Samuel Brown I mention in this connection, lived on Butter Lane, just south of the Gelston homestead (see 1750 map). The other was a descendant of James Browne, the second minister of the church in Bridgehampton, and lived in Scuttle Hole (see 1800 map), and was the great-grandfather of Samuel B. Squires of Head-of-the-Pond (see 1850 map), from whom he was named.

Zebedee Osborne was one of the Wainscott Osbornes, and lived near Poxabogue Pond. He was 47 years of age, and his wife, Mercy Osborne, was 45 when the war of the Revolution broke out. They were loyal and true to the cause of the Colonies, and were willing that all should know it. Their relatives for the most part lived in Wainscott, this led them to make frequent visits to that locality. One day during the war, Mercy walked to Wainscott, to spend the day with her friends. On the way she met and was stopped by an English officer, who demanded who she was, where she was going and what her business was. She replied as follows:

"First; I am the mother of Zebedee's children.

"Secondly; I am going on an errand of Mercy.

"Thirdly; I am attending to my own business, and you would do well to attend to yours." Her reply so impressed the officer that he bade her God-speed, and went on his way.

When the John Wicks property in Bridgehampton was sold at public auction, it was bought by Capt. Edward Topping, who owned it during the period

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of the Revolutionary war. He was living at the time of the following story, in what was afterwards the Henry Corwithe house, on the north side of the street, (see maps 1750 and 1800).

He was awakened by a British soldier breaking into his house. This man with blackened face was coming through a window. His coat was turned inside out. Capt. Topping ordered him to retreat and go away, and finally threatened to shoot him if he did not obey. He disregarded the Captain's warning, whereupon the Captain shot and killed him instantly. This was reported at once to General Erskine, who came to Bridgehampton to investigate. The British claimed him to be one of their best men, but when the General found out the real facts of the case, he exclaimed: "If that is one of your best men,

it is a pity that there is not more of them where he is; D—n him, take him down to the ocean, and bury him below highwater mark, for he is not fit to even be buried with decent men." And this was done. The above account is as I have heard it told by the old men, and of course they heard it from their ancestors.

Judge Henry P. Hedges once said, "When peace was proclaimed, and the last British soldier stepped off this soil; when the defeated army embarked from New York harbor; when the British fleet passed through Long Island Sound and vanished from our shores; when the last memento of hostile power fled and faded away before the light of freedom; no heavier burden was lifted from any part of these United Colonies than from this. From none ascended more triumphant cheers."

ABIGAIL HOWELL IN THE REVOLUTION

There are a few cases, and comparatively few, where eye-witnesses of facts and incidents of the early history of a town, told these facts accurately to the younger generation, and they either put the story in print or told it to the next generation, so that the story, though perhaps of only local interest, was passed down to the present time.

The James Howell house stood about where the American Hotel now stands on the easterly side of Main Street in Sag Harbor. It was in this house that the British officers made their headquarters while in Sag Harbor during the Revolution, and while the British were in possession of eastern Long Island.

"Abigail Howell's little brother who died in infancy was the first person whose remains were buried in the old Cemetery. This child died June 4, 1767."

Miss Abigail Howell, daughter of James, married Benjamin Price and lived in the house on the north side of Union Street in Sag Harbor, two doors west of Madison St. and the one recently bought and renovated by Mr. John Ripley, and she, when a very old lady related these facts to Judge Hedges, he being at that time, a young man, and he told me.

The expedition under the command of Lieut.

Meigs, was made in May of 1777. (See history of Sag Harbor). Abigail Howell at that time was a little girl, but remembered the incident very distinctly. She saw the soldiers and heard the guns, and was frightened, and ran down cellar and hid until the affair was over and all was quiet.

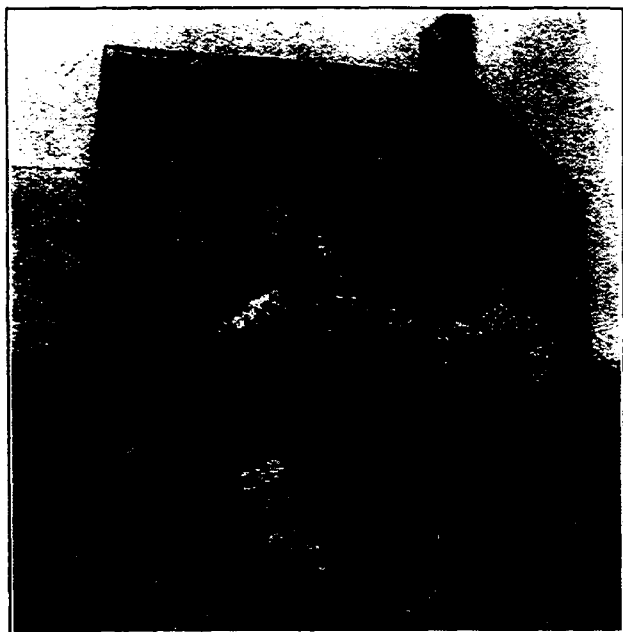


ABIGAIL HOWELL PRICE
who remembered the Meigs
Expedition

Miss Anna Babcock died the 3rd of March, 1934, in the 90th year of her age. It may be ten years ago she gave the photograph of Mrs. Abigail Howell Price which she had among her papers since a young woman. I think it very fortunate that this had been preserved. (This cut is from the original photograph).

May 16, 1922, Mr. John H. Hunt told me that when he was a boy, the house on Union Street above referred to, was known as the "Abigail Price House" and that one day when passing, (Mrs. Price was then a very old lady) she saw him and said, "Bub,

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British Outpost at the Brick Kilns, captured May 23,
1777

would you like to have a rose?" He said he told her he would like to very much, whereupon, she cut a bunch and gave him, and he took them home to his mother. The incidents above related are perhaps of no real historical value, yet they are in a way a tie that binds that noted event of Revolutionary fame with the present time, in a way that to me is most interesting.

Another story told me by Mr. Hunt that same day, is as follows: I think it must have been in the

attack of the British on Sag Harbor during the war of 1812. At that time there stood a house on the corner of Main and Washington Streets, where Arthur Brown's drug store now stands, the lower story of which was used as a store or market, and the second story as a dwelling.

The land to the east of this house was not built up at this time, but was open, though there was on this lot an apple orchard, yet there was no buildings to obstruct the view to the water, or the wharf, and when the British were about to attack, a barricade was thrown up in this orchard, back of which were mounted several small cannon.

The British made the attack by night, by water, intending to use one of their small vessels to shell the town before landing. I think they did succeed in burning one vessel, and in landing a portion of their troops, but the fire from this little battery was too hot for them, and they retreated without doing much damage, but during this battle or skirmish, the fire to ignite the charge in these guns had to be brought from this house, in the shape of live coals or fire brands.

Oliver Slate, father of Shamgar Slate, while running from this house to the fort with a fire brand that night, in his excitement, failed to conceal the burning brand, which at once drew the fire of the enemy. The bullets flew about Slate, but fortunately none hit him. The attack was of short duration, and was a failure.

JOHN HULBURT AND THE FIRST STARS AND STRIPES

The "Woolworth Agreement" was entered into July 2nd, 1787, and with but few exceptions was signed by almost every resident of this community. The committee chosen to take charge and consummate this "Agreement," consisted of 12 men, unquestionably appointed because of their marked ability and character. The list is as follows:

"John Hulburt	Samuel Howell
Ebenezer White	David Hains
David Hedges	Timothy Halsey
William Rogers	Elias Halsey
Daniel Halsey	David Pierson
Timothy Pierson	John Gelston"

The first name on this committee is that of John Hulburt (some spell this name with an 'r' making it Hurlburt; this is wrong, unless you prefer to adopt a modern method; in the old documents it is spelled as given above). This man is the subject of our sketch. The fifth name is that of Daniel Halsey, who was my great-grandfather.

In the Old Cemetery in Bridgehampton is a monument marked "In memory of Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Lt. John Hulburt, who died Aug. 16th, 1788, in the 83rd Year of her Age." Her maiden name was Elizabeth Sage. She was a niece of Russell Sage's
(Continued on Page 80)

Sir

Newyork Sept 20th 1775

Your men are to Embark at Greenwich, when your baggage is on board, and you ^{are} to proceed in the the first Wind and Tide that offers to Flawestran Landing, and then, enquire whether there be any ^{men} ~~Men~~ belonging to Captain Johnstons Company, of your Regiment, if there are, you are to take them with you to their Company; But if you have a fair wind, you are not to stay there longer than three or four ^{Hours} more at any rate above six ^{Hours}, upon your arrival at Albany, apply to the commanding officer there, for orders what route you are to take to Ticonderoga; in order to join your Regiment. But if there should not be any there, take the advice of the Committee on this matter, & observe it as the rule of your Conduct. If your Company is not compleat; you should draught as many of Capt Greenwells as have arms to fill your's. I wish you a pleasant Passage and March and am Sir your very Humble Servant
 Alex^r M^r Douglass
 Colonel.

Captain John Hubbert.

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The whose names are hereunto listed. Do acknowledge that we have this the same yearly
 Office to our Names in full for Balance of these due as soldiers of Capt John Wallcut Comd^y
 of 1st Regt of New York Forces commanded by Col James O'Brien Capt: the
 Contractors Service - Jan^y. 18. 1776 Southampton -

Names	Sumo	Names	Sumo	Names	Sumo
William Goldsmith	7-10-5	Abraham Lark	9-7-11	George Coe jr	10-11-11
George Thomas	9-8-2	Joseph Smith	8-11-11	Benjamin Loper	6-10-5
Deborah Cooper	3-1-9	David Taylor	7-11-9	Benjamin Chappel	1-9-7
Robert Shaffer	11-3-2	William Smith	3-7-6	Josiah Osborn	3-7-6
William Rogers	14-2-2	Thomas Taylor	5-6-4	Jeremiah Bower	6-10-3
Philip Gilderfleeve	8-5-	Jessiah Gardner	3-14-7	Jonathan Parnell	2-18-6
John Henry	9-12-	John Taylor	11-17-9	Henry Hopping	2-13-6
John Duffin	7-9-4	John Taylor	5-6-8	Cornelius Osborn	12-10-6
Daniel Hopping	4-12-7	Isablon Taylor	8-13-9	John How	2-12-7
Stephen Ludlam	2-8-7	Stephen Howell	4-4-8	Thomas Jones	8-14-11
Jamuel Brown	6-10-	William Brewster	11-13-8	Daniel Stand	2-16-10
Matthew Halsey	3-14-2	George Ludlam	7-2-2	Lewis Hatfield	8-13-8
James Sayer	3-8-3	Abraham Jones	11-5-2	James Lick	9-13-9
Edward Howell	8-3-9	Abraham Merrill	10-18-9	Samuel Hanger	7-2-11
David Smith	7-2-1	Levi Miller	10-12-6	E. G. Taylor	4-10-8
William Gilbert	8-11-0	Thomas Parker	7-6-	Cornelius Baptist	10-2-1
Paul Parker	8-3-4	David Lick	10-3-9	Daniel Havens	7-14-9
James Wilson	9-12-9	Matthew Davis	2-18-7	Daniel Parker	5-7-5
Jacob Miller	4-11-9	Nathan Willet	11-1-2	Jonathan Fanning	2-6-
Burnt Cook	8-2-6	Joseph Taylor	11-16-9	Elias Hayes	5-6-8
Jonathan Cook	8-9-2	Isaac Smith	2-6-4		
John Taylor	12-6-9	Robert Moore	9-17-3		
John Taylor	3-3-1	Daniel Foster	11-2-1		
John Taylor	6-15-11	Benjamin Sanford	9-7-5		
John Taylor	4-14-4	Joseph Bailey	1-7-5		
	180-14-0		197-1-6		

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great-great-grandfather. Her husband, John Hulburt, Sr., died March 24th, 1775. As he also was Captain some confusion has occurred. Where documents are dated before 1775, they refer to the father. The son was not a captain until after the father died. She was the mother of Captain John. Her husband, the Lieut., kept a store in Bridgehampton on the corner now owned by Mr. Henry N. Corwith, formerly the Judge A. T. Rose property. His old Ledger is preserved and may be seen in the Hampton Library. It is not positively known where he was buried, but it is very probable it was in the same graveyard with Elizabeth, his wife, but there is no marker or monument to prove this.

It is thought that John Hulburt, Jr., assisted his father in the store and tavern, until he was of age.

In June of 1775, Gen. Washington assigned Gen. Phillip Schuyler to the command of the Northern Department. He at once arranged the expedition against Canada, by the way of Lake Champlain. He also in the same month of 1775, sent orders to John Hulburt, then living in Bridgehampton, Long Island, N. Y., to raise a company of volunteer militia. Hulburt carried out these orders and organized his company July 2nd, 1775, on the steps of the little church in Bridgehampton. (This was the second church in this place, built in 1737, and stood on the northerly side of the road to Sagg, east of the Esterbrook property, now marked by a monument).

These men were among the first to respond to the Nation's call. This company was made up of men from Southampton, Bridgehampton, East Hampton and probably Sag Harbor, and as near as I can ascertain this is the first time that Hulburt was given the Commission as "Captain."

"On July 27th, 1775, Gen. Washington wrote to the Continental Congress advising them that three men-of-war and nine transports had left Boston with six hundred men, probably bound for Long Island and also notified Gen. Wooster in order that precaution might be taken for removing the cattle, etc." "Meanwhile the Provincial Congress notified Capt. Hulburt." When the fleet got near enough to Montauk to take observation with their glasses, they decided there were more men than sheep. Hulburt had at this time marched a large body of men to the place of landing. This led them to change their plans, and they then went to Fisher's and Gardiner's Islands. This took place early in August of 1775.

Later Hulburt sent his lieutenant, John Davis, with a company of men to guard Montauk.

Ticonderoga had fallen, or rather surrendered May 10th, 1775. The prisoners taken at that time had been guarded all the intervening months, and at last became an embarrassment and burden to the army stationed there, in whose charge they were. To relieve this situation, on Sept. 20th, 1775, Colonel Alexander McDougall issued the following order to Capt. John Hulburt.

Long Island Troops Sail for Albany

Here is the text of Col. McDougall's letter:

New York, Sept. 20th, 1775

Sir,

Your men are to embark at Greenwich, when your baggage is on board, and you are to proceed with the first wind and tide that offers to Harverstraw landing, and there, enquire whether there be any deserters belonging to Captain Johnston's Company, of your regiment. If there are, you are to take them with you to their Company; But if you have a fair wind; you are not to stay there longer than three or four nor at any rate above six Hours. Upon your arrival at Albany, apply to the Commanding Officer there, for orders what rout you are to take to Ticonderoga; in order to join your regiment. But if there should not be any there, take the advice of the Committee on this matter, & observe it as the rule of your conduct. If your Company is not compleat; you should draught as many of Capt. Greenwel's men as have arms to fill your's. I wish you a pleasant voyage, and March and am Sir

"Your very Humble Servant

"Alex. McDougall

"Colonel

"Captain John Hulbert."

Tradition claims that at or prior to this time Hulburt's company had asked for a flag. When this request was granted we do not know, but we have every reason to believe that it was granted, and further, we believe that the papers and documents that would have proven this to be true were lost by the late Samuel L'Homedieu Gardiner of Sag Harbor, through carelessness or neglect, and we believe that Hulburt's men carried that flag from Ticonderoga.

Capt. Hulburt carried out McDougall's order, and in the latter part of October, 1775, was detailed with his company to take these prisoners and march them to Philadelphia, and present them to the Continental Congress then in session there.

Betsy Ross made her flag six or seven months later than this event. Hulburt's flag had six pointed stars while Betsy Ross's flag had five pointed stars.

The Hulburt flag was found in the attic of the late Dr. John L. Gardiner house in Bridgehampton, where a lot of Hulburt papers had been stored and probably forgotten for years.

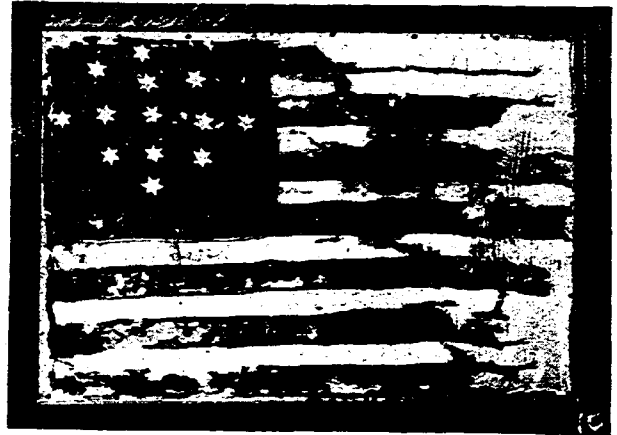
This flag has 13 stripes and 13 stars. The arrangement is as follows: The red and white stripes alternate as in our present flag, with this difference: In the Hulburt flag the field extends down to the fourth red stripe, while in our present flag it extends down to the fourth white stripe. The arrangement of the stars in the field follows out the design of the crosses in the British flag. There we have the St. George's Cross, the St. Andrew's, and the St. Patrick's. We have also these three crosses in the Hulburt flag, only instead of stripes we have six pointed stars.

Soon after the presentation of these prisoners to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, history tells us that Francis Hopkinson, one of the Signers of the Declaration from New Jersey, employed Betsy Ross to "copy a flag." Now; what flag did he wish to have copied? He evidently had seen and his attention had been drawn to some flag; that caused him to take this action. There is little doubt but that it was the Hulburt flag. Later at her suggestion or request the stars were changed from six to five-pointed.

Again did Betsy Ross ever claim to have designed our flag? I think not, and there is nothing to prove that she did so claim. That being the case, who is to receive the credit? I believe it should be Captain John Hulburt, of Bridgehampton, L. I., New York.

Hulburt's company enlisted in June and July of 1775, and were mustered out of service or honorably discharged Jan. 18th, 1776. (Herewith is a copy which shows the actual signatures of Minute Men who formed Capt. Hulburt's company, with the amount of money each received as pay).

These men, however, were not long out of service, for on Feb. 20th, 1776, the records show that Hul-



First Stars and Stripes known as the John Hulburt Flag

burt had been appointed colonel as second in command of the Minute Men under Josiah Smith, and the majority of his men re-enlisted in other companies of Washington's army.

Hulburt became a Long Island Refugee in Connecticut. He lived in Bridgehampton before as well as after the Revolution, and later was in business in Sag Harbor, where he owned at one time four different pieces of property, and was engaged in the leather and saddlery trade, carrying this trade as far as South America. Later he met with reverses in business, for on April 10th, 1807, owing to ill health and failing eyesight, he offers his property for sale.

Dr. Silas Halsey of Southampton had formed a very dear and as it proved lasting friendship for Captain Hulburt; the former with quite a company of men and women from this section migrated up-State to Herkimer County (later Onondaga). Silas in his new home practiced medicine, but owing to his ability he was almost forced to enter public life. He became County Judge, as well as assemblyman and held other offices. When Hulburt was in real need, it is thought Dr. Halsey invited him to his own home, and that he died there. In an old graveyard overlooking Seneca Lake, presented to the town by Dr. Halsey, there stands an unmarked native stone monument, that is thought may mark the last resting place of Capt. John Hulburt, Hero and Patriot.

The First Flagstaff in Bridgehampton

The following facts were found in documents discovered by Mr. Morton Pennypacker, to whom I give credit.

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Probably one of the most noted celebrations ever held in Bridgehampton was in the latter part of the year 1799, in the campaign that elected Jefferson and Burr. In 1796 Adams defeated Jefferson for President. In 1800, if possible, the political strife was even more strenuous. Jefferson and Burr were candidates on the same ticket, the one receiving the most votes became President, the other Vice President. David Frothingham had sold the "Long Island Herald" in Sag Harbor and taken up his work in New York City, and was influential in this campaign.

This celebration began on Dec. 19th, and took place on the "Triangular Commons," where all such parades were always held. The first feature of this affair was the planting or raising of a Liberty Tree. This tree was 76 feet high, bearing on the top a vane with Liberty inscribed upon one side, upon the other side a spread eagle with the flag of the United States and a Liberty Cap.

Many mottoes adorned the tree, such as, "Liberty of Press, Speech and Sentiment." "Col. Matthew Lyon, the martyr to the cause of Liberty." "Vox Populi, Vox Dei." Seventeen addresses were made, one of which I think was by David Frothingham. There was a tremendous rally, and enthusiasm ran riot.

This was probably the first flag-pole ever erected in this community. I have searched for that old vane, but in vain.

WAR OF 1812

There still existed between England and her former colonies a feeling of enmity and bitterness, even after the former admitted defeat and the articles of agreement were signed at the Treaty of Paris on September 3rd, 1783. England and France were at war and each blockaded the other's seaports, without notifying neutral powers. Many American vessels approaching these ports were seized as prizes and condemned. The English theory of citizenship was, one born in England, always an Englishman, and under this claim American vessels were searched, and all sailors taken and impressed into the English navy who were suspected of being British subjects, and this without inquiry or investigation. This went from bad to worse until the general sentiment was that war was preferable to humiliation and dis-

grace. Then followed the war of 1812. This was in main a naval warfare, and was not felt in this locality as was the Revolution, but Sag Harbor being the only port, and at that time was of considerable importance as a seaport, was represented in its business life by many families from this community, such as the Gardiners, Hands, Howells, Hedges, Gelstons, Piersons, Halseys, Squires, Hildreths, Strongs, Toppings, Mitchels, which made it almost a local affair, and then the garrison stationed there was made up largely of Bridgehampton men. David Hedges and Levi Howell were both Colonels in this war; David Haines of Hay Ground was also active in this war and became a Colonel. Abraham Rose in 1807 was a Colonel, in 1808, a Lieut. Colonel, and in 1812 a Brigadier General, and in command of all of the troops on Eastern Long Island. When the news came that the British fleet was in Gardiner's Bay, it was on Sunday, and the General requested those assembled for worship to remain after service, when from the church door he addressed them, urging them to volunteer in defense of their country, to which the patriotic response was unanimous.

When the British troops landed at Sag Harbor for the purpose of capturing and destroying the town, he was the officer that commanded the militia that successfully resisted the attack. Dr. Rufus Rose, a brother of Gen. Abraham, was a surgeon in this war.

"When the attack on Sag Harbor began he was teaching in the old Hay Ground school house (see 1800 map). When the guns at Sag Harbor began to boom, one a minute for 3 minutes, then silence for 3 minutes, then one a minute again and so on at these intervals, the doctor dismissed his school, and, as an eyewitness told me, took the longest steps he ever saw taken up the Hay Ground hill, going east toward Sag Harbor. Soon the minute guns at Bridgehampton and Southampton and westward also began to thunder their call for troops, and all the roads were soon filled with hurrying soldiers all converging toward one point, Sag Harbor. Some on foot, some on horse back, some in farm wagons, and some in ox carts, but all in great haste, and under intense excitement, some getting into their uniforms as they went. The booming of minute guns, the masses of soldiers rushing through the streets, the weeping women bidding adieu to their husbands, the squeaking of fifes and rattle of the drums com-

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bined to create a scene never to be forgotten by those who were witnesses." The former account is a quotation from Mr. A. M. Cook, as printed in the *Bridgewater News* of 1910.

Mr. Cook further writes: "Elisha Halsey, (of Hay Ground, see 1800 map) was drummer of his company. When he reached Sag Harbor, he was ordered out into the street, near the head of the wharf, to call his company to form in line of battle. The enemy had already landed and held possession of the wharf, and were firing cannon up the street. Limbs were falling from the trees, solid shot were screaming overhead, houses were being shattered and pandemonium reigned generally. The old man who played for me on the very drum he then carried, told me that 'when in obedience to the orders of his superior, he stepped out into the street every hair seemed to stand up straight on his head and his hat on top of them.' (This Elisha Halsey was brother of Sylvanus, who fought in the Revolution). (Do not confound him with Elisha Halsey the Tory).

"Theophilus Cook, born Oct. 27th, 1751, died June 16th, 1842, was a sailor, one of a company that manned the sloop-of-war 'Beaver,' a privateer that carried a force of 80 men. While in the service 11 prizes were taken, in all of which he shared." (see 1800 map). Rodney Parker, son of Jeremiah, of Hay Ground, also was a soldier in the war of 1812. His nephew, Henry Squires, who remembered him, wrote of him in the 'News' as follows: "He enlisted on one of the privateers, (I think it was the *Wasp*) and followed her fortunes on the high seas through many adventures and encounters with the enemy. I can now recall the particulars of but one of these exploits. This was in mid ocean, with a strongly-armed British ship, and was a stubborn and thrilling fight. They exchanged many broadsides with the enemy, and after a long time got into position to rake her decks, but could not compel her to surrender, until their commander laid his ship alongside, and gave an order for the boarders to rush the enemy's decks. In this encounter, as Mr. Parker went over the rail, he received a blow on the head from a cutlass, which laid him prostrate and senseless. He was fortunate to have parried this vicious blow, or it would have killed him on the spot—as it was he carried the scar to the end of his days. He told with pride and glee how his com-



Ellis Squires House, built 1730

rades were finally successful in the struggle, and took the enemy into Philadelphia as a prize.

"John Edwards, who lived on the south side of Huntington Path and east of Lumber Lane, served in this war. (For location of his house see maps for 1800 and 1850), also William L. Jones, musician; Jared Hedges, Ellis Squires and David Topping."

The British sloop-of-war *Sylph*, which was wrecked off Shinnecock Point, Jan. 16th-17th, 1815, was the most noted warship ever wrecked on this coast. This was a vessel with 22 cannon, commanded by Capt. Henry Dickens, a crew of 12 officers and 121 men. All were lost but one officer and five men. At the time it was a severe snow storm and extremely cold. One cannon, one bar shot, portion of her shroud chain, one flint-lock gun, and a sword are preserved as relics from this ship.

I here quote from a letter found by Mr. H. D. Sleight. It was written by Dr. Ebenezer Sage, then representative in Congress for Suffolk County. The good doctor was at his Sag Harbor home. He addresses a friend living in Pennsylvania. It was war time and he says: "I almost covet your retreat among the glens of Adams County, secure in place and plenty, while I am doomed to this sand bank in continual alarm; not a week passes but the guard boat or some of the sentinels see, or think they see, an enemies' barge, and fire; this alarms the garrison and the drum beats to arms, and the whole town,

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men, women and children are in motion. The people are not very rich, except a few, mostly mechanics and laborers with large families. The Orders in Council put an end to all our prosperity and war is fast making them poor and wretched.

"It is distressing to see the changes that a few years have produced among us, perhaps near 20 of my neighbors who were formerly captains, mates, or sailors of vessels, carpenters, sail makers, boat builders, and in good circumstances, are now reduced to the necessity of doing garrison duty to get rations to feed, and a little money with which to cloath their families.

"We formerly had 20 or 25 coasting vessels employed in southern trade, and in carrying wood, etc., to market. 3 or 4 of them only remain. Some of them have been taken and sent to Halifax, others burnt, and others so often taken and ransomed that the owners are unable to keep them in repair, and sail them, and they are either sunk at the wharf, or laid up to rot in creeks and inlets.

"Our young men have generally gone into the

Army of Flotilla service at New York, or emigrated in search of business; nothing to be seen but houses stripped of their furniture, and, as we expect to be burnt, sent out of the reach of the conflagration.

"Women who have seen better days are obliged to wash for and billet soldiers, to share with them their rations; no happy countenances among us, but children for want of reflection and soldiers made happy by whiskey; but for our clam beds and fish many would go supperless to bed."

This letter was written July 14th, 1814, right in the midst of that war. The Editor adds a note as follows: "The women and children never undressed at night but lay down with their clothes on, through fear of the foe in the bay. The alarm would be given 'The British are coming,' and the wagons would be brought to take the women and children off in the oak timber, to stay until the cannon balls from the fort and wharf beat off the foe. This place, consisting of about 200 houses, has been built up since the Revolution, by honest industry in catching whale and codfish."

THE CIVIL WAR

It is an admitted fact that Civil War is of all, the worst that can befall any country. Slavery existed throughout the entire country from the earliest date, including this immediate locality. Sentiment against the slave trade also developed at an equally early date. It seems strange to us, who think of Virginia as a leading slave State, to read that this State protested and attempted to stop the slave trade as early as 1772. Connecticut did likewise by statute in 1774. Delaware followed by constitution in 1776. Nine other States joined these between 1783 and 1789. While Virginia in 1778 went still further and prohibited this trade. Pennsylvania and Massachusetts abolished slavery in 1780.

Emancipation of slaves was accomplished or in progress in all of the Northern States early in the 19th century. In March of 1820, the 'Missouri Compromise' was enacted, and that State admitted into the Union as a Slave State, and at the same time Maine was admitted as a free State. Later, Alabama was admitted as a Slave State, which made the number of free and slave States equal.

The sentiment either for or against slavery throughout the Union was becoming more and more aroused. The Federal Government sought to enact laws governing this question, especially in regard to the admission of new states. This brought up the question of "States' Rights." It was Henry Clay, who sought to get legislation whereby the United States Government would order the liberation of all slaves, by purchase, the owners to be paid out of the Government Treasury, for all slaves in their possession.

About this time anti-slavery organizations sprang up all over the Northern States. This resulted finally in a situation decidedly political. Then followed the election of Lincoln, which made actual war inevitable. The foregoing is a short synopsis of the growth of that sentiment, that eventually led to the greatest war ever waged on American soil. This great problem had been looming up before the people throughout the entire country for many years prior to the actual outbreak. All dreaded to think of what might come to pass some time in the future,

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but few thought "The American Conflict" was so near at hand, until Fort Sumter was fired upon on April 12th, 1861. Even then it was generally considered, at the North, to be only the outbreak of a few radicals, who would be subdued with but little trouble. How lightly they considered this whole affair at first, is told in history, and the awful calamity that befell the whole country, of which this was the feeble beginning, made this war the most important feature of this period. There were some people in this community who sympathized with the South, but the great majority were loyal to the Union, though there were family divisions caused by this war that separated relatives forever. When the call came for volunteers, this community responded loyally, with few exceptions, which may be noted in the list of soldiers who went from the various localities. These lists previously printed, I find to be incorrect. They include men, "buried, born in, or enlisted from Bridgehampton." This I do not consider fair to the other communities. I will seek to correct this, and include only those who lived here at that time.

The following is a list of the officers and privates who went from the different localities in this community.

Those from school Dist. No. 9, Bridgehampton:

Charles Brown	Corp.	David Pierson	Private
Roger A. Francis	Capt.	William Rylands	"
Charles E. Halsey		William H. Stanley	
	Surgeon		Sergt.
Samuel H. Howell		Edwin Worthington	
	Ensign		Navy
Wm. Owen Topping		Wm. H. H. Brown	
	Lieut.		Private
James B. Terry	Corp.	William Corey	"
Nathan H. Wright		Sydney E. Halsey	"
	Assist. Surgeon	Oliver Halsey	"
John F. Youngs	Lieut.	Orlando J. Howell	"
Albert Topping	Navy	Theodore F. Haines	"
Fred Brudgeworth	Navy	George Brewin	"
George Benj. Rugg	Navy	James M. Strong	"
Denig Gregory	Private	E. Erastus Halsey	"
Henry Halsey	Duryea's	Richard Overton	"
	Zouaves	George A. Bell	"
William Jewett	Private	John Elliston	"
Patrick Kennedy	"	Joseph Elliston	"
Benjamin Loper	"	Joshua Elliston	"

Michael McDonald	Thomas Payne	Private
	Private	Walter Tully
Henry Loper	"	"

Edwin C. Hand, Capt. from Poxabogue, was the only native from school Dist. No. 10, Sagg.

Henry J. Corey, Private. A boy who worked for Mrs. Thos. Halsey.

M. Howell Topping, Capt., born in Sagg, but left home when young and never resided there after boyhood.

From school Dist. No. 8, Hay Ground:

Edwin Rose	Colonel	Nathan H. Dimond, Jr.	
Nathan H. Dimond, Sr.			Private
	Musician	Lyman Hedges	"
A. Asbury Halsey	Sergt.	Benj. F. Rogers	"
Jeremiah Payne	Corp.	Thomas Marran	"

Those from school Dist. No. 18, North District:

John Byron	Private	Orlando B. Edwards	
John Dix	"		Private
James L. Edwards	"	Charles Nichol	
Edmond B. Edwards	"	Edwards	"
William M. Halsey	"	Charles N. Edwards	"
Orlando Hand	Capt.	Andrew Humphrey	"
Flora Hunker	Navy	James Mullen	"
John McGuirk	"	William Polley	"
Frank McGuirk		Edward Pounder	"
	Duryea's Zouaves	Henry H. Sandford	"
Elbert Edwards	Private	Silas C. Edwards	"
William H. Edwards	"	Edward C. Taylor	"
Edward O'Neil	"	Edward Roberts	"
Henry Brudgeworth	"		

The above list went from 16 homes in this school Dist. No. 18. Those from Water Mill, School Dist.:

Henry Squires	Capt.	Denis Haley	Private
Isaac N. Hildreth	Corp.	Frederick Rose	"
Robert Benedict	Private	Silas E. Halsey	"
Charles Halsey	"	Timothy Warren	Sergt.

The above list is as nearly correct as I can ascertain from the records, from talking with the old veterans, and the old residents now living, but who were here at the time of enlistment. I find there are many errors in the records, and these I have tried to correct. Edward Roberts is assigned to Sag Harbor in the records, but he was living at the Toll House on the Bridgehampton and Sag Harbor Turnpike at that time, and attended school in Dist.

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No. 18. The Toll House being in this District. I would like to know if another school district in this County can show a record equal to that of District No. 18, of this Town, 24 going from 16 homes. This is truly a wonderful record. This entire community answered the call royally with the exception of one district, that one was Sagg. Only one native resident went from that district. The boy that went from Mrs. Thomas Cook's, (Henry J. Corey) was not a native of Sagg, was just an employee. M. Howell Topping was not a resident of Sagg at that time, nor ever after, but was born there. It is truly a remarkable fact that in a community like Sagg, no one responded to the call of their country, and one is led to ask the reason why. In the first place, a goodly number of the leading citizens of that hamlet sympathized with the South. They were really Secessionists at heart, and openly admitted and proclaimed their belief in "States' Rights," which alone was enough to create a spirit of enmity and bitterness between them and the adjoining localities. These, had they lived in the days of the Revolution, would have been called 'Tories.' This spirit was carried so far that at one time during the Civil War a Confederate flag was flown from a flag staff at the lower end of Sagg Street. This, to us of this day, seems preposterous, but such was the case without question for there are those living at this time who saw it. The feeling was so strong between the two factions that even when attending church they would not speak to one another, and the epithet that carried and expressed the most extreme contempt was often passed upon or applied when one called the other "Copperheads," and it was said with the intention of conveying extreme contempt, which it did. Perhaps the most rabid and pernicious of all was David Pierson, a man well educated, and blessed with a good mind, but who should have moved south of the Mason and Dixon Line to have been at home politically, or dwelt among men who favored the same cause that he sought to champion while living among men both loyal and true to the Union. He and his followers went just about as far as it was prudent to go, with their disloyal utterances and expressions, even as did some of the pro-Germans during the late World's War. It was only discretion that held them back from saying and doing worse. I herewith give a copy of a letter written to Henry A. Reeves:

"Bridgehampton, Jan. 24th, 1863.

"Henry A. Reeves, Esq.

"Dear Sir: I am one of the original subscribers for the Republican Watchman, & have been a constant reader of that paper from its first establishment, (which is now numbering its thirty-seventh Vol.) up to the present time. A period embracing a chapter in our history up to the advent of 1861, of such prosperity, Happiness & growth in greatness as a nation unparalleled in the Annals of the World; & it is painful & bitter in the extreme in reviewing the Watchman of today, & contrasting our present distracted & deplorable condition with that period when it started on its first career under the able management & control of your worthy & lamented predecessor, Mr. Phillips, for the purpose of inculcating & disseminating sound Democratic principles, & contributing to the elevation to that august & dignified Station, The Chief Magistrate of this Great Republic, that great & good patriot & hero, Andrew Jackson; A man who by his statesmanship, impartial firmness & strict unswerving adherence & regard for the Constitution for Eight years, gave grace and dignity to that high position, now so belittled by the maladministration & radical partisan folly & madness of a Chief Magistrate, immeasurably disqualified for the station he occupies, both mentally & morally. As witness his numerous arbitrary edicts & proclamations & other Acts of Violence; And waving for the present all criticism of his numerous other violent, Unconstitutional & inexpedient measures, his late utterance of his incendiary Emancipation proclamation, in view of the recent declaration by the people & to him, the well known fact, that their voice was opposed to it fully bear out the assertion & is made plain to the most common intelligence & cannot fail to convince the most skeptical, that Abraham Lincoln is more of a partisan than a patriot, or a Statesman; for under the specious pretense of a vindicator of the Constitution, the restoration & perpetuity of the Union; what single act has he done, looking like a desire for the accomplishment of either, or rather, what has he not done since the madness of South Carolina prompted the firing on Fort Sumter, but to fan the flame of discord, & to make that violation of the Constitution a pretext & to persistently use the power of his high position for the purpose of either abolishing Slavery or destroying our Government. I say the contrast

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is extremely painful. But it is gratifying to know that the 'Watchman' exists in full vigor, & is today in this era of our wretchedness & woe, the bold champion of Liberty & right, & that its Editor has been so truly enobled by the cowardly assaults upon his person by imbecility & wickedness in high places, for the conservative, firm, independent, manly & honorable course pursued by his journal. And now to be more personal permit me to say, although personally an entire stranger to you, that my best wishes have ever been with you, since you were first brought to my notice as editor of the Watchman. For I thought I detected in your Editorials & management of your paper the ring of the right metal. That you designed to be a vigilant Watchman on the walls of our political Zion, (as you have since fully demonstrated) & that you would strive to preserve, defend, & maintain inviolate in all their purity, those great principles recognized, established, & declared by the Fathers in our glorious Charter, the Federal Constitution, against all opposition, tyranny, & oppression, come (from) what quarter, they may. But for presuming to exercise this high & holy Vocation, & for daring to expose wickedness in high places, & attempting the vindication of the dearest rights of Freemen, rights founded on the plainest provisions of the Constitution, & backed by the sayings & arguments of the Fathers; Expounders & most able Defenders of that Sacred instrument. Rights wrung from the grasp of Tyrants by the agonizing sacrifice of rivers of blood & millions of treasure, rights which no exigency might impair, but which Despots & corrupt minions of power, in all ages, have ever been ready to invade, for daring to do this, & nothing more nor less. It appears that you were by Judases of evil omen the base minions of the great Author, Executor & Administrator of Higher Law doctrine, in violation of all forms of law, Human or Divine, while traveling on a peaceful mission & in the performance of high & honorable duties entrusted to you by a patriotic & loyal constituency, in an unguarded moment waylaid & by force of arms & without a judge or jury clandestinely conveyed a prisoner to a fortress once honored by the great & hallowed name of Lafayette, but which had been so shamefully desecrated by a despotic political party for the vile purpose of perpetuating their power & silencing all opposition to their sanguinary measures, by the Terrors of this & their

other modern wretched Bastiles; *(See note below). Oh: Shame; Where is thy blush? But thanks to that redeeming spirit which burst forth so peacefully & gloriously at the Ballot Box, we can now begin to breathe a purer atmosphere & again inhale the balmy, refreshing & invigorating breezes of Liberty. And I rejoice that though you were thus shamefully outraged & maltreated by those wicked men in power, whose Authority (for the good of this country) I pray to God may be brief. That you have been bold to publish & declare the truth under that Law, the force of which your oppressors & all other like tyrants for their misdeeds should yet be made to feel in all its power. The people of the North are laboring under an awful delusion on the subject of such vital & paramount importance to the safety of their rights, & have been acting entirely regardless of the teachings & warnings of all history in the matter, & were fast forging their own fetters & by blind, & overweening confidence in their rulers, were being led (like lambs to the slaughter) by successive steps from that lofty elevation of Freedom & Independence, under our glorious Constitution, to those Sombre Shades of Despotism & Oppression where Liberty expires. The Constitution Inviolate & the Union inseparable have ever been the Democratic creed, in despite of all opposition, & to this only let all our Moral, Social, & just political energies continue to be directed, for this let us work, for this let us pray, & if need be, for this only let us fight (but not with brute force, nor the sword) & do battle valiantly, until every abolitionist of the North (those vile traitors to the Government, & fathers of that other political heresy, Secession) with their Co-workers of the South shall fill one common political grave, & thus, & thus only, can we restore our once glorious Union. Go on in your good work standing firm in the faith, continuing to raise the standard of Constitutional Liberty, & to battle for the right, remembering by way of consolation & encouragement the Scriptural observation, that when vile men are exalted to power, the people mourn, & that good men in all ages of the world have, like yourself, for the cause of truth, of liberty & right, suffered at the hands of

*Henry A. Reeves was arrested during the days of the Civil War and incarcerated in Fort Lafayette for a time because of his unpatriotic speeches and publications in his paper, the "Republican Watchman." Reeves was a rabid Democrat and Copperhead.

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Tyrants in power, bonds, imprisonment & even death itself, well knowing that the memory of the wicked shall perish, while the name of the just shall be inscribed in letters of living light, high on the scroll of imperishable fame, & that their memory shall not only be embalmed in the hearts of the truly worthy & good of the present generation, but shall likewise remain a standing memorial for virtuous emulation to future millions & generations, far down to the remotest period of time; & in conclusion allow me to offer the following sentiment: 'The Republican Watchman,' a living Democratic substance, Very annoying to Abolitionists & Tyrants because unanswerable in its arguments. May its shadow never be less, & may its Editor never have occasion to say: 'Lord, what evil have I done that these Black Republicans should praise me?' You will please pardon my unwarrantable trespass upon your attention, & believe me,

"Yours very truly,

"David Pierson."

I might copy more, similar to the foregoing, but this is sufficient to show the feeling and sentiment of one at least who resided in that little hamlet by the sea, and who can compute the extent of the influence and effect of such principles as this man proclaimed, on the minds and lives of the youth with whom he came in contact. I do not say, nor would I infer that this man was the main reason that no one enlisted from Sagg, yet on the other hand I firmly believe his influence was felt, and that it did not savor of patriotism nor loyalty to the highest and noblest principles of citizenship in their native township or their native land. Contrast if you will the conditions just mentioned, with the stand taken by the ancestors of the men of that same community in 1776, in whose hearts the spirit of patriotism burned as an unquenchable fire. This same David Pierson's grandfather was the Captain David of Revolutionary fame and no one can question his patriotism. Again, note the long list of men who went from that same hamlet with Capt. David, and carried their flintlocks all through that long war for freedom, and while considering this, answer if you can, why the man just quoted above should have taken the stand which he did take, and that in a community where those of his ilk would be frowned upon and scorn-

ed as being untrue and disloyal to the highest principles and doctrines as set forth in the (to quote him) Federal Constitution? I know and realize that all men cannot think alike on many questions, nor take the same stand relative to many vital matters of import, both local and national, but when any man, in expressing his personal views, will use language so scathing and insulting as did this man in referring to the "Great Emancipator," I would feel a sense of guilt and shame, if when writing on this subject, I did not denounce him also, which I hereby do, for I consider it not only a local, but a National insult as well.

I have made reference already in this chapter "to family divisions caused by this war that separated relatives forever," and in this connection I wish to relate an account that will illustrate this statement, and that from a local standpoint.

One of the descendants of the Cook family of Mecox was Captain John Cook, who married Eliza Mulford, of Amagansett. They had sons, John and Henry. John was born Jan. 21st, 1784, died Jan. 26th, 1856. John married Elizabeth Ludlam, and Henry married Zerviah, a sister of Elizabeth. John had a large family of children, of whom my mother, Caroline, was one. Henry had two children, William and Zerviah. When these children of Henry's were quite young, both parents died, and their uncle John took them to his home, treated them just as if they had been his own, gave them every advantage his own children were given, and brought them up to mature years.

The children of these two brothers were really double cousins, and then having been brought up together as they were, they were as brothers and sisters of one family, and were just as near and dear to each other as if they really had been. When quite a young man, William Cook went to New Orleans, where he married and made his permanent home. He had quite a family, I think four boys. William's sister, Zerviah, married William Topping, and had quite a large family, one of which was William Owen. This brother and sister wrote to each other occasionally, and kept informed as to each other's welfare, as well as their families. This was the relation that existed for years between this brother and sister, and continued until the South seceded. Then came on the "Great Conflict" that separated and divided many families, especially

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along the border line of the Free and Slave States. Sad indeed were these family divisions, but I suppose it was only natural for each to support and uphold their own side. I imagine there were many that did not do it from choice, but were almost obliged to cast their lot with the class representing the majority where they lived. There was an illustration of this in connection with this Cook family, that I wish to mention. Two of William Cook's sons enlisted in the Confederate Army, and were in the service until both were killed. Zerviah (Cook) Topping's son, William Owen, enlisted in the Union Army, became a Lieutenant in the Seventh New York Regiment, and served until killed at the siege of Vicksburg, April 29th, 1863. Here was an example of the children of a brother and sister who served, perhaps without doubt, where they thought duty called them, but on opposite sides in the greatest war this country had ever known up to that time, and that unto death.

I wish I knew if they faced each other in battle in that bloody siege on the banks of the Mississippi. In 1868 William Cook came to New York City on business, and after getting back home, he wrote to his relatives in Bridgehampton, and told of his trip North, and said he so longed to come down to his old home, and see his dear friends and relatives, but he feared the feeling was so strong in the North against the South that they would not welcome him, and he so much wanted to see them again. Had he only known it, his friends felt if anything worse than he did at his not having visited them. So families and friends were divided.

The following is an article written for me by request by a veteran of the Civil War. A private of Co. H. 127th. New York infantry, enlisted Sept. 8th, 1862, in which he gives an account of the raising of the flag on Fort Sumter April 14th, 1865:

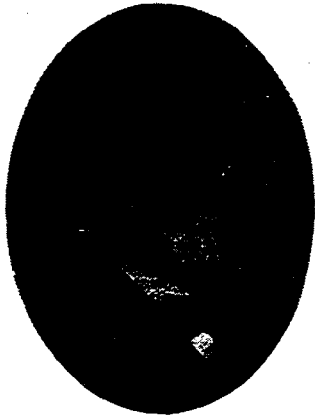
"Being the anniversary of the fall of Fort Sumter, it was arranged to have the old Sumter Flag again raised on the Fort. There were detachments of marines and sailors under the command of Lieutenant Commander Williams. A detachment of the 127th. N. Y. Volunteers, of ten Corporals or Sergeants. Corporal A. Asbury Halsey (afterward a Sergeant) representing Co. K. 127th. Regiment. A detail of the 55th Mass. Colored Regiment, Rear Admiral Dahlgren, Henry Ward Beecher and family, Theodore Tilton, William Lloyd Garrison, Ma-

yor General Doubleday, General John A. Dix, Adjutant General Townsend, Judge Adjutant General Holt, Colonel Stewart L. Woodford, Rev. Dr. Storrs, also Sergeant Hart, with the old Sumter Flag, that he hauled down when the Fort was evacuated, in 1861. The ceremonies were: Prayer by the Rev. Matthew Harris, who had made the prayer at the raising of the flag December 27th, 1860, when the garrison removed from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter. Reading of the Psalms 126th, 47th, 98th and the 20th, by the Rev. Dr. Storrs. Major Anderson's despatch of April 18th, 1861, to the Government announcing the fall of Fort Sumter, was then read by Adjutant General Townsend. Major Anderson and Sergeant Hart then stepped forward and unfolded the old flag amid loud cheering. Hart raised the Flag with a wreath of evergreens attached. A salute of 200 guns from the Fort, Salutes from Navy, Forts Moultrie, Battery B. Sullivan's Island, Fort Putnam on Morris Island, and Fort Johnson on James Island, Address by General Anderson, Singing of Star Spangled Banner, and the address of the day by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Prayer by the Rev. Dr. Storrs, and singing of the Doxology.

"We witnessed the flag raising from the jail tower, where we were on duty. We had none of the pleasure of hearing the good exercises and I presume Sergeant A. Asbury Halsey is the only person living who saw the event, (certainly the only one from this locality who was present and took part in the exercises, his name may be found in the list of those who went from Hay Ground). The 55th Mass. Colored Regiment fought in the terrible siege against Fort Wagner, the Sebastopol of America, where the four small regiments, two white and two colored, left nearly 1,400 of their comrades lying dead and wounded on the sand. Asking to come within the Confederate lines the next morning (Sunday) to bury their dead, the word came back, that we could have the body of Colonel Strong, of the White N. Y. Regiment, but the body of Colonel Shaw we could not have, as they should bury him with his Niggers. As the Flag Raising was so near the surrender of Lee's Army, there was but little thought of it, but today it ought to be history, yet the student of today asks me, 'Where is Morris Island? We never heard of any battle there!' But to the living veterans of the

127th, who were there in the spring, summer and autumn, during the siege of Charleston, under the fire of an ever vigilant foe, it is memory and history also. But we were glad the animosity has cooled on both sides, for being on that Island within call of the Confederate sentry, we of course took more interest in the flag raising than the country at large.

“FREDERICK ROSE,
“Water Mill.”



REV. EDWARD HOPPER

The Rev. Edward Hopper was minister in the Presbyterian Church in Sag Harbor from June 8th, 1852, until May 3rd, 1863. This includes that period of unrest prior to the Civil War and also covers a considerable period of actual fighting in that “Great Conflict.” He was a man of marked oratorical ability and eloquence, and perhaps

did more to influence the young men of eastern Long Island to volunteer in their country’s service than any other one man. His patriotic speeches were commented on by all who heard him throughout this entire section. He was so enthusiastic on the subject of abolition of slavery that some even accused him of being a radical and a fanatic on the subject.

This, I imagine turned some against him. I think his was a remarkably successful pastorate especially with the young people and children, and

all was serene until he went away for his summer vacation, when, during his absence one of his session wrote an anonymous letter and gave it to another of the same session to copy, so that one could say, “It is not my handwriting” and the other, “It is not my composition,” and this was given to Mr. Hopper on his return. This underhanded and contemptible message broke his heart, for he thought all was well, and it finally led to his resignation.

After he left Sag Harbor he wrote a book under the title of “Old Horse Gray,” in which he personifies this old horse which after years of faithful service is turned out to browse on the highways and eke out a living as best he can. It is one of the finest pieces of sarcasm, with which I am familiar. These books for the most part have either been hidden or destroyed for they are now very scarce.

After leaving Sag Harbor he became pastor of the “Church of the Sea and Land” in New York City. This was really a Mission Church somewhat on the order of the Bowery Mission or the Water Street Mission; here he served for sixteen years. While there a goodly portion of his congregation was made up of seamen and sailors from the large fleet of sailing ships that sailed the “Seven Seas” and carried on a trade with all foreign ports. It was while here that he conceived the idea of writing that beautiful hymn, “Jesus Saviour Pilot Me,” and not from his memory of Sag Harbor as some have suggested. He died in the year 1888.

*The facts above given were related to me by the late Judge Henry P. Hedges, who was familiar with them all.

STORMS, CYCLONES AND EARTHQUAKES

I have been much interested in looking over the diary of Daniel Hildreth, 3rd, an old resident of Water Mill, who was born on May 10th, 1800. He was a man far above the average in intellect. A close observer of nature, and one who differed from most men in that he was willing to give some time and thought to record very many of those items of local history that are so valued by all thoughtful citizens today who are interested in the early history of this community. I quote from him as follows:

“We had, when I was a boy, much more snow than in later years, sometimes banking as high as the eaves of the houses, and where there were hedges, I have known it to be 12 feet high, and it would stay on the ground for weeks, and sleighs were in use for a goodly portion of the winter. The roads were often blocked for weeks.

“The ‘Conklin’ or as it is sometimes referred to, as the ‘Christmas’ storm, occurred the 24th of December, 1811, and was the worst storm in my re-

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membrance. The day before was cloudy and sprinkled rain, in the night the wind shifted to the north-east, and such a snow storm I have never known since. The wind blew a gale and it was very cold. Everything seemed to be buried up with snow. My father and brother had much difficulty in getting out of the house the next morning. The cattle and sheep were mostly covered with snow. It was impossible to take care of them. There were many sheep and some cattle smothered to death under the snow. The day before being so mild and warm, these were left out in the fields."

I, myself, as a boy heard some of the old people tell about this storm, and they said, "the sheep and cattle were very restless the day before, and at night gathered about the barnyard gate, as if they had a premonition of the approaching storm, (and without a doubt they did have) and were asking as plainly as they could for shelter, and we, more ignorant than they, failed to understand and heed their request."

There were a number of vessels and some lives lost on Long Island Sound that fitful night. The above account of this storm is from an eye witness. The reason for its being called 'The Conklin Storm' is from the fact that on that night Capt. Conklin with all of the crew and also the vessel were lost. I think he was a native of Amagansett. In Thompson's History of Long Island, Vol. II, page 52, it is stated: "An immense amount of property was destroyed, and many lives lost. It is supposed that more than sixty vessels were cast ashore upon the north side of Long Island, most of which were destroyed or so greatly injured as to be of little value. Whole crews were lost. The mercury fell to 8 before the storm abated. The snow continued to fall, the wind increased to almost a tornado, and swept over the plains with desperate intensity. It raged for twenty-four hours. The day previous had been so remarkably pleasant, and the transition from warm to cold was so great that in many instances human beings perished on land as well as on the water. Sheep expired in great numbers, domestic fowls were frozen to death, and cattle were overcome by the severity of the cold."

These are the accounts from two different writers, both authentic, of the same disastrous storm.

I quote again from the Hildreth diary of another storm in which he says: "I well remember another

storm that happened on September 15th, 1815 — that was a complete hurricane. The sea rose so high that it swept down almost every dune or bank the length of Long Island. Because of the great waves from the Ocean, Mecox Bay at Watermill rose so high that it ran over the dam into the Mill Pond. Our saw mill was blown off the post, and many houses about the town were unroofed, fences and trees were leveled to the ground. We had two orchards, good ones, that were ruined. Timber in the woods was a heap of destruction. We had much valuable white oak timber, One Thousand Dollars (equal to \$5,000 at this time) would scarcely have paid the damage to it. The corn was ruined, and the sea and wind drove the sand into the ponds and creeks and Bay, (this accounts for the great sand flats on the southerly portions of these bodies of water) and covered up much valuable land and meadow. This was and is still known as the 'GREAT SEPTEMBER GALE'." The effects of this great storm are plainly visible in the forests all of the way from Shinnecock Hills to Montauk Point even to this day.

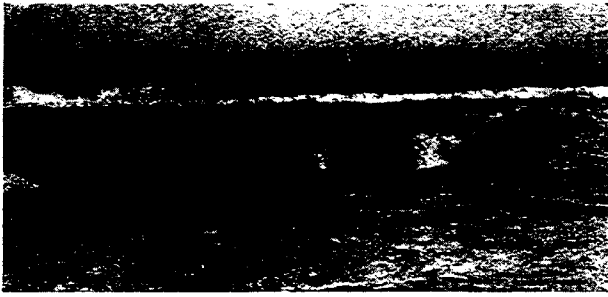
I have mentioned elsewhere that the timber used in the erection of the Charles A. Ludlow house in Mecox, and the James Hand house in Wainscott, was hewn from trees blown down in this great storm. I have since learned that the timber used in building the Presbyterian Church on Shelter Island was gotten from the same source. This church was dedicated July 17th, 1817.

In walking about these woods one will often come upon a mound of earth several feet high and perhaps 8 or 10 feet across it, and at one side of this will be a corresponding hole or depression. This was made, when in that storm above mentioned, some primeval oak, of huge proportions, was uprooted and leveled, and in so doing, lifted tons of



Ocean in a storm at Mecox

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Ocean in a storm at Mecox

earth on its roots, and thus made the depression. The massive trunk may have been used for timber, but the roots held the soil together for many years, or until such a time as they decayed and left the mound of earth as it is seen today.

Then again; there was a time when all of the ponds from Shinnecock Bay to Mecox Bay, including these two bays, were united. That is, Mecox Bay, Channel Pond, Sayre's Pond, Foster's Pond, Halsey's Pond, Phillip's Pond, Old Town Pond, Small Pond, Agawam Lake, Halsey's Neck Pond, Cooper's Neck Pond, Taylor's Creek, and Shinnecock Bay were all connected by a water-way or stream of water. At the present time some of these ponds no longer exist, and most of them are separated by land that makes them independent bodies of water. The important question is: When were they separated, and just as important, how were they separated? Capt. Thomas Sayre, a life long resident of Flying Point, born 1809, said that these facts came directly from his grandfather, Matthew Sayre. That he, when a boy, declared that the above named conditions existed. Matthew Sayre was born 1731, died, 1819. Again, Mrs. Elbert Rose said that her grandmother, who was Mary Jagger, and married Daniel Halsey (she was born 1759, and died 1847), told that these same conditions existed when she was young, and that she remembered it well.

We must bear in mind the fact that the ocean, as a general thing, is at the present time, and has been for centuries, encroaching on the land on the south shore of Long Island. Some will say that there are no evidences to bear out this idea, but just consider for a moment the fact that perhaps one hundred years ago the shore line was at a place that is now many, many rods from the present shore line, perhaps one half way out to the outer bar, and that in

many places, the land to the north of the dunes was marshes and salt meadows, which varied in width and extent. At the time referred to, the stream connecting these ponds flowed through, and was bordered on either side by these marshes. In some places this stream was much deeper and wider than in other places. This will account for some of the ponds being entirely separated at the present time, and others still connected.

In that great storm of Sept. 15th, 1815, large areas of the marshes, meadows and even the upland were covered and filled with sand. Where the connecting channel was shallow it was entirely filled and the ponds separated. I have seen the tracks of oxen and the ox cart in good solid loam south of the dunes, and when these tracks were made, the dunes were far to the south of the location of these tracks, which were made in cultivated fields on improved farming land. This has wrought a great change in conditions along the south shore of Long Island. It is not at all improbable that one day, no one knows how far back in our history, Mecox Bay, Sagaponack Pond, Fairfield Pond, Peter's Pond, Georgica Pond and Hook Pond in East Hampton were all connected in the same manner as were those mentioned above.

The following story which I will here relate, is an incident directly connected with the great storm of September 15th, 1815: "In the muster roll of Capt. Ezekiel Mulford's Company of East Hampton, dated July 26th, 1776, may be found the name of Daniel Hopping, Private, Age 17, Residence, East Hampton (Wainscott belonged to East Hampton) Place of Nativity, The same; Occupation, Farmer. Height, 5 feet, 9 inches." It is said that this Daniel Hopping was a very pious and God-fearing man, who sincerely believed and accepted all things to be the work of God, and was satisfied therewith. No matter what misfortune, or trial, or adversity one met with along the pathway of life, it was all the work of God. He had a neighbor, William Miller by name, who differed entirely with him, from a spiritual point of view. At the time of this storm, corn had not been cut up as yet, and this crop was broken down, and washed into the mud to such an extent that the crop was almost ruined. Grain stacks were blown down and scattered about, and every way one looked was apparent destruction.

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The morning after this storm, Daniel Hopping took a walk about the neighborhood to inspect the havoc wrought by this storm, and noted in particular his own corn field. While viewing the ruins he met his neighbor, William Miller, and said, "Well, Mr. Miller, the Lord was in my field of corn last night." "That may be true," said Miller, "but the Devil was in mine."

Electrical Storms

While writing on the subject of Storms I will mention a few that were electrical, and some of the strange freaks of lightning. "In ye olden time" we know the nails and spikes used in the construction of wooden buildings were all hand-wrought, being made by blacksmiths out of imported iron. The timber used in construction was usually oak, into which these wrought nails could be driven, but once driven, and the timber seasoned, could never be drawn. At the Head-of-the-Pond, on the farm of David Halsey stood a barn with an oaken frame. The verge boards were of pine nailed to an oak rafter with wrought nails. A bolt of lightning struck this barn, took one verge board off without splitting, drawing the nails, whole and clean out of the oak rafter, and left them all in the pine board, which fell to the ground.

In the barn of John Squires, a tie beam about four inches square, morticed and tenoned into the rafters about one third of the way from the peak to the plate, was torn out by lightning, and thrown endwise through the gable end of the barn, and out into the field. In passing through the covering of the barn, it cut a square hole just the size of the timber, doing no other damage. Some years ago Joseph Longnecker was working for William Post, on the Haynes farm at Scuttle Hole, and was returning from the farther end of the farm, driving a team of mules before a farm wagon. The lightning struck and killed both mules, but did not injure the driver. Some time before Nathan P. Halsey built his house on the east side of Sagg Street, John Brewster Hedges saw the lightning strike, during a very severe thunder storm, the hill on which the Halsey house now stands. When the cellar of this house was dug, the result or effect of this electrical charge was made manifest. The soil was sand, and where the bolt entered, it melted and fused the sand, resembling in form and shape the roots of a tree.



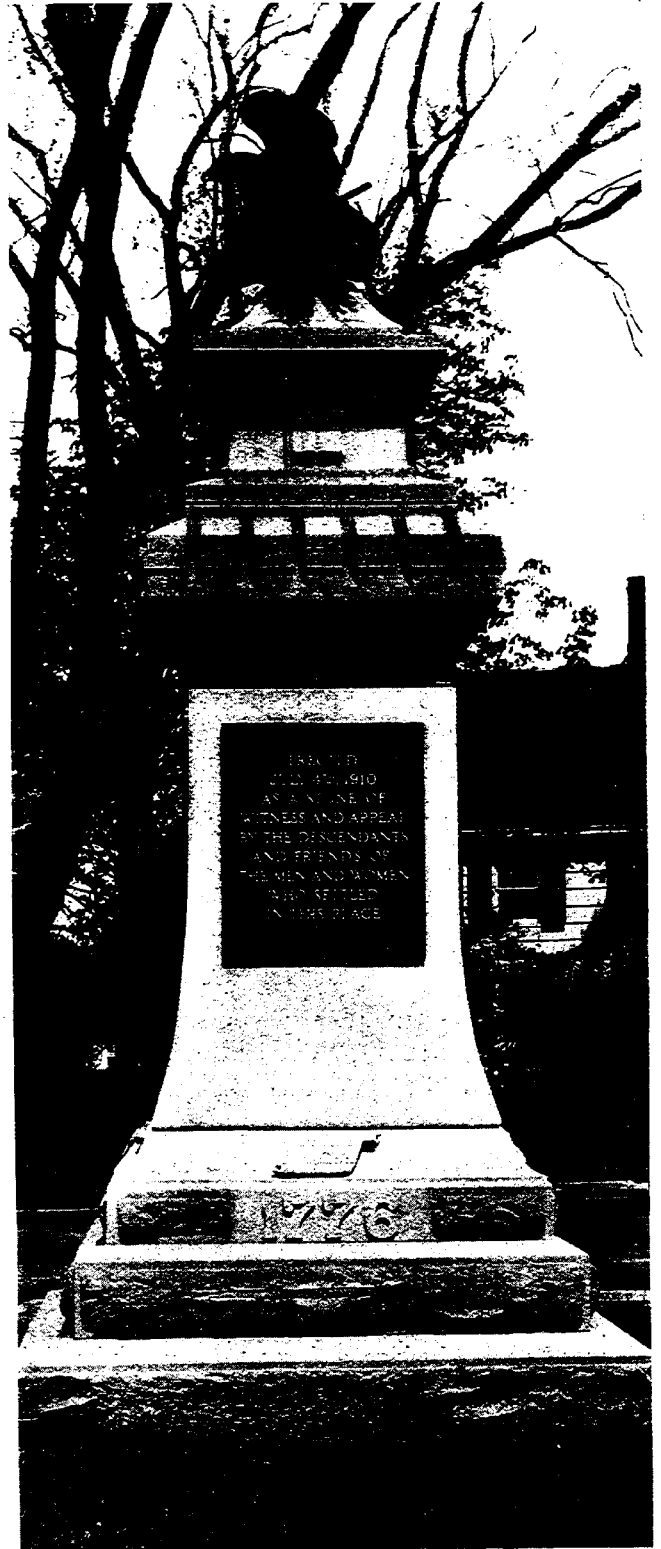
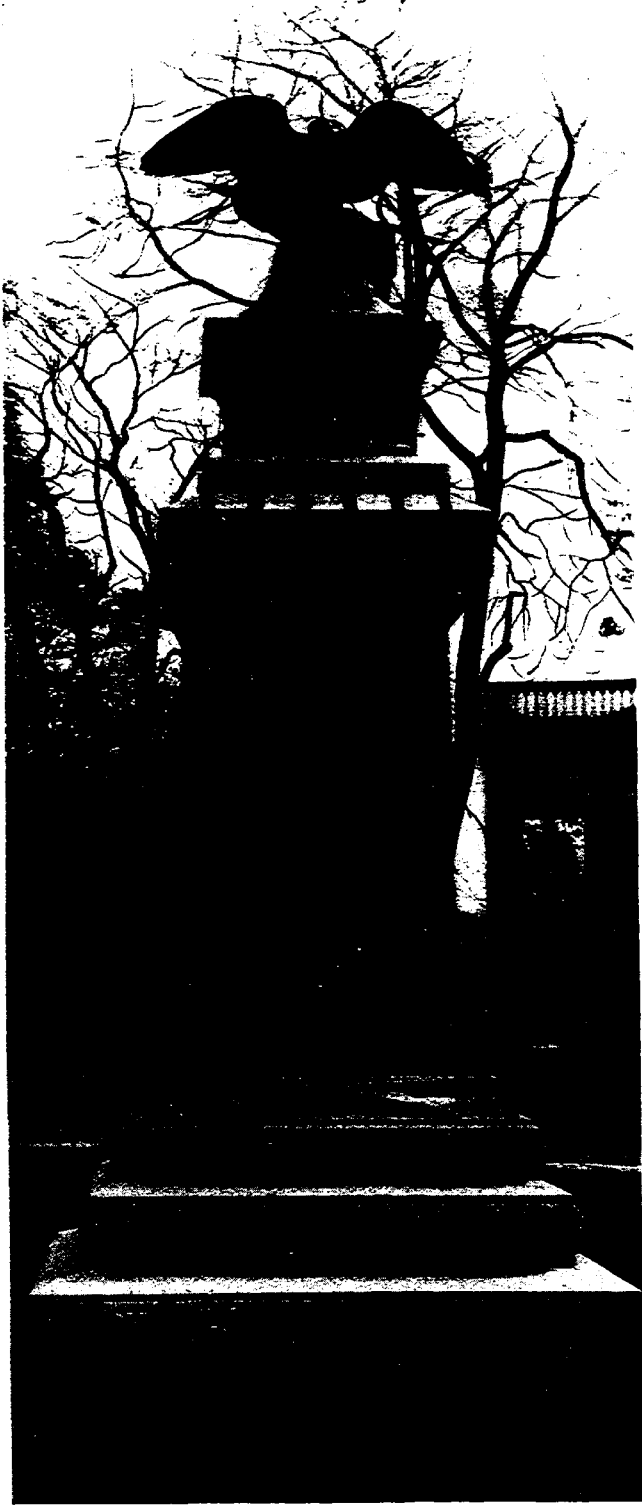
Ice on the Ocean Shore at Water Mill, Winter 1918

At first this was about two inches in diameter, extending several feet beneath the surface, then it branched into several smaller roots about one inch thick. The center of these resembled glass, then melted stone, and the outside was coated with coarse sand.

The whale ship Concordia was lying at anchor at Sag Harbor. There had been a severe thunder storm, after which George Kiernan and Hervey T. Hedges when rowing about the bay, out of curiosity went aboard this ship. They soon saw the effects of lightning. The heavy chain cable with which the ship was anchored led from the windlass, along the deck to the hawse-hole. The links of this chain for about six or eight feet, where it laid on the deck, had been solidly welded to each other by the electric current, so that when the chain was lifted, it all came up together as if it had been a solid bar.

Some years ago there lived in a house owned by John L. King on the east side of the Sag Harbor Turnpike, Alvin Kramer, his wife and infant child. In a severe thunder storm one night, Mrs. Kramer arose from bed, took the infant who was sleeping in a crib, and went back to bed with her husband. The lightning struck a tree that stood near the house. A ball of fire came from this tree through an open window, rolled the length of the bed between Mr. and Mrs. Kramer, burning through several thicknesses of bed clothes as it went. From the foot of the bed it jumped across, and tore a hole through the wall into the kitchen, then out and

(Continued on Page 96)



Founders' Monument in Bridgehampton

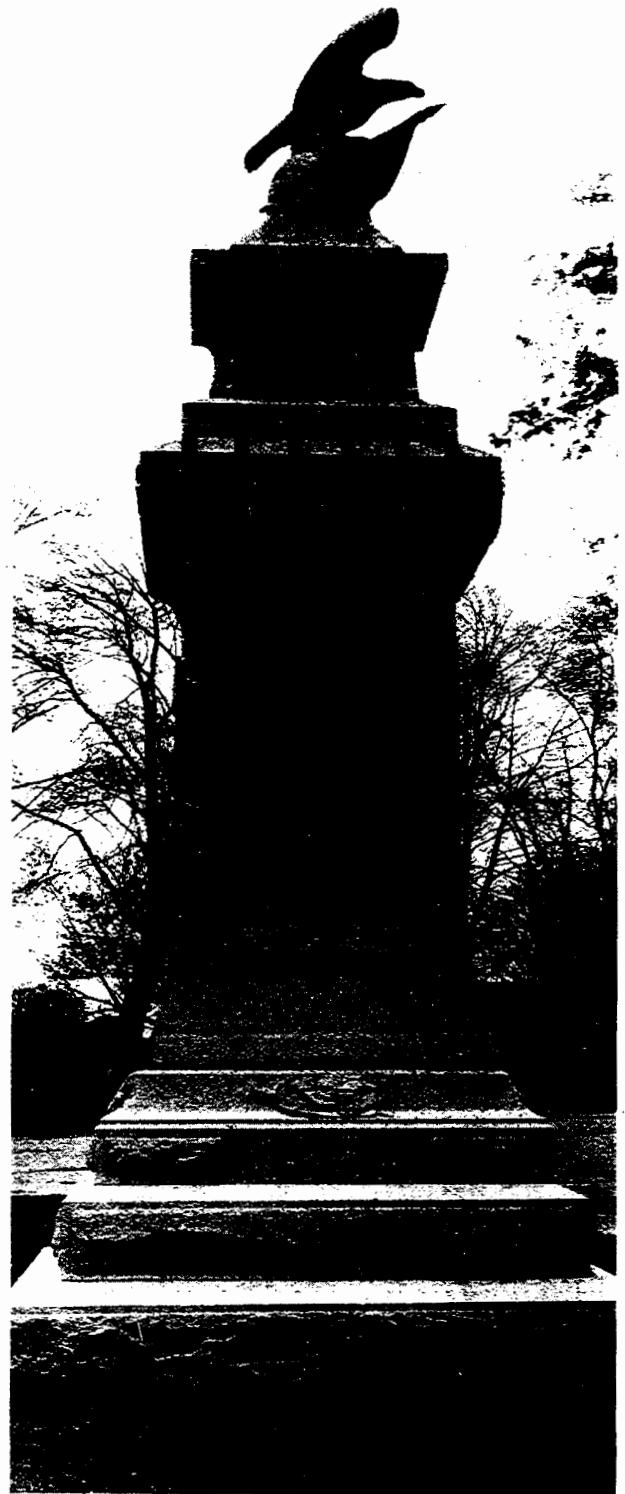
I think there should be some explanation relative to the emblems on the different panels of the Founders' Monument in Bridgehampton. It is really the

history of this town in stone. The front or 1660 side are two flintlocks crossed in the lower panel. In the upper is an Indian Tepee, both panels in keeping with the date. On the 1776 side is the Declaration

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of Independence and the open Bible. On the 1812 side the smooth bore cannons and the Frigate under full sail. On the 1861 side the Civil War cap, belt



and bayonet, and the emblem of the Grand Army of the Republic. The World's War is denoted only by the dates 1917—1919.

down the well, leaving a strong odor of sulphur. None of the family were injured.

The big ship Hamilton 2nd (Mulford & Sleight) was struck by lightning as she lay at anchor off Hedges' Banks ready to go to sea. The bolt splintered the top-gallant mast and landed upon the head of a Shinnecock Indian, stripping a ribbon of skin from his neck to his heels (the Indian recovered) and then the lightning jumped to the cable and followed the links of forty fathoms out into the water, where it was supposed to have struck the anchor, as one of the flukes was gone when the ship got under way.

CYCLONES

When we of this section of our country speak of wind storms, tornadoes and cyclones, we naturally associate them as being confined to the tropics, or the far west, because that is where they usually occur. When, however, we read or hear of such things taking place in our own neighborhood it is an entirely different matter. This locality has not been entirely exempt from these phenomena for while very rare, yet in a few cases, when we were visited by them, they were apparently as severe as those we read about. The first of these tornadoes or cyclones to which I refer, occurred in the autumn of 1852. I will describe it just as I heard my father tell it, when I was yet a boy. This gigantic whirlwind, which is really what it was, came from the south; when it was on the ocean it was no doubt what is known as a 'water spout.' It struck the land abreast of Mecox. Its strength and power was first shown when it crossed the property of Albert Halsey, in Mecox, (the property is now known as 'Sunny Bank'). Here it picked up a hog house, in which was a good sized hog, and carried it a number of rods, and dropped it into the drain that forms the outlet of Kellis Pond into Mecox Bay. Somewhere along its course it followed a line of post and rail fence. It pulled these posts out of the ground, throwing perhaps half a dozen lengths of fence to the ground one way, and then as many more the other way, leaving the rails in the posts just as they were when standing, save where torn apart when thrown to either side.

In its course was a hay stack, standing on one side

of a division fence, this it did not tear in pieces and scatter about but picked it up bodily, lifted it over the fence, and set it down on the other side in good shape. The hay stacks in those days were usually built circular in form, and contained from two to four large loads of hay. These stacks were held together by poles hung or suspended from the top. It uprooted trees in great numbers all along its path, breaking the limbs from others, and scattered everything movable. It struck the homestead of Albert Cook, in Scuttle Hole. Here it completely unroofed his barn, scattering the shingles far and wide, it also picked up a two-horse farm wagon that stood in the yard. I do not know how high it lifted it, or how far it was carried, but when it came down, it struck with such force, that it broke one of the axles. (Addison M. Cook told me that he remembered this, when a small boy). I do not recall any other damage done by this cyclone, until it struck a row of stalk stacks my father had built that fall along the fence between his barn and the home of Charles H. Hildreth. These stacks were torn all to pieces, and the stalks scattered from where the stacks stood all of the way to the woods on the hill top.

Another Cyclone

On the 24th of August of the year 1903, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, a cyclone came out of the west. A heavy cloud appeared on the western horizon, very black and ugly looking. It soon covered the western sky, and it became as dark as if night was fast approaching. After a time the lower strata of clouds seemed to be driven furiously by a counter current of wind, so that they rolled and tumbled in huge masses. At this time, the black clouds lifted, and underneath it, the sky changed to a copper colored hue, and the whole mass moved to the eastward; reminding one of that marvelous description given by John Milton, (which I quote from memory, it may not be exact) where he says, "Ever and anon came on that terraced and bastioned wall of blackness."

I do not know that it did any damage until it touched the farm of James H. Rogers in Hay Ground. Here it blew down about one dozen trees, tore off a portion of a shed, picked up a small building, and carried it over into the highway to the east and dropped it, blew down a very large tree that

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stood near the house, which crashed down on the kitchen, and smashed in the roof, doing considerable other damage to the house. The Hay Ground school house was directly in its course. This was a frame building 29 feet square, standing on a brick foundation. It lifted this building from its foundation, turned it around, and set it down some twenty feet distant to the south and east, doing no serious damage to the building. It then came to the property of Theodore Mount. Here it turned a load of refuse wood that stood on a one-horse farm wagon, completely upside down, the wagon lying on the wood, which remained in position between the stakes. It lifted the pump and pump stick out of the well, and carried it over into Charles M. Rogers' lot across the street. It picked up a small building and carried it over into the lot owned by George Topping. It lifted a good sized corn house, on the farm of Capt. Henry Hunting, off of its foundation, turned it around and set it down without damage. It crossed the farm of Charles M. Rogers, cutting a clean swath through a field of standing corn, and came to the home of Thomas J. Hand. Here it broke off a new flag staff, picked up a heavy horse block, and carried it over the trees and buildings out into the lot to the southeast.

Some of the windows of this house were open when the storm struck. It pulled the carpets from the floors, slammed the doors shut in some cases, and blew them open in others, twisted the house so that many of the doors would not open, others would not shut. Those of the family that were at home were shut in and helpless. It blew down about thirty trees on this place, and did considerable damage. Dr. Mulford had a horse shed on his lot near Kellis Pond. This it demolished completely, and scattered the pieces so that they were never found. It then came to Allen A. Halsey's on Paul's Lane, unroofed his barn, lifted the tin roof from his house, and carried it to the east, some of it was rolled up and left in his garden, and some blown to the field across the street. The next place it struck was Nathan Post's, where it took off a portion of the barn roof. Then it swept across the street to Henry Sandford's, where it picked up a row boat that was turned down in his yard, carried it up over the corn house, and landed it out in the lot, breaking it when it struck the ground. It then took the corner off of a barn belonging to Theron O. Worth. Then a little to the

east, it partially unroofed a barn of Emil Twyeffort, near Sagg Pond. Then it crossed that pond, and took off one end of a lot barn belonging to Alfred P. Rogers (this barn stood in the lower part of Sagg quite near the ocean). It next completely demolished a barn on the farm of John White. It then went to sea. It uprooted trees all along its path, blew down fences, and wrought general havoc along its entire course, particularly with the growing corn crop.

During the whole storm the rain fell in torrents, and the thunder and lightning was extremely severe. No people were injured, however, which was really remarkable, when we take into consideration the force and power displayed, for it was truly "A CYCLONE".

EARTHQUAKES

While it is generally conceded that Long Island lies outside of the earthquake belt, and not subject to them, because not included in the seismic center or area, this idea is substantiated by the fact that we have never had any serious or violent shocks.

Yet, Long Island, with all the favorable conditions we enjoy is not entirely exempt from earthquake experiences. Nathan Topping Cook built his house in Hay Ground in 1793, and sometime between that date and 1800, there was a severe earthquake in this locality. Doubtless there may have been others prior to this one, but I can find no record of them. In the chapter on 'Old Graveyards' I have already told of the effects of this particular quake on the Scuttle Hole graveyard, and that according to the opinion of some noted geologists, it had been the cause of an earth slide that was distinct and plainly marked. In some cases the graves were from 15 to 20 inches out of plumb. Probably the land on both sides of that chain of ponds settled toward the center at that time, or I might say the valley. I am confident there was an earthquake in the 1830's, that some of the older men told about, but I cannot recall the facts, so cannot be sure.

The next earthquake I will mention is one that I well remember, it occurred on a Sunday afternoon in August, 1882. The waves were north to south. In some cases it upset vases standing on the mantel, or dishes on the pantry shelves. Pictures swung out from the walls, and the houses rocked up and down considerably, and in some cases the fumes of

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sulphur were very perceptible. This was accompanied by a heavy, low, rumbling noise.

On February 28th, at 9:22 o'clock, 1925, we had another earthquake. In this one the waves or vibrations were also from the north to the south. The houses rocked back and forth or rose and fell during

these wave movements. Pictures and hanging lamps swung back and forth, windows rattled and shook. Many people were nauseated and made sick by this shake, but no serious damage has ever been done by earthquakes in this locality. They were never severe enough for that.

WRECKS AND STRANDED VESSELS

In writing this chapter I shall try to include most of the wrecks and stranded vessels that came to grief on our coast during the last century. Without doubt some will be omitted. I know that there are some that have never been recorded by any of our local historians.

After having cruised in the waters of New England and Long Island Sound as an American commerce destroyer with but little success, the British Sloop-of-war, Sylph, commanded by Captain Henry Dickens, with 12 officers and 121 men, went around Montauk Point, and headed west along the southern coast of Long Island. This was on January 16-17 of the year 1815. She carried a battery of 22 cannon beside small arms. That night there came on a very severe snow-storm in which, losing her reckoning, she went ashore at Shinnecock Point. Nathan White of Wickapogue was the first man to see her, and gave alarm. A volunteer crew after a perilous and dangerous effort, saved one officer and five of the crew, all of the others perished. Many of the bodies drifted into Shinnecock Bay, and were buried near Tiana, on the north side of Shinnecock Bay. The vessel went to pieces, but one cannon, a bar shot and several other relics were saved and are still preserved. Tradition says, that some of the survivors told that the officers had shamefully abused some of the men the day previous, and that the man at the wheel said "I will send some of them to H—l tonight, if putting her ashore will do it."

Some years ago, when a new inlet was dug from the bay to the ocean, a big steam dredge was used, and in excavating, which was just where the Sylph came ashore, a musket was brought up by the scoop, and also a sword, marked "Sylph". These were both saved.

The next year the "Gunpowder Ship" was blown

up off Southampton. This ship took fire, and was abandoned by her crew. No one lost. She carried 900 kegs of powder, and woolen goods for the Government.

The "Money Ship", A Sequel To E. R. Shaw's "Pot of Gold", A Story of Fire Island Beach

A number of years ago when going to New York in company with the late Mr. James Henry Pierson, of Southampton, the conversation turned to incidents of local history of this Township.

He told among others the story of the "Money Ship". I had never heard this story in detail, and became so much interested that I asked him to put this bit of history in writing for me, and the following story is the result of that request:

"One day late in the autumn of the year 1816, a strange craft was observed off Southampton, L. I. She was quite unlike in build and rig the many vessels that passed almost daily along this coast.



Ship "Catherine" on the shore at Amagansett, Aug. 5, 1851, as it appears at this time

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"There had been a hard storm in which it was very evident this vessel had fared badly. The next day she was in a new position. It was plain to those watching from the shore that she was adrift and probably abandoned.

"It was decided, if the surf went down by the next morning, and the vessel was still in sight, to go off to her; but when the morning came, the vessel was ashore opposite Shinnecock Bay, about two miles west of the village of Southampton.

"Those who first reached her found a deserted ship, without name or cargo, with sails furled, and cabin furniture, articles of clothing and food scattered about as if she had been abandoned in great haste. No records or papers could be found which might have given some clue as to the port from which she sailed, or her destination.

"The Wrecking Master for the district took charge of the vessel, stripped her of sails, rigging and whatever could be removed. This was all carted to the village and deposited on the then Tavern Lot on Main Street (now the property of Mr. Samuel L. Parrish) and duly advertised and sold.

"On the day of the sale a by-stander found wedged tightly in a dead-eye a Spanish dollar. It was passed around from hand to hand and other dead-eyes, and in fact the whole pile of wreckage was scrutinized with care, but no more dollars found. Many jests were made at the expense of the lucky finder, and of the unknown sailor who was supposed to have chosen this strange hiding place for his money.

"The following day the hull was sold on the beach where it lay. One of the men at the sale, had, on his way up the beach, picked up a slender piece of wreckage, which he used as a staff or cane.

"While on the ship he idly dropped this stick down one of the pumps. It struck upon the sand, which quickly fills every part of a wreck. When he withdrew the stick, wedged in a split in its end was a Spanish dollar.

"This unexpected find, also in so strange a place, was followed with more jests and guesses. Many more thrusts were made with the stick, but no more dollars brought up.

"The mystery of the wreck, and the finding of the dollars, made a fruitful topic for discussion on the street, in the stores and tavern for many days.

"The wreck was purchased by a company formed for that purpose, and was left to be broken up for the material it contained, at a more leisure season. This is the way wrecks were disposed of, and many a barn yard and pigstye fence in Southampton, and in fact all along the southern coast of Long Island was made wholly or in part of the ribs and planks of ships that had sailed far and wide, and spread their sails over many seas, and brought rich cargoes from strange and distant lands.

"Occasionally in the next few weeks, a lone fisherman or hunter would see the wreck in passing, or if the tide was down, go on board, but little heed or attention was given to it.

"A young Southampton whaler (Henry Green) returned from a voyage soon after this occurrence, and one day went up the beach, gunning, with a companion or comrade (Franklin Jagger). Finding himself near the wreck, his curiosity led him to go on board.

"The ship lay head on the beach, with her hull sharply inclined toward the sea. The waves had broken in the stern so that in storms they would run high up the cabin floor, carrying with them sand and shells to be deposited in every nook and cranny of the wreck.

"On the cabin floor, clean at that time, in plain view, lay a silver dollar. This discovery did not excite the interest of the finder so much at the time, but when he had returned to his home, and heard of the other dollars, he thought it over, and was much puzzled.

"He could understand how the waves could pick up round or light objects, like pebbles or shells, and toss them into the wreck, but a silver dollar is flat and heavy, and not so easily moved. He made up his mind that it did not come from the sea, and so resolved to investigate further.

"The next night, providing himself with one of the old perforated tin lanterns used in those days (these were simply a cylinder of tin or sheet iron with perforations to allow the light to filter through), a candle and a tinder box, he and his comrade started for the wreck.

"The beach is a lonely place on a dark night, and a wreck is full of strange and ghostly sounds. His comrade was half-hearted and inclined to turn back, but the young whaler was not easily frightened or

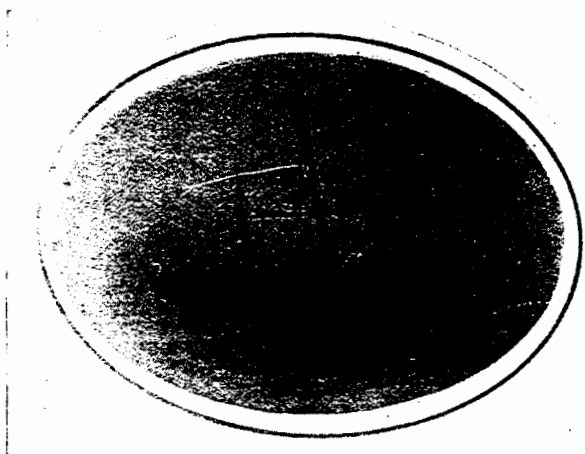
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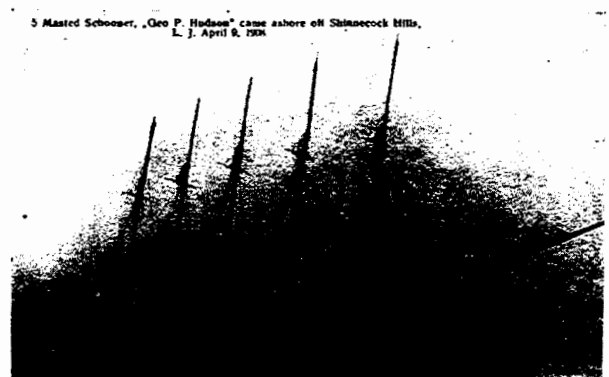
Brig "Mars" wrecked at Apaquogue, 1828, photo taken 1931



Norwegian Bark "Clan Galbraith", July 22, 1916, Flying Point



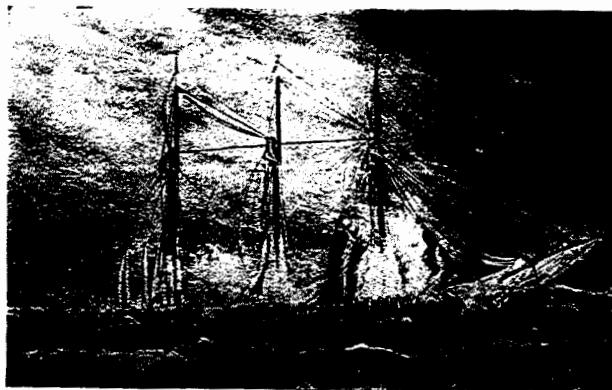
French ship "Alexander LeValley", Feb. 18, 1874 at Wickapogue



Schooner "Geo. P. Hudson", April 9, 1908, Shinnecock Hills



Schooner Northcliff, Wainscott, May, 1923



"Louis LePlace", Lone Hill, Capt. Henry Squires with crew all lost, Feb. 9, 1895

deterred from an undertaking. When they reached the wreck, they lighted the lantern, and made directly for the cabin.

"The tide was down, but occasionally a wave higher than the others would run up on the floor. For a time their search was unrewarded, and becoming somewhat discouraged they were about to leave the wreck and go home when one of them glancing up over his head saw projecting from the low wooden ceiling, which had split and opened, the edge of a silver dollar.

"Giving the lantern to his comrade and using his jackknife to enlarge the opening, he succeeded in getting a firm hold of the piece of ceiling, and pulled it from its place. As he did so, down upon his head came a shower of dollars.

"In his excitement, his comrade dropped the lantern, and dollars and lantern rolled together into the sea. While the shower of dollars was falling, he dropped instantly upon the floor, and extending his arms, stopped many of them.

"They were in total darkness at this time, and there was nothing to do but gather up what they had saved, as best they could, and give up the search for that night. More trips were made and dollars found in other places about the wreck. The secret was well kept, and no one ever knew just how much money was obtained.

"With the beginning of winter, a hard storm broke up the wreck, and it soon became known that she must have had money aboard, many dollars being found in the sand and in the fragments of the ship. Farmers came with their teams and ploughed the beach. One man found sixty dollars in one day.

"For many years 'Beach Dollars' would occasionally be found. The writer has two, which he got from a noted beach hunter, who had picked up a dozen or more in his frequent gunning expeditions. They are prized as mementos of an interesting incident in local history, and of a day that is past."

"The late Edward Richard Shaw of Bellport, L. I., and New York, a well known educator and scholar, was fond of gathering up the legends and traditions of the beaches and weaving them into little stories. He published a book which he called 'The Pot of Gold'—A Story of Fire Island Beach. One of the tales told in this charming little book, is of a strange ship which appeared one day opposite Bellport, L. I.

"In answer to a prearranged signal from the shore, she landed after night-fall, bags and barrels of money and plunder, to be buried later in the sand dunes. An approaching storm, as well as a fierce quarrel among the sailors over the division of the booty, frustrated their plans before they were completed and led to their hurried abandonment of the ship, which was left to drift about, the sport of the wind and waves.

"A few days later, the tale relates, she came ashore at Southampton, and was the 'Money Ship' of our story.

"The origin and history of the 'Money Ship' will always remain a mystery. Southampton whalers, who were boys at this time, but who afterward became familiar with ships of many countries, agreed that she resembled in build and rig the vessels sailed along the Spanish Main, going occasionally to the West Indies, or perhaps to the coast of Africa for slaves.

"Revolutions were common then as now in South American States, and it was not unusual for a rich merchant to be compelled to flee from his country, taking his fortune with him, which was apt to be in gold and silver.

"Whether this ship had been on such an errand, and had been captured from her owner, either by his own mutinous crew or by others, or whether she was a pirate or a slaver, will never be known.

"It is often said, that with the advent of steam and the disappearance of sailing vessels, the romance has gone out of sea life. It may as truly be said, that the romance and the tragedy as well, has gone from the life of the Long Island beaches.

"Wrecks like the Money Ship, and the Sylph, and the Helen, all happening within a decade at Southampton, are no longer possible."

J. H. P."

Then came the Irish emigrant ship Susan. From this, all on board were saved and taken to New York by stage coach, the only means of conveyance at that time.

On August 5th of the year 1851, the ship "Catherine" of Liverpool from Dublin with 300 passengers was wrecked at Amagansett. No lives were lost, but the ship became a wreck, and the lower portion of her hull is still there in the sand, and at low tides may be seen.

There is an item of local history so closely related

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to one of the shipwrecks on this coast that I think it should be mentioned. It was probably in the 1830's an English ship came ashore at Mecox. (I have never been able to ascertain the exact date, neither am I positive as to her name). On this ship were the brass works for three hall or grandfather's clocks, all alike. When the underwriter's agent sold the cargo at public auction, these clocks were sold. Judge Abraham T. Rose bought one, Judge Osborn of Noyack another, and John Cook, my grandfather on my mother's side bought the third. I think the cases for all three clocks were made in Trenton, New Jersey. Miss Mary Rose Rogers of Sag Harbor had the A. T. Rose clock, and at her death it went to New Jersey. Mrs. Gertrude Osborn Jewett has the Osborn clock in her home in Chicago. Miss Belle C. Cook of Southampton, L. I. has the Cook clock in her home in that town.

The next ship we will mention is the Louis Phillippe, one writer says, 'from Bordeaux,' which may be right, I cannot say, but in this account I will quote from a diary written and kept by Samuel A. Cook, of Mecox, who was an eye witness: "On Thursday, April 14th, 1842, came ashore at Mecox, at 3:30 A. M., the Ship Louis Phillippe, Capt. Cat-off of New York, a Havre Packet of 800 tons burthen, belonged to the Union Line, loaded with dry goods, and trees, champagne, &c. Ship insured for \$50,000.

"Monday, May 2, got the Ship off at 7 P. M. May 3, Ship taken in tow by the steamboat 'Mutual Safety.'"

What made this event notable was the fact that such a variety of trees and shrubs were left here, and set out about this community. The most beautiful of all these trees were the lindens, which may be seen to this day in many door yards, beautiful in symmetry and appearance. The fruit trees doubtless were of varieties good for that day, but would not be considered good at this time. I know this from personal experience. The chestnuts were not good, like our American chestnuts, but the beeches, laburnums and other shrubs appeared to do well. There is another wreck recorded in the same diary referred to above that is not mentioned by any other historian and this is rather a singular fact owing to its significance. It is as follows: "June 27th, 1851. Came on shore, Barque Henry, of London, loaded with Chalk and Linseed Oil, and 104 passengers,

who were all saved. Oil saved also, Ship and Chalk lost."

Further evidence of this wreck is as follows: When I was a boy James Cunningham owned the lot on the corner of Lumber Lane and Huntington Path. He worked out some by the day for my Father, and told me this story. He said that he was one of the passengers on this Barque. He went at once to work for Capt. Thomas Sayre, at Flying Point. Again, Capt. Sayre told me the same story. This James Cunningham was father of William Cunningham, many years conductor on the L. I. Railroad, and grandfather of Harold Cunningham, who was commander of the Steamship Leviathan, when that vessel was used as a transport during the World's War, and later Captain of the United States Steamship "George Washington."

The British ship "Circassian" was an iron ship of 1,558 tons, built at Belfast, Ireland, in the year 1856, and in 1875 was owned by DeWolf & Company of Liverpool, England. Her dimensions were, length 242.1 feet, breadth or beam 39 feet, depth 22.4 ft. On Monday, the 11th of December, 1876, the winter term of the Bridgehampton Literary and Commercial Institute began school. Was there a school session that morning? I should say not, for sometime during the previous night or else that morning, the English Ship Circassian struck on the outer bar a little way west of the Mecox Life Saving Station. There was no use to try to have school that morning, for every scholar was on the beach, as was almost every resident of this community. The new life-boat had not at this time been brought back from the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, so they had to use the old metallic boat. The crew of the L. S. Station, who manned the boat that morning, were Baldwin Cook, Captain, and Gurdon Ludlow pulled the bow oar, Samuel Cook, John A. Sandford, Forest Stevens, Samuel Howell, and Erastus E. Halsey. Hiram Sherrill of East Hampton, was one of this crew. They made several attempts to launch the boat earlier that morning, but failed because the sea was too rough. About 11 o'clock they succeeded. Capt. Henry E. Hunting, who was Superintendent of Life Saving Stations for this District, was on the beach. When they launched the boat, Gurdon Ludlow lost his sou'wester so went bare headed. (I can see the whole affair at this time, as if it had been but yesterday).

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The crew all wore cork jackets or life preservers. Around the outside of this boat and quite near the gunwale was a tube or fender, about four inches in diameter. When the order was given to 'send her,' Capt. Cook, being at the stern, was the last man to jump aboard, and when he sprang, the upper part of his cork jacket struck the underside of the tube or fender, so he could not get aboard, but hung by his arms outside the boat. The crew rowed out beyond the breakers, when two of them took in their oars and pulled the captain into the boat. I was there at the time, and as a boy took it all in. They brought one or more of the officers ashore, who went at once to telegraph the ship's agents in New York. A wrecking tug with lighters and crew soon came and began work. The rescued crew of the 'Heath Park' who were at this time still on board, together with most of the crew of the Circassian were sent to New York. It was at the work of lightering or unloading this ship, that ten Shinnecock Indians were employed. One man who worked at this job told me that in removing the cargo much was taken from under the center hatch, this made the ship heavy at either end, which was thought to be the real reason why she broke in two. On the 29th and 30th of December, there came on a terrible storm. Capt. Luther Burnett, a surfman unexcelled by any, went with his crew out to this ship, and urged those men to come ashore, for said he: "This is your last chance, for no vessel can withstand the coming storm, and my boat will be the last to come out here." The sea at that time was very rough and angry. The Indians were good surfmen and knew the facts just as well as did Capt. Burnett, and probably would have gone ashore, had it not been for the 'false courage' that was dealt out to them at this time. Then, the line or rope from the ship's masthead to the shore, on which the breeches buoy was operated, by which, if left, all could have been brought in safety to the shore, was ordered cut and cast off, by those in authority on the ship. Of course the reason for doing this was, that they expected to float the ship at the next high tide, and were so sure of doing this that they threw away all precaution, and so exposed themselves to dire disaster. That was a fearful night for those on board that ship. Their fate was evident to all, but how about those on shore, who could hear amid the howling tem-

pest, and above the raging billows, the songs and prayers of those in peril, and they absolutely unable to render any assistance. It was an experience that went with those men to their last day. How often have I heard some of them tell it. One man said, "I have sailed the seas from the Arctic to the Antarctic, yet have I never witnessed such a heart-rending sight." Four men jumped from the ship with a buoy or fender, and clung to it. The storm had broken and the moon shone out, so that those on shore could see them. The waves and set carried them along to the east almost half a mile before they came near enough the shore to be rescued, they were then almost dead; I think one did die soon after. Luther Burnett and Gurdon Ludlow were the two who pulled the men out of the water. The dead, frozen bodies were picked up all of the way from the wreck to Montauk. The white victims are buried in the old graveyard at East Hampton. The ten Shinnecock Indians (a list of their names is as follows) are buried in the graveyard at Shinnecock:

Warren Cuffee	Franklin Bunn
David Bunn	Oliver Kellis
William Cuffee	John Walker
Robert Lee	Russell Bunn
George Cuffee	Lewis Walker

Benjamin F. Hope was a jeweler and watch and clockmaker and did business in Sag Harbor for many years. After the Circassian was wrecked he obtained some of the brass work from this ship from which he made a clock. I think it is still keeping good time in that town.

In 1878 the schooner Loretta Fish came ashore just east of Sagg Lane, loaded with yellow pine lumber for the United States Government; crew and lumber saved, vessel lost.

August 7th, 1879, the steamship Lizzie, of the Vanderbilt Line, 12 hours out from New York, bound for Liverpool, loaded with wheat and 100 head of beef cattle. The cattle were driven or pushed overboard, swam ashore, and were shipped from Bridgehampton to New York by railroad, all save one, which became ugly and had to be killed, Stephen Sayre doing the job. The ship was gotten off with no loss of life.

June 1st, 1882 the Brigantine Daylight, came

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ashore at Georgica. April 7th, 1894, the schooner Benjamin B. Church, came ashore off Mecox, total loss. The crew consisting of 8 Portuguese, were all saved, also a fox terrier, and maltese cat. September 11th, 1894, the four-masted schooner, John K. Souther, came ashore off Mecox, gotten off without loss. In 1896 the full-rigged ship Otto came ashore opposite the old Sagg beach road, was gotten off.

Mr. Adams mentions the Lloyd liner that drifted all the way from Cape Horn, and finally came ashore at Mecox. I cannot give any definite information about this. In the year 1880 the schooner Ralph Howes came ashore opposite Georgica Pond; total loss.

In June of 1891, the brig James Abbott came ashore at Wainscott, opposite the Town Line. Total loss. In March of 1897 the schooner Julia A. Warr came ashore opposite Fairfield Pond, loaded with lumber; total loss.

About the year 1852, the brig Martha C. Titus, came ashore near Fairfield Pond, loaded with porter and other merchandise. The porter was sampled by many, Silas Pierson among the rest, who said he "never saw the briers so thick on the beach before, he kept catching his toes in them, so he could hardly walk." Part of her cargo was flour, the vessel was a total loss.

In the year 1855 the "Robert" came ashore at Wickapogue, loaded with 1,000 casks of Madeira wine, from London. 600 of these were reshipped from Sag Harbor, the other 400 disappeared. Then there was the "Currant ship," which became a wreck; the "Sugar ship," which was saved; the Hattie C. White loaded with flag stones was lost. The Emily B. Souder, from the Mediterranean with fruit, was lost. Then the Mesopotami, otherwise known as the peanut ship, Dec. 6th, 1871; the brig, William Creevy, with a cargo of salt, was lost.

** In February of 1874, the French ship "Alexander Le Valley," came ashore at Wickapogue loaded with ale, porter, wine, potash and rags. The officers and crew were all saved, and the cargo as well. This is the first ship that I ever went on board, and I well remember the experience. This ship was ashore for some months, when at a very high tide she was gotten off, and a tug started away

with her, when the tow line broke, and this time she came up high and dry. She was then sold to Matthew Gregory, who wrecked her and carted the iron plates to Sag Harbor, and reshipped. The wooden deck planks and timber were sold to the farmers for building purposes. There are some of them on my farm, that were bought by my Father. This is a different version than that given by some, but I know I am correct. One of her hoisting engines was bought by Charles Henry Topping, who installed it in a machine shop in Bridgehampton, and the other was bought by Sidney Havens of Towd and installed in his saw mill.

There came ashore on July 22nd, 1916, the Norwegian four-masted bark "Clan Galbraith," 2168 tons, 282 feet long, Capt. A. E. Olsen. She came over the outer bar at a high tide and came so far up on the beach, that one could walk down to her. She was gotten off August 4th, and I think was afterward sunk by a torpedo during the World's War.

In the year 1828, the new brig "Mars," Capt. Ring, came ashore at Apaquogue. It became a wreck, the keel and lower frame became buried in the sand. Here it stayed until the severe storm of March 1931, when it was uncovered and exposed to view. I have a photograph of it.

There was another noted wreck that was perhaps the worst one of all. It was the clipper ship that came ashore at Montauk. In writing this account I ask the question:

Why Was The "John Milton" Wrecked?

There was a time when American-built ships were without rivals on the high seas, it was known as the "Clipper Ship Era" and extended from about 1840 to 1860. They were the fastest type of sailing vessels ever built, not designed or adapted to the coastwise trade or service, but intended and particularly adapted for foreign commerce, such as the East India trade, or Australia, or China and also the Pacific coast of the United States, or in other words, for long sea voyages.

At that time there were no Panama or Suez canals to cut thousands of miles off of these long voyages, but it meant rounding Cape Horn or Cape of Good Hope, and from June to September it also meant cold, boisterous winter weather and rough seas; but few of these vessels undertook to go through the straits of Magellan owing to the danger

** The photographs of the officers were taken at the time and are still preserved by several families in Southampton.

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of that passage. One sea captain told me the highest and largest waves he ever saw were about 500 miles south of the Cape of Good Hope.

The ships of this type made some wonderful records for speed. The Dreadnaught made the voyage from New York to Liverpool in thirteen days and nine hours, better time than some steamers, and a good many of the others made equally good records to China, India and Australia. The following story is of one of these ships:

On the morning of December 6, 1856, the John Milton, a vessel of 1445 tons, was lying in the harbor of New York, thoroughly equipped and ready for the long ocean voyage to San Francisco by the way of Cape Horn. That day was her broad canvas spread, and like a winged bird of the ocean, began her flight to that distant port. Five months from that day her anchor was cast in the sheltered harbor just inside the 'Golden Gate'.

From this port she sailed for Callao, arriving there August 10, 1857. The stop here was very short, for two weeks later this ship was moored at the Chincha Islands; of course these dates were taken from the Log Book. Here the vessel was loaded for the homeward voyage, and on the 14th of February, 1858, had made the run back and anchored in Hampton Roads, waiting for orders from the owners. On the 16th of the same month they set sail again for New Bedford, Mass., under favorable conditions, weather good. On Wednesday morning, the 17th they encountered "Strong winds, and sailed under double reef top-sails." "Latter part of same day, strong gales and thick snow storm." The last entry but one in the log-book was made Thursday morning the 18th and read, "Strong gales are still prevailing and thick snow." The last entry was later in the day when the weather was "more moderate, and they turned the reefs out, and were able to make an observation and find their latitude." The storm must have increased later and the wind instead of driving them off shore changed and drove them toward the land; this continued until early Saturday, when this noble ship with all sails set struck among the rocks on the south shore at Montauk, about five miles west of Montauk Point Light-house. Masts, spars, sails, officers and crew, were all in one confused mass that cold, wintry morning of February 20, 1858. The whole

company on shipboard were lost, including Captain Ephraim Harding, 33 in all. Captain Harding, the first mate, and twenty-two of the crew were washed ashore and were interred in the north end of the old cemetery in East Hampton, the Rev. Stephen Mershon preaching the funeral sermon, which was afterward published. It was a sad disaster, perhaps more so than any shipwreck that ever occurred on this part of our coast.

No one will ever solve the mystery of this sad event, neither have I ever seen published any probable cause for it; it being taken for granted that like the majority of vessels that come on this coast, they got off the right course and failed to use the lead to determine the depth of water, and then being driven by an easterly gale in a hard snow storm was solution enough in this case; but I wish to present an entirely different view from the one above suggested, and one that to my mind is very possible and in fact offers an extremely probable solution as to the cause of this sad disaster. The idea is not original on my part, but one that I heard advanced many years ago by several elderly men, some of whom had been sea-faring men, my uncle, J. Lawrence Cook, being one of them. It is as follows:

This was before the days of ocean telegraph, and there was no way of communicating with a distant port, except by other vessels, and this was very uncertain. At this day and time any change in light-houses, or in the class or style of light in those houses, or even buoys, or any prospective change to be made in the near future, the date having been determined, is made known to the commercial world by telegraph or otherwise, so that every navigator of the high seas before leaving any port knows of these changes, and conforms to them.

It was not so in the era referred to above. A vessel was sailed according to the latest charts published at the time of sailing, and on a voyage of many months' duration, perhaps around the globe, many a change might be made in these charts of which the navigating officers of a ship might be entirely ignorant. And there was no way by which they could get this knowledge. With this idea in view let us proceed with our story:

Ponquogue Lighthouse sometimes called Shinnecock Lighthouse was built in 1857, and was first lighted January 1, 1858, and was made a steady

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Montauk Lighthouse, built 1794

light, just as Montauk had heretofore been, and Montauk was changed at that date to a flash light. Now, it is entirely probable that Captain Harding did not know of the new lighthouse at Ponquogue, nor of the change from steady to flash light at Montauk. This being the case, and presuming, which is entirely probable, that Captain Harding, in a lull in the storm, had sighted a steady light, thinking of course it was Montauk, steered his ship accordingly, and if this were the fact, his course would have taken him directly into Block Island Sound, just where he wanted to go.

Perhaps these men I referred to above had a reason for assigning these facts as the direct cause of the wreck of the John Milton. I will relate two cases.

Captain Henry Babcock was commander of the whaling ship "Washington" sailing out of Sag Harbor, and was returning from a long voyage to the South Atlantic or Pacific Oceans about the time the Milton was lost, that is, in the early part of the year 1858.

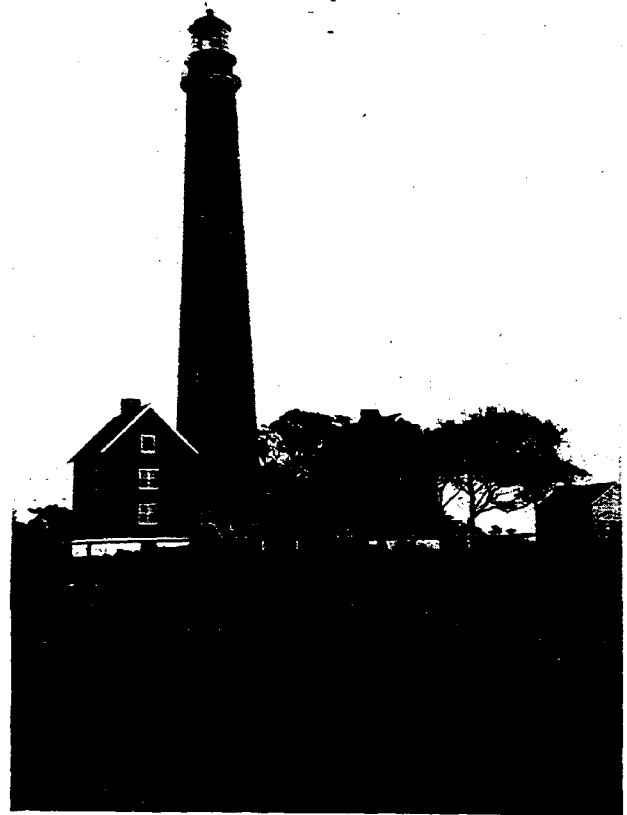
When approaching the Long Island coast at night, he sighted a steady light. He had been able to take the sun the noon previous and so knew just where they were. He also believed, unless he had made a mistake in calculating, that this light, which appeared to be Montauk, they had made altogether too soon. He was very anxious and worried, so much so that he called his officers in consultation.

This whole company, officers and crew, were equally anxious to get in port and reach their homes after being away so long and favored nothing short of the quickest passage possible to their home port.

They all argued there could be no possible way of mistaking that light, it must be Montauk, for there was none other like it on this part of the coast, and what is the use of standing off and on, as they called it, and waste time, when everything is plain sailing, it is only keeping us away from home that much longer for nothing.

He must have been a man of great decision and strong will to have stood out against these arguments. But he did. He was not satisfied, and would not be persuaded, as much as he would like to get home himself. He felt that something was wrong, but he did not know what it was.

He was Commander of that ship, and his word was law. He gave the order to "tack ship and stand off shore." It might be said, he stood alone that night in his opinion against the whole ship's company, but when morning came, and they saw where they were, there was some rejoicing on that ship, and they thanked him for his decision. But remember, they did not know yet what was the matter and did not find out until they reached port.



Ponquogue Lighthouse, built 1857

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Now, had he yielded to the persuasive arguments of his officers and crew that night, and kept his vessel on what appeared to be the right course, they would have struck the Long Island shore at Montauk about where the John Milton did.

The question is: Is the above a fair and reasonable solution of the mystery, "Why was the John Milton wrecked?"

Years afterward Captain Babcock was keeper of Montauk Light for many years.

Some claim that the John Milton was sighted by another ship the afternoon before she struck, and that they remarked that if she kept on the course she was then on, she would meet disaster. I have never heard this but from one source, so cannot vouch for its authenticity. Even if this were so, it would not invalidate the theory.

The other case I relate was the whaleship "Excel" commanded by Capt. Jonas Winters of Sag Harbor, who had a very similar experience as that of Capt. Babcock, only he almost got his ship ashore before he realized that there was something wrong and tacked ship just in time to avoid disaster.

THE WHALING INDUSTRY

The history of the Whaling Industry has been written so many times that it is hardly worth while to cover the same ground again. In this chapter I only intend to name the men from this locality who made that their life work, and relate some incidents in their lives while following that business.

Many people have an idea that whaling and whalers from eastern Long Island and New England were among the first or pioneers in this industry, when in reality they were almost the last to get into the game. In the 16th and 17th centuries the English, French, Dutch and Norwegians were extensively engaged in whaling, not only going to the Arctic and north Atlantic, but crossing to the coast of eastern America. This industry was first carried on in this locality from the shore. As early as March, 1644, this Town was divided into four wards, with eleven persons in each ward, to watch for stranded whales, and these if found were to be divided between the inhabitants of the town.

Whales must have been very plentiful along the coast at that time. Later, whaling stations were established along the coast some miles apart, where

all of the equipment for killing whales was kept, such as boats, harpoons, lances, ropes, etc. At these stations was built a furnace for rendering the blubber. These usually were built just back of the dunes, (see 1670 map). Whaling from the shore was carried on for more than a century, when it became unprofitable. By an old patent dated September 6th, 1696, in the reign of King William III of England, "old Trinity Church in New York, is granted and is entitled to all the whales cast ashore in the Province of New York". This patent is still in the vaults of that old church. The coast of Long Island was the only section of the Province of New York where whales could be found. I wonder if the along-shore whalers of those days had a permit from old Trinity?

The next advance step in this industry was the fitting out of small vessels. These ventured as far as Hatteras and the Gulf Stream, and apparently did very well. Then came larger ships that carried this business to the south Atlantic, Indian, Pacific and eventually to the Arctic Ocean. Even then whaling outfits were still kept in order along the shore of eastern Long Island, for in the year 1847 I find an old record in a local diary that gives the following catch of whales in the month of April of that year.

"April 13th	one	whale	killed	at	Amagansett
" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	Bridgehampton
" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	Southampton
" "	" "	" "	" "	" "	East Hampton
" 14th	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "
" 15th	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "
" 19th	" "	" "	" "	" "	" "

Seven whales lying on the shore at one time."



Whale on shore at Amagansett

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Very many young men from this locality became whalemens after that business became established as carried on from Sag Harbor and New Bedford. Their one ambition was to make good, and after a few voyages command a ship as captain, then, with a few successful voyages they could retire, and be classed as wealthy, which many of them were, as times were then. Some bought farms, some became merchants, bankers, politicians, and some speculators and lost their hard-earned money, and were obliged to go to work again. Some went to California when the "Gold Fever" broke out, and as ever, some made good and more lost what money they took with them, and finally returned broken down in health, or died in the land where they sought a fortune.

From my early boyhood days I have personally heard the old sailors and sea captains relate stories of their adventures at sea, and also their experiences in foreign ports, and with such interest that I am persuaded had I lived in their day I would also have followed the water as many of my Mother's relatives did.

Let us turn to the map for 1700, and note the location of the homes of some of those whaling captains. Capt. Theophilus Howell, Elisha Howell, Lemuel Howell, Josiah Topping, Theodore Pierson, Stephen Topping, Hezekiah Topping. Men engaged in the whaling industry at that time, but not named as captains were John Mitchel, Thomas Sandford, Edward Howell, John Cooper, Thomas Stephens, Henry Pierson, Samuel Johnes, and doubtless others not named.

The period from 1830 to 1860 saw this industry at its best. There were more than 60 whale-ships which sailed from Sag Harbor when whaling was at its best. It was during this period that so many fine buildings were erected in that village, many of them not excelled in beauty of architecture anywhere on this Island even at this late date. The captains as a class were men with marked individuality, sturdy, independent, self-reliant, fearless in danger, yet generous and kind-hearted, but men who stood up for their rights, even if they had to fight for them, which they many times did.

In Waincott, on the map for 1800, may be seen the location of the home of Capt. Jonathan Osborne. He was born August 14th, 1771, and died December

22nd, 1856. He became a noted whaling captain, a large land owner, and a man of acknowledged ability and good judgment. On one occasion he was to sail out of Sag Harbor at a certain date on a whaling voyage. Everything was in readiness, crew shipped, provisions aboard, clearance papers from the Custom House made out, filed, and in the captain's possession. He gave orders to cast off lines, and under short sail worked the ship down the Harbor off "Hedges Banks", when he ordered the anchor dropped, sails furled, and a boat lowered. Then said he: "This is now my ship. I hold her papers, and no one can give orders but myself. I have a field of corn home that needs cutting, and I am going home to have it done, and will be back later." No one that knew him presumed to question him, and he went.

When quite an old man, the brig "Mars" came ashore at Apaquogue. Osborne went to the beach to see her, and questioned her captain as to how he came to get so far out of his course, in fact, put such questions to him as a sea-faring man would naturally ask. This was resented by the captain, who took Osborne to be a lands-man, and talking on a subject of which he was ignorant, and said, "Old man, what do you know about a ship, or of sailing on the high seas?" "Well", said Osborne, "it may be that I know nothing, but I have circumnavigated the globe many times, and commanded a much larger ship than yours, but I never ran her ashore."

Luther Hildreth of Bridgehampton, never became captain, but followed whaling many years. He was a very passionate man, and quick tempered. Very heavily built and powerful, so that when excited most men let him alone. On one voyage Luther headed one of the boats, and Jonathan Osborne was his boat steerer, (not that Jonathan named above as captain). The ship's cook was also from Waincott. One day they lowered for a whale, and Luther put Osborne where he should have struck and fastened to the whale, but he missed it. Luther was provoked, but did no worse at that time. That day they had dumplings for dinner. Osborne was very fond of these, and demonstrated that fact by the number he consumed. At this time Luther spoke, and said: "Osborne, if you had aimed as straight at that whale this morning, as you are at those

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Wainscott dumplings, you would not have missed it."

On the map for 1750, there are but few captains, and of these we know but little. There were Captains William Rogers, Elnathan Payne, and Jonah Tarbell. After the war of the Revolution whaling made rapid strides, so you will note the increased number of sea captains on the map for 1800.

The men who became captains, whose homes were in this locality, I will name as follows, viz: Captains Caleb Howell, Nathan Post, Anthony Ludlow, Lodowick Post, Elisha Topping, Silas Hand, Jeremiah Sandford, David Sayre, Jonathan Osborne, Jonathan Halsey, William Pierson and Samuel Ludlow. [I have had to place some in this period because they were gone before 1850, the date of the next map. Others that are on the 1850 map, owned no places in 1800, though between these dates they were active.]

Samuel Ludlow, perhaps the smartest member of that family, was still young when he became captain. I herewith give an account of the loss of the ship Governor Clinton, as given me by Mr. Harry Sleight:

"The ship Governor Clinton first sailed from Sag Harbor in 1832, under Capt. Rogers, and returned April 28th, 1833, with a large cargo of oil. She sailed again in the fall of that same year, and was lost in a hurricane off the coast of Japan, in September, 1834. The crew consisted of 29 persons, some of whom were known to be as follows: Captain, Samuel Ludlow; Mate, Daniel E. Brown; Second Mate, Daniel Leek; Third Mate, William D. Schellinger; Boat Steerers, Erastus E. Halsey, Charles Howell, Henry Miller, and Sylvester Stanborough; Cooper, Benjamin Payne; Carpenter, Edward P. Jennings.

"The Governor Clinton was found floating bottom-side up by one of the New Bedford fleet. After a hole was cut in the ship's side, the New Bedford captain took from the hold 900 barrels of oil. This ship made two voyages out of Sag Harbor, taking oil worth \$26,000. She was a vessel of about 250 tons."

I regret that I cannot give the names of the common sailors, and the lower rank officers of that date, but of one fact we may be reasonably sure, that many of the young men who were before-the-mast

in those days were commanders of ships in later years, whose names are doubtless in the list that I am about to give as shown on the map for 1850.

On the map for 1850 may be found the names of whaling captains from this locality, as follows: Uriah Sayre, William Topping, John Stein, Ezekiel Curry, who built the house later owned by Capt. Samuel Pierson; Samuel Woodruff, Jason Tarbell, Isaac Ludlow, who rescued 105 people from the barque "Meridian" in the Indian Ocean, August of 1835; Alanson Topping, Vincent King, Charles Halsey, James Austin, Jeremiah Ludlow, who had his ship burned by the Rebel Privateer Shenandoah, just as they were about to enter the Arctic Ocean; he afterward received a portion of the "Alabama Claims." Benjamin H. Halsey went to sea when but a boy; in 1849 his captain Silas W. Edwards, died when the ship was in Honolulu. Halsey took charge of the ship, and remained on her as captain for nine years. When the Shenandoah destroyed the whaling fleet, Capt. Halsey commanded the ship "Rainbow" and she being a very fast vessel out-sailed the privateer, and thus saved his ship, but thereby lost his voyage. He never received any of the "Alabama Claims" award, though I think he should have. Then there were Jones Rogers, Doyle Sweeney, George Hand, John Sweeney, Wickham Jennings, Edward Halsey of Poxabogue, Edward Halsey of Mitchel's Lane, William Dennison, who rescued the crew of a French ship in distress, for which the French Government presented him with a beautiful gold medal; Henry E. Huntting, who became captain on his third voyage, a remarkable record. His last voyage was made in the ship "Pacific", in rounding Cape Horn they encountered a terrific gale, which dismasted the ship, and made a return necessary. John Sayre was his mate on this voyage. Capt. Samuel Pierson died in Pernambuco, and was buried there. Augustus Halsey of Water Mill followed the business until 1854, when he went to California. Then there were Andrew Jennings, Josiah Foster, William Haines, William Pierson, James R. Huntting, who went to sea when 16 years of age, this was in 1841, and in 1848 was captain of the barque "Nimrod", and was very successful. In "Nimrods of the Sea" by Capt. Davis, are many incidents told relating to his sea life.

Richard S. Topping became captain of a ship at

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a very early age, and promised to be very capable and competent. At the age of 29 he commanded the ship "Thorn", and in the year 1838 went on a whaling voyage where he and his boat's crew were all lost. There are two accounts of this disaster, which I will relate. The first as I heard it when a boy, as follows:

"The boats were all lowered for a whale. One or more fastened to it, in due time the whale was lanced, and as they believed, killed, for it lay motionless on the water. Captain Topping decided to stay by the whale with his boat, while the other boats returned to the ship to bring her down to where the whale lay, which was some miles away. When these boats were several miles away, they noticed white water about Topping's boat, as if the whale was having a flurry, and thought it was the death struggle. They worked the ship to where they thought the Captain's boat should be, but to their dismay, they never were able to find the least vestige of boat, crew or whale, none of which were ever seen or heard of at any time afterward. It was a mystery then and has ever remained the same."

In Oakland cemetery in Sag Harbor is a beautiful monument, a photograph of which is here given, with the inscriptions.

(South Side)

John E. Howell
Born March 2, 1813
Died July 23, 1840
While engaged in the Whale fishery
In the Pacific Ocean
In command of the Ship France
He lost his life
In an encounter with a Sperm Whale
In the 28th year of his age.

Erected by

Nathan P. Gilbert and Augustus
In remembrance of their brother
1856.

(North Side)

Charles H. Payne
Master of the Ship Daniel Webster
Died in the Pacific Ocean Oct. 31. 1838
In the 27th year of his age.

Alfred C. Glover

Master of the Ship Acasta
Died in the Atlantic Ocean Jan. 14, 1836
In the 29th year of his age.

Richard S. Topping of Bridgehampton
Master of the Ship Thorn

Died in the Atlantic Ocean Feb. 1, 1838
In the 29th year of his age.

William H. Pierson of Bridgehampton
Master of the Ship American
Died in the Pacific Ocean June 4th, 1846
In the 30th year of his age.

(East Side)

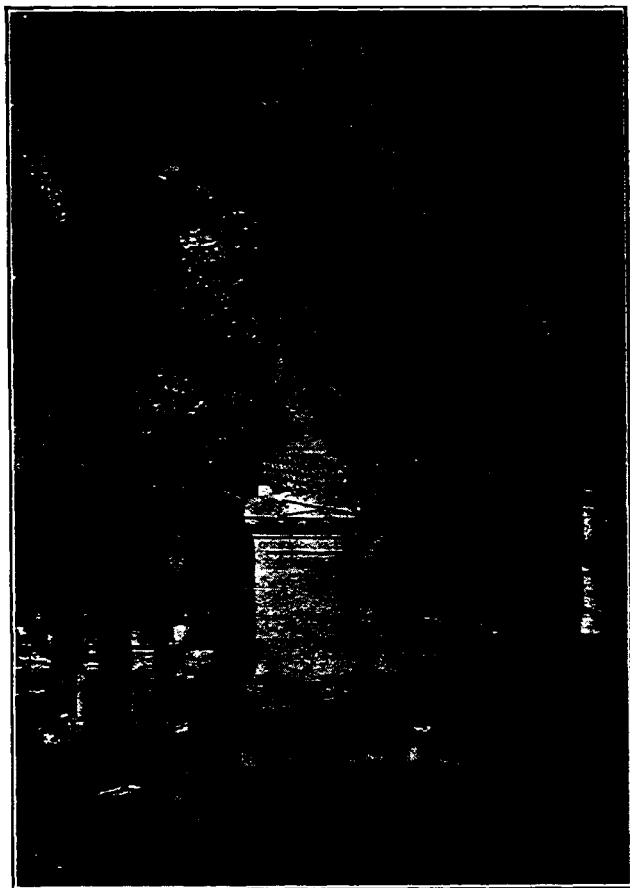
To commemorate that noble
enterprise THE WHALE FISHERY
and a tribute of lasting
respect to those bold and
enterprising ship masters
SONS OF SOUTHAMPTON
Who periled their lives in a
daring profession and
perished in actual encounter
With the Monsters of the Deep
Entombed in the Ocean they live in our memory.

The other version was that Captain Topping fastened to the whale before the other boats got near enough, and that the whale started at once to run at full speed. Captain Topping, being very persistent, would not cut clear. Soon after this a heavy fog concealed everything from sight. It was thought that in trying to kill the whale, the boat was smashed, and everyone lost.

It is claimed that Captain Andrew Jennings invented the new type of harpoon, that after much persuasion the entire whaling personnel adopted, and used ever after, but that he never had it patented. The following list includes men who never became captains, but who followed that business for a good part of their lives:

Gurdon P. Ludlow witnessed the destruction of the whaling fleet by the Shenandoah, and received a portion of the "Alabama Claims" award; Josiah Rogers, Daniel Woodruff, Melvin Halsey, William Foster, Charles C. Topping, Lemuel Halsey, Theodore Topping, William Kaufman, Wallace W. Hil-

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Sailors Monument in Oakland Cemetery, Sag Harbor

dreth, J. Lawrence Cook, Jesse Ludlow, W. J. Hunting, Charles Cook Halsey, E. Erastus Halsey, Simon Rose, Edwin C. Halsey, Ernest Stein, James Feary, Oscar Brown, Henry J. Thomas, Nora—(a Portuguese), George Strong, Charles Fee, John Casey, Albert Jennings, Samuel Ludlow, Gabriel Ludlow, William H. Cook, David Pierson, John and Joseph Edwards, Kingston Rugg, David Rose, Theodore Pierson, George Ludlow, and probably many others.

Captain Eugene Ludlow was about the last from here that stayed in the business. The last I ever heard of him, he was captain of a steamer on the Yukon River. Probably one of the best whalers who ever went from this locality was John Sayre. He never became captain, but because of his great ability, for years he received the same compensation as the captain with whom he sailed. An officer loved and respected by all with whom he ever sailed, but a great lover of jokes.

On one voyage, a big over-grown fellow, not real

bright, came to John when only a few days out of port and asked how they got their clothes washed when at sea. John told him the captain always did the washing for the crew, and that at the week end when he changed his clothes, to do them up in a snug bundle and take them aft to the "Old Man" (referring to the captain). The sailor obeyed, and told the captain "that he had quite a large wash that week, but there would not be as many after that week." The captain replied by telling him he "did not believe there would be", and told him where to go and take his clothes with him. The captain knew where the idea originated. One dark, stormy night, the order was given to shorten sail, and as the sailors began to go aloft, John told this same man that "it would be awful dark up there, and that he had better ask the 'Old Man' for a lantern," which he did.

Alanson Cook never became captain, but on ship-board filled a position just about as responsible. On one voyage they rescued a Hawaiian Prince, who, with his crew had been driven far to sea in a storm, and would probably have perished had they not taken them back to the Islands. For this deed, the King of the Islands, Kamehameha II, sought to bestow all manner of gifts upon them, in fruits, vegetables, etc., and tried to persuade Cook to accept one of the finest women on the Islands for a wife.

About a year ago I found an old letter written by Alfred W. Foster of East Hampton, to Eliza E. Foster, and forwarded by the U. S. Consul at the Sandwich Islands. This is dated April 7th, 1846. He states that he has been away 30 months, and has just received his first letter from home. It was written just after the great fire in Sag Harbor November 14th, 1845. He says, "We are about to start for the Northwest Coast. I went to the Missionary's and got some papers printed at Oahu, and read as follows: Drowned, Feb. 6th, 1845, Mr. Isaac Plato, 3rd officer of the American Whale Ship 'Hudson' of Sag Harbor. He is spoken of in the highest terms, as having been an excellent officer". Again, "I think Sag Harbor ships have had hard luck, a number of them have lost men. We have lost one fine shipmate who fell from the fore topsail yard, and sank to rise no more till that day when the sea shall give up the dead. It was a solemn time aboard

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I can tell you, his name was Stephen S. Cook of Bridgehampton. He was about 19 years old, a very likely young man, and a fine shipmate." He was an older brother of Baldwin Cook of this place.

Mr. Aibert Halsey of this place once told me that the worst storm he ever knew was in the Indian Ocean, when to prevent the ship's foundering, the captain ordered her planking smashed off so the water could run off the deck. J. Lawrence Cook said the most wicked man he ever met was an Englishman on board of a whaler. Cook was a mate on this ship, and because of his office, was not supposed to go aloft, but it was a terrific storm, and even the sailors were afraid, so Cook went aloft with them; it so happened, as they went out on the yard arm that the Englishman was next to him. It was an awful thunder storm, and Cook saw that the men were not working as they should, so he "opened on them" (to use a sea-faring expression) for he saw the ship was in danger. Of all those hardened sailors, the Englishman was the only one that quailed, when he said, "Officer Cook, please don't speak so harshly". At heart he was a coward in the presence of danger.

The bark "Ocean" sailed from Sag Harbor August 9th, 1867, under the command of Captain Hamilton, bound for the South Atlantic, on a whaling voyage. This ship was noted as being very heavily sparred, which made her, especially when light, rather top-heavy. Captain James H. Rogers had sailed about the same time, and sighted the "Ocean" the afternoon before they crossed the Gulf Stream. In crossing the Gulf Stream they had a terrific storm. Capt. Rogers made this remark to his officers that night: "If the 'Ocean' is carrying the same rig that she was when we saw her this afternoon, and has not lowered her upper spars and yards, she will have trouble tonight". Captain Rogers' ship rode out the gale. The "Ocean", with Captain Hamilton, and all the crew were never seen nor heard from again, nor any vestige of wreckage that might have come from that ship.

After the discovery of petroleum, the demand for whale oil decreased to such an extent that the whaling industry failed to be profitable. Then gold was discovered in California, and that turned the tide of adventure and exploit in that direction. A goodly number of the old whaleships were bought by stock

companies and fitted out to take these men to the "land of gold". Most of these vessels went to decay in the harbor and rivers above San Francisco. Thus ended the whaling industry, as well as that fleet of ships, largely manned and owned by men of this locality.

In the year 1858 Luther D. Cook, a prominent citizen of Sag Harbor, wrote an article for the local press in which he tells a number of interesting facts relating to the early history of that seaport town. He says in part:

"Capt. Ephraim Fordham was born in Sag Harbor March 12th, 1737, and when 17 years of age was engaged in the whaling business in Nantucket. Later, he went first mate of the first whaling sloop from Sag Harbor commanded by Daniel Fordham. Still later, he was captain of the schooner 'Eagle', the first whaling vessel out of Sag Harbor after the Revolution.

"New York and Sag Harbor were made ports of entry, and United States collection districts, (or customs houses) the same day in the year, 1788, and at that time Sag Harbor had more tons of square-rigged vessels engaged in foreign commerce than did New York. John Gelston, a man born in Bridgehampton, was the first Collector of Customs, appointed by President Washington.

"The pioneer deep sea whaler out of Sag Harbor was the brig 'Lucy', owned by Col. Benjamin Huntington. On her first voyage she returned with 360 barrels of oil. This was in the year 1788." This led to the building of the big whaling fleet that made Sag Harbor famous as well as rich, and made it possible to build those fine specimens of architecture no where equalled on Long Island, many of which are preserved to this day.

Among the noted ships in that fleet of whalers was the "Wiscassett", that brought the Carnegie family to this country. The one remarkable feature of this ship was the fact that she was always favored with good fortune, and made her different owners really rich. This vessel was finally sold and entered the merchant service between New York and Liverpool.

The ship "Cadmus" which had formerly been a Havre line packet, was bought in the year 1828 by Mulford & Sleight, who fitted her for the whaling industry. While in the merchant service, on one

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voyage in 1824 she brought Lafayette to America. After many years in the whaling business, in October, 1849, she was bought by a company of Eastern Long Island men, and under command of Captain John W. Fordham, sailed around Cape Horn to San Francisco, where she was condemned and wrecked. Her owners disbanded and became miners for gold. In 1856 portions of her timber were used for planking the streets of San Francisco. A miniature reproduction of this old ship was made, and was owned for many years by a resident of San Francisco. This model was made of the timber of the old ship, the deck from the door frame of the cabin, and the fore-castle from the berth where Gen. Lafayette slept.

This model was owned and perhaps made by a William Simmons, a resident of San Francisco. This information I obtained from an old record I found in Sag Harbor a few years ago. In the year 1932 I wrote the postmaster of San Francisco asking if he would search the old census records of that city for the name of William Simmons which he very kindly did, but he failed to find that name.

I then put an Ad. in two of the daily papers of that city, and received several replies, one of which was from a lady living in Eureka, Cal., who said that her mother when young and living in San Francisco knew William Simmons and family; she also remembered that he had several ship models in his home. Several months later this lady when visiting in that city ascertained that Simmons had died several years ago, and it was thought the ship models were destroyed in the earthquake fire.

The last voyage that the old whale ship "Union" ever made as a whaler she was in command of Capt. James H. Rogers of Bridgehampton, William Fordham of Southampton was first mate, John Penny of the Springs, East Hampton, was second mate, Charles C. Topping of Bridgehampton steered the first mate's boat, Remington King, Aaron Conklin, John Baker and John Mulligan were fore-mast hands, and Henry J. Thomas was cabin boy.

This voyage was rather remarkable from the fact that they killed a whale in which was a quantity of ambergris. No one knew what it was, but Henry Thomas called the attention of the first mate to a lump of strange looking material which floated from the carcass. The mate said to Thomas, jest-

ingly, "That is your share of the voyage." Then their curiosity was excited, and they saved what they could, which was but a small part of what was probably in the carcass, for they had finished cutting in the blubber and had cast off the lines which held the whale fast to the ship. Some days after this they fell in with the whale ship, "Vigilance," whose captain came aboard and informed them that it was really ambergris, and that they just missed making a fortune, for it had a value equal to gold. It was estimated that had it all been saved its value would have been greater than the proceeds of the entire voyage. When returning home to Sag Harbor from this voyage in August of the year 1867, after a severe storm somewhere south of the Gulf Stream, they fell in with the ship "Tilly," completed disabled, laden with lumber, from which they rescued the entire crew of 14 men and officers, and brought them to Sag Harbor.

The John Penny referred to above followed the sea for the greater portion of his active life, a very interesting man and from whom I acquired much information. He was the nephew of the Joshua Penny who figured in the war of 1812, and who lived at Three Mile Harbor, in East Hampton Town. At that time the British fleet were anchored in Gardiner's Bay, and Joshua Penny built a sort of torpedo and intended to blow up the flag ship the first dark night, and the only reason he failed to carry out his plan was that some traitor informed the British authorities of the scheme, which led to his arrest, conviction and sentence to serve in a penal colony in Cape Town.

It is said that when he was led from the court room after the trial, he met the man whom he suspected of revealing his plan to the enemy, and for which he was confident he had accepted a bribe of \$1,000. Facing this man he said, "You sold a Penny for a thousand dollars, and if I live to come back I will kill you the first time we meet."

The incident I am about to relate, was told me by the John Penny referred to above. The ship of which he was second mate was in the harbor of Honolulu, at that time in the Sandwich Islands, where they had gone to refit for another voyage and also to ship their whale oil around Cape Horn to New York by some merchant ship.

The new Clipper Ship "Sovereign of the Seas"

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had just made a record run from New York to San Francisco with a general cargo, the freight bill for which amounted to \$84,000. She then went in ballast to Honolulu to load with whale oil for New York. When she came into that harbor under full sail, Mr. Penny said it was the grandest and most beautiful sight he ever beheld, and after she had dropped her anchor, he, with a boat load of their own men went aboard the clipper and helped furl the sails.

After loading with whale oil the "Sovereign of the Seas" made the voyage from Honolulu to Sandy Hook in 82 days.

The only Sag Harbor whale ship I ever saw was the brig "Myra" when she was anchored out in the Harbor just before sailing on her last voyage in July of the year 1871. I was acquainted, however, with very many of the whalers who made that industry a success in their day, many of whom after acquiring a competency, returned to eastern Long Island to spend the remainder of their days. I might say that the "Myra" never returned to her home port, but after a fairly successful voyage was condemned in the Barbadoes in December of the year 1874.

From the early history of this Town the Indians took an active part in the whaling industry, and I am not aware that a list of these men was ever compiled and published. The town records show that when this industry was carried on from the shore these men were employed, and later when our ships went to distant seas, these men were conceded to have been both seamen and whalers of the very highest order.

I herewith give a list of whalers from the Shinnecock tribe as nearly complete as I was able to make it. Some of these men I remember, but of course most of them had passed on before my day.

SHINNECOCK WHALERS From 1817 to 1932

Beeman, Le Roy	Bunn, David W.
Noah	Franklin
Wesley	James
Milton	Russel
Boardman, Alphonso	Nelson
John	Thomas
Brewer, Frank	William
Bunn, Charles	Warren
David	

Cuffee, Aaron	Kellis, Oliver
Abraham	Oliver O.
Absolem	Moses
Andrew	Joshua
Elias	Andrew
Erastus	Lee, Ferdinand
James	Garrison
James	Milton
James	Notlee
Luther	Robert
Nathan	Winfield
Paul	Phillips, Peter
Paul	Thompson, John H.
Russel	Jeremiah
Sidney	Walker, Abraham
Wickham	Charles
Eleazer, Alphonso	David
David	John
Isaac	Moses
Orlando	Stephen
Richard	
James	

I have been asked as to the method or plan of payment of the officers and crews of whale ships. I have sought information on this subject from various books written concerning this industry, but by far the most satisfactory information was from some of the whalers themselves.

The ship as a rule was owned by a stock company, in many instances the captain being the owner of considerable stock. This made him especially interested in the success of the voyage. Then an especially skilled and expert whaler whether captain or mate was often given a so-called bonus, this agreement being made by the ship owners to secure their services. In general, the pay of both officers and men was determined by share or "lay" according to the ability of each individual. The captain would receive from 1/8 to 1/10 of the net proceeds of the voyage, plus a possible bonus, this would usually amount to from \$4.50 to \$5. per day for the voyage. There are a few cases on record where the mate was given the same lay as the captain. This was true in the case of John Sayre of Bridgehampton.

A boat-steerer was the lowest grade officer on the ship and received a lay of from 1/20 to 1/100 of net proceeds. Being an officer he was entitled to

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live with the other officers in their cabin. The foremast hands were often the very lowest grade of humanity. It could be said of many of them "Anywhere I hang my hat, is Home, Sweet Home to me," so that they were indifferent as to the result of the voyage, and received from 1/160 to 1/250 of net proceeds for their lay.

A cooper, carpenter or blacksmith if an energetic man and kept his trade work ahead of the demand would often receive a double lay. for instance, a cooper, when no whales were being caught, could set up oil barrels enough so that when whales were found, he could work with the crew in killing, cutting in, and trying the blubber.

The whole company were found or boarded at the ship's expense, the food as a rule was not too good, and many times extremely poor. The so-called "slop chest" was supplied with all manner of wearing apparel used and needed by the sailors, which was sold and charged to their account, and deducted from his share at the end of the voyage.

If the voyage was a failure, then both the ship owners and crew were out of luck and sustained a severe loss, while a good and successful voyage would sometimes return the whole cost of the ship to its owners, and satisfactory returns to both officers and crew.

During the first half of the 19th. century this industry was about the only thing that brought ready money to eastern Long Island, but like some other industries it had its day and passed on.

LIBRARIES IN BRIDGEHAMPTON

In Colonial days, with but few exceptions, the books owned by the early settlers were of a religious character. The Bible took pre-eminence over all others, and was studied and read persistently, (much to their credit) which accounted much for their fund of knowledge in religious history. These books had to be imported at first, and cost money to buy, and money was a rare commodity at that time. This accounted for the small number owned by most families. The binding was usually of heavy leather. One book by a certain author would be loaned throughout the entire neighborhood. The next neighbor would do likewise, so the general exchange of books was a help to many.

Daniel Talmadge lived in Hay Ground, (see 1850

Map) and was probably the owner of more books than any one man in this community, and he was always willing to loan any of his books. These would quite often when returned, be soiled or mutilated, and in some cases would be lost and never returned. This led him to compose a stanza which he wrote on the front page of all of his books. It read as follows:

"If this book be lent to any,
As perhaps it may to many;
I beg you carefully to use it,
With attention to peruse it;
And return it without damage,
To its owner, Daniel Talmadge."

There are still a goodly number of these old books scattered about this community at this time, some dating back to the early seventeenth century, and in very good order and well preserved.

The first real public library established in Bridgehampton was primarily the result of the efforts of Stephen Burroughs, who came from New England to teach school on Shelter Island, and tutor in the family of the Hon. Jonathan Nicholl Havens, who at that time was Assemblyman from this District. He then came to Bridgehampton.

While at Bridgehampton, during one vacation period, Burroughs canvassed this entire community and collected money for a library to the amount of 40 Pounds, quite a large sum for those days. These subscriptions were given with the understanding that the books bought should be other than those of a religious character. Dr. Aaron Woolworth was minister of the church in Bridgehampton at that time. When he found that Burroughs had collected the money for a library, he at once began to select a list of books according to his own liking, without consulting Burroughs. This was the real cause of the clash between these men.

Burroughs declared that unless the wishes of the subscribers were granted in the selection of books, he would refund the money. A book committee had been appointed, but these were so under the influence of Mr. Woolworth that a fair decision was almost impossible. However, after much discussion and some abuse, they at last compromised, but the final list included every book that Burroughs had named in his list first submitted. In this whole action Woolworth showed himself an autocrat, and a man unworthy of his calling, and displayed a spirit

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that would not be tolerated at this time. I am persuaded that Burroughs in the stand he took in this matter, was far more honorable than the Rev. Woolworth and his colleagues. This was at least one time in his career that he proved himself a real man. Let us give him credit for the action he took and the spirit he showed. More is the pity that his life in general, was so unstable and crooked.

The books were bought and the library established in the house of Levi Hildreth, his only remuneration being the free use of the books. This library was in use for a good many years, but was finally reduced in numbers to such an extent that it ceased to exist. Judge Henry P. Hedges many years ago had a list of the books in that library, which he had printed, and which list is here copied. This was always known as the "Burroughs Library," and was established in the year 1793. A few of those books are still in existence.

Raynal's Indies, 8 vols.	Newton on the Prophecies, 3 vols.
Rollins Ancient History, 8 vols.	Edwards on the Will
Hist. of Modern Europe, 5 vols.	Death of Abel
Moore's France, 2 vols.	Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion.
——— Italy, 2 vols.	Watts' Foundations of the Christian Church
Robertson's America, 3 vols.	Manners in Portugal, 2 vols.
——— Scotland, 2 vols.	Plutarch's Lives, 6 vols.
Mirabeau's Court of Berlin, 2 vols.	Arabian Nights' Entertainment, 4 vols.
Memoirs of Baron de Tott, 2 vols.	Neal's Hist. of the Puritans, 4 vols.
Fordyce's Addresses	Ramsey's Revolution, 2 vols.
Sermons to Young Women	



First Hampton Library, Bridgehampton 1877



Present Hampton Library in Bridgehampton

Linn's Characteristical Sermons	Guthrie's Geography
Morse's Geography	Brisson's Narrative
Thomson's Seasons	Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History
Clerk's Vade Mecum	Flavius Josephus, 6 vols.
Pope's Essay on Man	Perry's Pronouncing Dictionary
Milton's Paradise Lost	Clarke's Farriery
Conquest of Canaan	Hervey's Meditations
Emma Corbett	Burke on the French Revolution
Beauties of the Magazine	Watt's Logick
Derham's Astro Theology	Gustavus Vasa
Paine's Rights of Man, 1st. & 2nd. parts, 2 vols.	Edwards Supplement
Montague's Letters, 3 vols.	Edwards on Original Sin
Telemachus, 2 vols.	Lathrop on Baptism
Compleat Letter Writer	Life of Charles Wentworth, 3 vols.
Jennett's View	Hervey's Letters, 2 vols.
——— Lectures	Cook's Travels, 2 vols.
Beauties of History, 2 vols.	Edwards' Hist. of Redemption
Knox on Education, 2 vols.	Goldsmith's Rome, 2 vols.
Miss Rowe's Letters	Wait's Gospel History
Bennett's Letter to a Lady	Hist. of Charles XII of Sweden
Memoirs of Baron Trenck	Evans on the Christian Temper
Visions of Columbus	Dickinson's Letters
Young's Night Thoughts	Weft and Lyttleton
Humphrey's Works	William's Sermons, 4 vols.
Kaim's Art of Thinking	Peter Pindar, 2 vols.
Sparman's Voyage to Cape of Good Hope, 2 vols.	Adam's View of Religion
	Dodd on Death
	Franklin's Life
	England, Abridged

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Cowper's Task	Bruce's Travels up the Nile
Carver's Travels	Warville's Travels
Blair's Sermons, 2 vols.	Cook's Voyages Abridged
Lavater's Aphorisms on Man	Goldsmith's Animated Nature, 4 vols.
Moore's Monitor	French Revolution
Gay's Fables	Mills on Cattle
Paley's Philosophy	Mason on Self Knowledge
Byron's Shipwreck	Watts Miscellaneous Thoughts
Clarissa Harlowe, 3 vols.	Fool of Quality, 5 vols.
British Moralist, 2 vols.	

In my judgment the above is a very creditable list of books, and unquestionably Stephen Burroughs should have the major portion of the credit for having established that library.

About the year 1850 a circulating library was established in Bridgehampton, its headquarters being in the back room of the store of E. Jones Ludlow. A charge of one dollar per year was made for the privilege of borrowing books. This library was in use until about 1870, when I think the books then remaining were sold at public auction. While this library was not very large, even such a small collection of books was very much missed throughout this community. When it ceased to exist, these conditions were brought to the attention of two prominent men, and they, after consulting with some of our leading citizens, decided to establish a real library in Bridgehampton. This became the "Hampton Library in Bridgehampton." It was organized and incorporated under the above name, in the year 1876, and opened in May of 1877. It was the gift of Mr. William Gardiner and his brother-in-law, Mr. Charles H. Rogers. Mr. Gardiner gave the lot and \$10,000 and Mr. Rogers gave a similar legacy. This \$20,000 was for the building and equipment of the library, and the balance was to be invested as an endowment fund. Later Mrs. Rogers gave an additional \$5,000 to the endowment fund. Since that several of our local residents have given very substantial sums of money for the endowment fund.

The first Board of Trustees were as follows, viz: William Gardiner, Charles Rogers, Henry P. Hedges, James R. Hunting, Wickham S. Havens, and John F. Youngs. The last named was Secretary and Treasurer for many years. Henry P. Hedges was the first President of the Board of Trustees, and filled that position for many years.

In selecting the first list of books, Mr. Charles H. Rogers sought the advice of William Cullen Bryant. This list consisted of 3523 volumes. It has now grown to between 13,000 and 14,000 volumes. When organized, a charge of two dollars per year was made for the privilege of borrowing books later reduced to one dollar and a half, and still later



CHARLES ROGERS



WILLIAM GARDINER



CAPT. JAMES R. HUNTING



CAPT. WICKHAM S. HAVENS



JOHN F. YOUNGS



HENRY P. HEDGES

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to one dollar. In the year 1905, through the efforts of Mr. Egbert R. Bishop, this library became a free institution, registered under the State Board of Regents, and receives a small appropriation from the State Department of Education. About the same time a free reading room was set apart for the use of the public, which has been highly appreciated and patronized.

This library through the kindness and liberality of the heirs of Mrs. William Walker, received a gift of \$1,000 to fit up an Art Room in which to display a collection of paintings formerly owned by Mrs. Walker, and presented to the library by her heirs.

A Women's Committee was organized, which has

been active in rendering real assistance to this institution, and is still doing good work. Mr. John E. Berwind was one of this library's most helpful benefactors. One who could always be counted on for real help and assistance, during the short period in which he filled the office of library trustee.

While there are larger libraries in this locality, as determined by number of books, there are none that excel this one in quality and class of books. It is a great pity that such a collection of books and periodicals that could never be replaced, should be housed in a building that is not fire proof. It was not only my hope but ambition that a suitable building might be erected, but I am now persuaded that I shall never see it accomplished.

SOME LANDMARKS AND COLLOQUIALISMS

When the Colonists first landed in this section, the greater portion of the land was covered with forests. As the land was cleared by cutting and removing the trees, the timber was used for building their houses and barns, as well as for fuel. The land cleared had to be fenced for the live stock, and the cheapest fence that could possibly be built at that time, though it called for a vast amount of manual labor, was that of digging a ditch to mark the dividing line between adjoining owners. On this mound, live trees were lopped, when the sap was down. The limbs were also lopped and interwoven to make a tight fence. The mound served as part of the fence, but more particularly to hold the lopped tree in a semi-upright position, so the sap could flow up, according to nature, to insure the life of the tree so lopped. This led to the expression "a live fence". These fences took up and occupied a large area of land, which mattered little so long as the land was cheap, but as prices of land advanced, the ditches and live fences began to disappear, so much so, that at the present time, they are rarely seen. I have been asked, "Why did they fence and ditch the woodland?" I supposed that this was generally known, but I find that it is not, so I will endeavor to answer it. When the highways were laid out in the early days they were made very wide, some of them being from 10 to 15 or more rods wide. These afforded an abundance of pasture. It was the cus-

tom in those days to turn the cattle and sheep into the highways and common land to roam at large, this of course included the woodland. This gave feed for this stock all summer, and left the improved land to grow crops for winter feed. Coal was not mined in this country to any great extent until the year 1820, and was not used in Bridgehampton to any extent until 1870. Prior to this, wood was almost the only fuel used. This fact alone gave woodland a considerable valuation, and also gave the ambitious men of those days remunerative occupation when not engaged with their farm work. There was a great demand for wood in the cities for fuel, and on the whale ships for blocking and wedging the oil casks. The coarse and rough wood was converted into charcoal, for which there was a ready market, as it was the only coal used by blacksmiths in those days.

The site of these coal kilns may be located all about the farming land even to this day, the soil being black with the fine charcoal which is almost indestructible. The many landings along the shore of Noyack and Peconic Bays, such as Budd's, Whalebone, Scott's and many others, mark the places where great quantities of cordwood were shipped to market by sailing vessels. I have heard my Father say that Silas Woodruff and Halsey Dickinson together put 1,100 cords of wood on the shore at Shelter Island in one year, and there were

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many others in that same business. The prevailing price for cutting wood in those days was 5 shillings (62½ cents) per cord, and the wood sold for six dollars per cord, on the shore at these landings, this showed a good margin of profit. The fact that these conditions did prevail, was alone sufficient to put a real value on woodland. That is perhaps somewhat difficult to realize in these days. I am now working up to the answer to the foregoing question. The owners of woodland took great pains to care for and protect their property, because it was really valuable. The land they cut over in the winter and from which they carted the wood, they ditched and fenced the following spring. Why? So that when the herds of cattle were turned out to roam at large over high-ways and woodlands, and not brought home again until the inclement weather of approaching winter demanded it, they could not roam over the wood lots and destroy the young scions just as they started from the stumps, for if they were allowed to do this, very many would be killed and those that were nipped off and yet lived, would grow trees both imperfect and crooked, and seriously affect the next crop of cord wood or timber, as the case might be.

I have heard the old men say that years ago, when almost everyone from Amagansett to Shinnecock went to Sag Harbor Saturday afternoon to do their trading, which was largely in barter, there was such a marked distinction in the appearance of the horses, wagons, harness, and even the men, in their dress, accent and general appearance, that one accustomed could easily distinguish, though not personally acquainted with them, the men, teams, and in fact, the general outfit, whether it was from Southampton, East Hampton or Bridgehampton. This seems almost incredible in communities so closely located geographically, but it was true nevertheless. Then again, there were certain words or phrases that were peculiar and in fact, they still are, to certain localities. Take for instance the word "Gally" which was and still is in general use on eastern Long Island, as applied to a person who becomes suddenly embarrassed or confused, its use being almost entirely confined to this locality. An up-State man upon hearing this word for the first time, said: What was the matter with the person affected, and how was he handled? Another word that may be classed as 'Provincial English' is "Pightle" meaning

a small lot or enclosure adjoining a barn yard, and is confined in its use to eastern Long Island. Every community has its own peculiar slang phrases. One old man I knew would say 'I vow', another 'I vum', another 'Con-stab-it', another 'By singe it'. One old man in this place was repairing an old fence, it had been a live or hedge fence, but was at that time intermingled with rails, wire, and poles, supplemented with boards. A neighbor in passing asked if he was building a fence. He replied, "I am trying to repair what you see here, but this is no fence, it may have been classed as such some time, but now it is what I call a 'Scrag-mat-i-cal Run'".

More than one hundred years ago there lived in Sagaponack a class of men who, when excited or engaged in a warm argument, spoke a language or dialect, that a stranger could not understand. One has said, "It sounded like a confusion of tongues". As an illustration, about the time referred to above there was a phrase or expression in common and universal use in Wainscott, that would be absolutely meaningless to a stranger. I heard this from a man now over 80 years of age, who knew this to be a fact not only from memory, but from experience, in fact, his mother was a native of Wainscott. The expression is "For-ti-no", and without doubt was a corruption of the phrase "for aught I know" or "for what I know". It is easy to realize what a confusion of language would result in the use of a large number of such corruptions, incorporated in common conversation.

I never saw a left-handed plow used in this locality in all my life, while in some sections, none but left-handed ones are used. Again, I never saw a team on Long Island driven with a "Twitch Line", while in some sections nothing else is used. The word "Team" as used on Long Island means two or more horses or oxen harnessed together, while in Connecticut one will hear them say, "One horse team". In that State you will seldom, if ever, hear of an "Axe Handle", it is always "Axe Helve", either is correct.

In other sections of the country you will seldom see a scuttle in the roofs of the old houses, while here there was hardly a house without one. In the early days on eastern Long Island most of the men had been whaling, so that in their work about the farms, they would express themselves in language

they were accustomed to while on shipboard, such as, "Cast off", "Belay", "Heave ahead", "Set up on that tackle". One boy when told to do this, said, "Yes, Sir, I'll set anywhere you say, if you will only tell where to set". "Port", "Starboard", "Bow", "Stern", "Adrift", "Awash", "Anchor it", "Make fast", "Aloft", "Below", "Pay out", "Haul in", "Lay your course". These all had a real meaning that was understood and usually obeyed.

ITEMS FROM AN OLD LETTER

The following items I have taken from an old letter that was written by Ichabod Sheffield Seabury many years ago. His father was Samuel A. Seabury who came to Sag Harbor and edited a paper, "The American Eagle". Later he moved to Huntington, L. I., and then to Stonington, Conn.

Sheffield was born July 2, 1821. His mother was Julia Topping. When four years old his father died, and he went with his mother to live with her father, Matthew Topping, in Sagaponack. When 15 years and 10 months old he went to sea with Capt. John Woodward, on the ship Concordia of Sag Harbor. J. Lawrence Cook was 2nd Mate. Benjamin H. Halsey and James H. Rogers were on the same ship.

He writes this letter as in 1832, and locates the houses and residents in Sagaponack and vicinity at that time, which was over 100 years ago. "Beginning at the lower end of Sagg street with 'John White', whose house stood near the site of the present house.

"The next house to the north was David Topping's. He had two sons, Rensselaer and Mulford, and two daughters, Phebe and Rebecca. Phebe married Abraham Ludlow, they bought the Thomas Geiston farm on Butter Lane and had David Topping Ludlow and daughter Bathsheba. The site of this house was near where Sydney Topping's house stood later.

"The next house was Matthew Topping's, a brother of David. Across the street was the house of Jesse Pierson, whose wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Matthew Topping. Next north of Matthew Topping was Ebenezer White, (not far from where Frank A. Topping's house stands now, 1935). Next was Samuel Pierson. Across the street was the Deacon David Hedges house. Richard Lester

lived here when this was written, (and I think until he bought on Hedges Lane).

"Next house on east side of street was Capt. David Pierson's. This is the lot where John White's barn stood until recently.

"Next house on west side of street was Alfred Pierson. North of this place was that of Dr. Nathaniel Topping, and then Elihu Howell's. Still farther north was the house of Hiram Sandford. (He then says: "I well remember when the Methodist Church was built). This was in 1833."

"Next north of Hiram Sandford's was a little one-story house of John Pierson. It stood about 150 feet north of the Sandford house. Pierson sold this house to Hiram Sandford and bought the Caleb Pierson place.

"The house opposite John Pierson's was owned by Lemuel Haines (later Henry Topping). He was a carpenter, and his shop stood in the street a little south of his house.

"To the north of the Haines house was the old school house. It stood in the corner of Caleb Pierson's lot close up to the line of the Haines property. I remember this school house in 1826, and Uncle Jesse Pierson used to teach school in this house. The new school house was built by James L. Haines and stood in the street across from the old one.

"Next house was Caleb Pierson's, and stood where George Rogers lived later. The next was Silas Pierson's, and was owned later by Hiram S. Rogers. He was a cooper by trade and his shop stood opposite his house near Wallace Hildreth's fence.

"Across the street lived Henry White, owned later by Thomas Halsey, and still later Wallace W. Hildreth. Opposite this place on the east side of the street was an old house that belonged to Lodowick Post or his heirs. (This was probably the old house of Abraham Pierson). The next house was that owned later by Robert Hedges. He says: 'I well remember the marriage of Robert Hedges and Phebe Parker. It was in the days of blue coats and brass buttons. I thought he looked very fine in that.'

"The next house was that of Capt. Lodowick Post and his son, Robert. (Afterward owned by Wm. Darius Halsey and then by Capt. Edward Halsey). Next north of this was the house of Sylva-

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

nus Topping, (afterward sold to the Town for a poor house).

"Next north of this and near the East Hampton road was a little, low, one story house that belonged to Halsey Hildreth. (This was the old Hildreth homestead). Joshua Howell lived here when he attended the old mill I am about to describe.

"Nearly opposite Sylvanus Topping's stood a Spider-legged wind-mill. It stood on a center post about 8 feet high. It would be a great curiosity in these days. Joshua Howell, the miller, used to be called 'The old man of the Mill.' This mill was owned by Matthew Topping, Simon Howell and others.

"A short distance north of this mill stood the house of Paul Topping. Here I first went to school to his daughter, Miss Laura Topping, the belle of Bridgehampton. She afterward married Col. Hervey Hedges. Ah, what a sad ending was her life!

"Stephen Topping owned where Fitz Osborn lived later, and where Leander Topping lives, was the home of Abraham Mott. Next north of Mott lived Simon and Price Howell. North of this lived Hervey Howell and north of Howell was a low one-story house that Halsey Hildreth bought of the heirs of Seth Topping. This was on the same site of the late George Hildreth house.

"On the road toward East Hampton lived Sylvanus Hand. He was very profane, and for that reason Hervey Howell, Esq. used to call him 'Deacon Hand.' Theron Hand lived to the north, where his son, A. J. Hand, lived later. Charles Topping lived on the place later owned by Samuel Mulford.

"The last house on that road was that of Henry Topping. Stephen Wood married his daughter, and lives on this place.

"Going back to Hedges Lane, the first house was that of Richard Lester, though he did not own it or live there until he left the Deacon Hedges farm. The old house was a large two-story house much like that of Matthew Topping, and stood near the site of the present house.

"The next house was that of Isaac Pierson, (later Nymphus Wright). Then came Wilkes Hedges. His son Wilkes had the old place and his brother Huntting built his house in 1842.

"The next was David Hedges. I remember going to church with my Mother when a small kid, the first Sunday after he was married, they sat just

back of us. I would look around at his wife, when Mother would give me a hunch to look around the other way, and listen to Mr. Francis preaching about the Medes and Persians, firstly, secondly, and about fourthly I would be looking at the bride again.

"The next house was that of Capt. David Hedges, after he died his son David built the house later of Cassander Hedges. Next east was the home of Samuel Edwards. Then on the corner of Hedges Lane and the Town Line lived John Strong, whose son John was about my age.

"West of Fitz Osborn's was a one-story house belonging to one David Whacket. Then came Aaron Fithian, then Gideon Hand, then Lewis Edwards, then Oliver Sayre, then Gurdon Pierson, then Capt. Isaac Ludlow, then Franklin Howell, then Capt. Uriah Sayre, then Dr. Samuel H. Rose, then Richard Gelston.

(The road leading from Sagg Street toward Bridgehampton he calls "Brook Lane." The first house was that of Solomon Gains. He had a brother Rufus, a cripple, who used to hop on his hands and knees.)

"On the dam between the Mill-pond and Sagg Pond was a Mill; for what purpose it was built I do not know, but when I was a boy it was used by a Mr. Brown for a brewery for beer. This man Brown was found frozen to death on the beach.

"On the Mill-Pond side of the dam was another Mill, used for carding wool by John White, grandfather of the present John White, but now this Mill has been taken down, its rafters have all tumbled in, and quiet has taken the place of the old time din.

"The next house was the Presbyterian parsonage, occupied by the Rev. Anzi Francis, and before him by the Rev. Aaron Woolworth. This was sold to Jeremiah Ludlow, and then he sold to his brother Sylvanus.

"The next house was that of Moses Howell, a one-story house that I tore down when I built a house for Jeremiah Hedges in 1860. Near the present site of John Heartt's home was a one-story house owned by Silas Wood, father of Stephen Wood, and at that time it stood in the street. Mrs. Wood died in the Poor-house and I made her coffin. Mr. Wood was a very intemperate man.

"Then came the Presbyterian Church, that I helped take down in the year 1842. The posts of the old Church were used in the new Church."

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(I think the Job Pierson place was omitted in these letters, and it is not at all strange that he should have over-looked some, but for the most part I think it is a very complete history of that day for the territory covered. It is too bad that more did not follow his example.)

Neither does he mention the house opposite the Reuben Edwards place where Miller Edwards lived in 1850.

As in the foregoing article Mr. Seabury gives a graphic description of the location of the old houses in Sagg and vicinity, so in his "Memories of a long life," Judge Henry P. Hedges gives a similar description of the property about Wainscott, which I quote.

"Before my time there had been a house on the south side of the road, west of Jeremys Creek, about a half-mile or more northeast of Mrs. Lucia Conklin's corner, where was an excavation, the remains of a cellar. In passing that, my mother told me Taylor Osborne's house was there.

"Just south of Capt. Jonathan Osborne's house. was a very old house where, I was told, Deacon Jacob Osborne lived and that he tended the spider-legged mill, which stood just southwest of it and, as I remember, in the street. I remember that Jacob Hopping tended that. The house was burned sometime before 1831.

"Between the houses of Morgan Topping and John Hand once stood a house in which lived Elias Hand, a soldier in the French and Indian war. That house was burned before my time.

"In Wainscott Hollow, north of the burying ground, were ditches, marks of enclosure, where, I was told, long ago lived a George Strong. In an angle of the road some quarter of a mile northeast of Lucia Conklin's corner, formerly lived a William Miller on what Elisha Osborne (not Continental) called his "Bill Lot." (See map for 1800). North of Lucia's corner, on another road lived a Zebedee Osborne. The house Carl Hopping built on or near the site of Deacon Jacob Osborne's house, was moved to Madison St., Sag Harbor.

"The dwellings standing in Wainscott in my early days and before 1831, beginning east were as follows:

"(1) Polly Talmage, widow of Jeremiah, lived in a house in the northwest corner of Capt. John Dayton's Neck and east of Jeremys Creek, and her

children were Jeremiah, Jason, Ezra, Timothy and Harvey (the whaleman), Betsy and Mary.

"(2) Daniel Hopping lived in a hollow a few rods north of Capt. Jonathan Osborne's house, and had son, 'Tom Hopping,' and daughter, wife of Charles Payne.

"(3) Capt. Jonathan Osborne lived in the house now standing, and had wife, sister of Sam Schellinger, and daughter, wife of Gurdon Halsey, and sons, Jonathan, Abram, Isaac, Conklin and David.

"(4) Elisha Conklin lived in an old house on the site where Lucia now resides, and had sons, Abraham, Elisha H. and Nathaniel, and daughters, Amy, Jerusha, Mary and Nancy.

"(5) Elisha H. Conklin lived in the house where now resides D. Edgar Talmage, and left two daughters and sons, Geo. W. and Cornelius.

"(6) Jacob Hopping lived where now his grandson, Jacob O., resides, and had daughters, Mary, Nancy and Caroline, and had sons, Osborne, Carl and Isaac. This house stood end to the street, and Sam Schellinger, on a cannon ball in the centre, turned it around front to the street, when I was a boy.

"(7) Elisha Osborne lived in a house on the site where his son Chauncey afterward resided, and left daughter, Charlotte, and sons, Malines and Chauncey. This Elisha, in the Revolutionary War, was in Connecticut, and to distinguish him from the Elisha next named, was called "Continental."

"(8) Elisha Osborne lived in the old John Osborne house now standing, and had wife, Mary, and had sons, Thomas and David, and daughters, Lucretia, Fanny and Betsey.

"(9) James Edwards lived in the house where now resides Oliver S. Osborne, and had wife and daughters, Jane, Harriet and Phebe.

"(10) My Father (Zephaniah Hedges) lived in the house where now resides H. Morgan Topping.

"(11) James Hand lived in the house where now resides his grandson, John H., and wife, Chloe, and sons, James, Sylvester, John, Reuel, and Albert, and daughters, Polly, Matilda, Fanny, Julia, Miranda and Elizabeth.

"(12) John Strong, Revolutionary soldier, lived where now his great-grandson, Charles W., resides, and had sons, John, Sylvanus, Saul and Abner, and daughters, Hannah, Martha, Mary and Emeline.

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"(13) Jesse Strong lived where now resides the widow of Edmond T. Strong, his deceased nephew.

"(14) Bethuel Edwards, elder in the East Hampton church, lived where afterwards his son, David A., did, and had sons, Josiah and David A., and daughters, Esther, Mary and Sophia.

"(15) John Edwards lived where afterwards Jared D. Hedges did, to whom he sold.

"One or two families in the town of Southampton near the town line once belonged to the Wainscott District School. These fifteen houses all in the town of East Hampton, comprised Wainscott as I remember it previous to and about the year 1831.

"James Edwards was a carpenter, his brother Bethuel was a shoemaker, James Hand was a weaver, Jacob Hopping was a cooper, and when the wind blew, a miller. James Hand's dwelling was a few rods north of and nearest to our house. His son, Sylvester, married the sister of Alden Spooner, Editor of the Suffolk Gazette in Sag Harbor."

ITEMS FROM TWO OLD DIARIES

(By DANIEL HILDRETH)

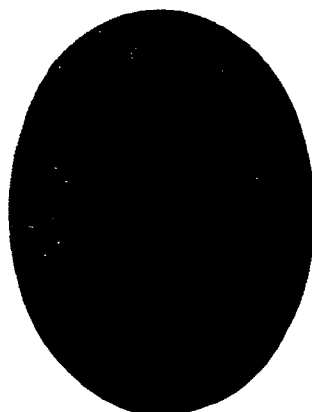
"There have been a great many vessels cast-a-way against Southampton during my memory." He here describes a good many of these vessels, among which is the British Sloop of War, "Sylph."

He also mentions the American ship "Live Oak," otherwise known as the "Powder Ship." I quote again: "which took fire at sea and was run ashore against Shinnecock Point in July of 1814. She had 222 bags of powder on board.

"The Captain came ashore in the evening, and about Eleven o'clock the powder exploded, breaking hundreds of window lights in Southampton village. The vessel was blown to fragments, one piece of iron having been found one half mile from the wreck."

"From 1808 to 1815 wages were very low, farmers paid for cutting wood, hoeing corn, threshing, etc., from 44 cents to 50 cents per day. Carpenter's wages were 75 cents.

"Until I was 12 or 13 years old I scarcely knew what wheat bread was. Our main living was corn, or rye pudding and milk. We had rye bread, biscuit, cake, pies and shortcake, and some corn bread



DANIEL HILDRETH



MARY (WHITE)
HILDRETH

baked over the fire in a large kettle covered with cabbage leaves. And it tasted very good. We had butter and cheese, the latter was made mostly from skimmed milk. Oysters, clams and eels were very plentiful and cheap. I alone got 40 bushels of oysters in one day and sold them on the shore for \$10.00. Clams were so large and plentiful in Shinnecock Bay that Silas Winters caught 25 bushels in one day, and they appeared to be all over the bay, and sold for several years for from 20 cents to 25 cents per bushel.

"Our dress was very domestic. My father and mother manufactured all the cloth we wore from either wool or flax, both of which were raised on the farm. Tow cloth was worth 25 cents per yard, and that from yarn, that is, all wool, 37½ to 50 cents. In my younger days we did not have very many dishes, and they were either of pewter or coarse earthen ware. At the meals, the old folks and older children were seated at the table in chairs with wooden or flag bottoms, and the younger children had to stand up at the table."

The writer then gives a few items of personal interest: "December the 19" 1822, I was married to Mary White, daughter of Ephraim White. It was a dark, rainy night, and my prospects for getting a living were as dark as the night, for I had but about \$30 that I could call my own, and my health was not very good. The winter of 1823 I made some things to keep house with, for I had no money to buy them, and in August of that year we began to keep house.

"Our furniture consisted of a bed, small table, stand, four chairs, six knives and forks, six cups

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and saucers, one blue tea pot and milk cup, shovel and tongs, an old tea kettle that I bought at a vandue, two pails and two wash tubs, no pots and kettles, those we had to borrow, but we had plenty of good food to eat, and I must say that I never enjoyed myself any year of my life since, any better than I did the first year we kept house."

How many people at this day and time, especially the younger portion, would be willing to do as this couple did? Or be content with such a meager outfit? And yet, who dare say that there is any more real happiness or satisfaction today than in the old days referred to above? Happiness and contentment is what counts.

"In the fall of 1812 the school house at Water Mill was built, but the school did not begin until January 1st, 1813. Mr. Hugh Halsey, afterward Judge Hugh, of Bridgehampton taught the first quarter for \$30 and I think boarded himself."

"Stoves, kerosene oil, and lamps were not known in those days, but we had large fire-places and plenty of wood. The bread was baked in brick ovens. When they had a spinning bee, as they called it, they would make a large fire on the hearth, and instead of a lamp they would place a pine knot on the fire, which would throw a splendid light all over the room.

"In 1815, Howell Goodale of Water Mill built a small sail boat with two masts. She was thought to be a wonderful boat for he could beat her across the bay against the wind.

"Our boats in those days were roughly made, some called canoes, were dug out of logs, and were used in oystering.

"In 1817, Mr. John Benedict and wife moved to Water Mill from Danbury, Conn., and brought the first cook stove into Southampton Town. It was thought a great curiosity, and many went to see it. He was a clothier by trade, and worked in the mill, he has since bought the whole concern.

"In the fall of 1818, Abraham Halsey, John Howell and myself set out to go to New York to see the city. It was thought at that time quite a journey. We went with Capt. Peter Fournier in the sloop 'Leopard'. We sailed from North Sea, and it took eight and one-half days to reach the city. Stayed there eight days and returned home in eighteen hours. The city then contained 130,000 inhabitants. We thought it was a great place.

"1816 was the cold summer, with a frost every month in the year. Corn was almost entirely cut off.

"January 2, 1823, I began to saw for the first time in the new mill, the wind was North West and a good breeze. She worked well and I was highly pleased with her. We hired Joseph Goodale to work for us for \$10 per month."

"The 28" of February, 1828, I bought a Yankee clock for \$20., kept it for ten years and sold it to Sylvanus White for one dollar. Farming is very dull, plenty of land to buy for one and two dollars per acre.

"1830 was known as the 'moderate winter'. Grass was green and a good bite for the cattle all winter. It was thought by some that we should not have any more cold winters, and that in a few years more, oranges and tropical fruit would grow on Long Island.

"1832 will long be remembered as the 'Cholera' year in Southampton. July 30", Jack Cuffins and his son Maltby of Water Mill, aged respectively 68 and 22 years, died of cholera. They were well the evening of Sunday, and Maltby went to meeting in the school house. They were both taken sick in the night, and Jack died before sunrise, and Maltby the sun some two hours high. They were both buried before night Monday. They were very respectable colored people, and worth a considerable property.

"One other colored man, a relative of these, went on Tuesday morning to get up some hay that Jack had cut on Saturday. Soon after he got to the field he was taken sick, died, and was buried before sundown. In a few days Jack's wife died and was buried by their side. Soon after this, David Jagger, John White and several others died of the same disease.*

"June 27", 1834, I made one well and three pumps for the three Jones's, Ezekiel, Talmage and Edward of East Hampton. There is but one foot difference in the three pumps. When I went over in the morning there was white frost in the low places.

"December 15", 1835 was the great fire in New York, and burned some 600 houses. The wind was very high and severe cold. The hose to the engines froze so that many of them were entirely useless.

*(This was the same year that this disease raged in New York City.)

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

"An account of this fire may be found in any history of New York. It burned the entire east side of the city below Wall street. Loss estimated to be \$18,000,000.

"In the last part of May and the first part of June of 1836, we had what was called 'THE TRADE WIND'. The wind blew from the east for 17 days and was very cold. The whaling ships in Sag Harbor were detained because of the head wind.

"January 17", 1837, Charles Howell and I finished our ice boat. The first that ever was built in Southampton. Charles Howell, David Foster, Sylvanus White and I had a sail to the beach and up Hay Ground Bay. She worked like a charm. The wind blew a gale, and we went part of the time a mile to the minute.

"June 4", 1831, we fenced in 7 acres of common land that Father bought twelve years before for two dollars.

"December 1", 1836, bought a rotary stove for \$40.

"Sunday night, October 22", 1838, I went from Fire Place to Gardiner's Island with Mr. John Gardiner to bore pumps for him. Friday, I had a ride on the Island. I bought a six years old mare of Mr. Gardiner for \$60. A beautiful animal.

"I measured a tree 17 feet and one inch in circumference. He has 240 cattle, over one year old, 60 calves, 50 horses, 1,400 sheep, milks 50 cows, and killed 50 fat cattle and 29 old hogs that year.

"I saw the stump of a White Oak tree that measured 6 feet across it one way and 5 feet the other. Mr. Gardiner told me it was cut in 1836 and that he carted 14 loads of wood from it, and there was some two loads lying by it then.

"Mr. William Richards, a man that came from Connecticut and worked for me, went November 8", 1842 to Montauk, to teach school at Mr. Gould's, who keeps the light house, he had \$60 paid him for three months.

"December 4th and 5", 1840, was a hard snow storm, and the fish in Shinnecock Bay were chilled. It was calculated that 30,000 Striped Bass were picked up. I bought some 100 lbs. of Harvey Topping for one cent per pound.

"January 9", 1841, I sold my flock of 28 sheep for \$42.

"April 12", 1841 was a hard snow storm. Two

and one half feet on the level, but it was all gone by the 21.

"April 23", 1843, I went to Sag Harbor. The corner stone of the Presbyterian Church in that place was laid. This day the mail came through the Island for the first time on the railroad. The day was pleasant.

"March 4", 1844, Wife and myself set out for New York. We visited at Mrs. Ann Mott's in Mott Street. Went to the Poor house on the Long Island farm, and took a boy by the name of Joseph Tomkins. Bought a pump augur for \$8.00.

"On the 8" of May 1847, A caravan of wild animals was exhibited in Sag Harbor, drawn by 96 horses, and accompanied by 50 men. They had a chariot called 'King Pharaoh's Chariot' drawn by six span of mouse colored horses. The Chariot was 25 feet high and carried a band of musicians, 16 in number. There was a large number of wild animals. It was the greatest show that ever was on Long Island.

***"The 7" of October, 1852, A balloon from Bridgeport, Conn., passed over Long Island about the middle of Mecox Bay, and fell in the ocean just beyond the bar. It was 100 feet high and 70 feet in diameter. There were four men on board, who came very near being drowned before they got help. My neighbor, Charles Howell, and Col. David R. Rose assisted in saving them. My own Mother was in Bridgeport at the time visiting, and saw the same balloon ascend.

"November 6", 1869, Lawrence Cook caught in one day 73 Dozen eels, in Mill creek. They sold in New York for from 40 to 50 cents per dozen."

***My Father in his diary says, that this balloon went up at 3-30 P. M. from Birmingham, Conn., and came down in the ocean at 5 P. M. It doubtless passed over Bridgeport. Cauliflower were first introduced in this locality in 1872 by Pulaski Warren, Daniel Phillips and D. F. Osborne.

September 4", 1871, he writes: "I am 71 years old and neighbor Charles Howell is 69. We went sailing on Shinnecock Bay. Sailed over to the light house. Went to the top of it. Had a beautiful view of the bay, and beat every sail boat we came in contact with. Had a delightful sail and a beautiful day. Never enjoyed myself better. Got home at 9 o'clock."

The items given above I have selected from the

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

diary referred to in the beginning of this article, and cover a period of almost one-half of the last century. I presume to many they will be of little interest, but I am sure there are others who will appreciate the taking of these facts relating to the local history of this community, and compiling them, with the sole idea that they may be preserved.

A few items from the diary of my Father, Noah H. Halsey: "In the year 1848, a neighbor died, and a good black walnut coffin cost \$10.00, bill for coffin, plate, box, and shroud was \$15.75. About this time is an account of 'beef sold at New London for 6 cents per pound, and sheep for 2 & ½ cents per pound'. May 23rd, 1848, the fishing company caught at one draught at North Side 1,000,000 fish by estimation, it took one week to cart them, and they measured 850,000. May 8th, 1850, they caught 465,000 at one draught. April 17th, 1851, bought 8 sheep and 5 lambs of Thomas Cooper, 13 in all, for \$10.00, or 77 cents per head. December 25th, 1855, it began to snow, and sleighing lasted until the last of February. March 21st, 1856, one fox and two dogs crossed Noyack Bay from Doctor's Banks to Jessup's Neck, on the ice. No plowing was done this year until the 14th of April, because of the frost in the ground.

"1869, February 16th, caught Two Raccoons; Feb. 20th, one; March 1st, two; March 3rd, seven; March 8th, four; March 11th, one; making 17 Raccoons in less than one month.

"1857, 27 snow storms this winter, had sleighing between two and three months.

"July 2" of this year thermometer stood at 55 degrees.

"1863, March 20" Annie, Louise and William D. were all baptized at home by the Rev. Mr. Bangs.

"1865, On Wednesday, September 20", William D. went to school for the first time."

This was in the old school house in Dis. No. 18, and I am sure that I remember that day. I sat in the front seat on the south side of the aisle, and I think C. W. Dickinson taught school. He had a large slate on which he drew the picture of a pig, with a piece of chalk. I imagine this kept me quiet for a time.

"1866, The thermometer registered on January 8" of this year, 10 degrees below zero, almost all day."

"September 1", sold four loads of wheat to Oliver Wade for \$2.70 per bushel."

NOTED LAWSUITS

In almost every community there have arisen important questions and disputes, that at last had to be settled in the courts. In our own community several such cases are on record, five of which I will mention in this chapter, and include some incidents in connection with the lives and careers of some of the men who took an active part in these trials.

In the chapter on "Mills and Millers" I stated that in the early part of the last century there stood two wind mills on the Triangular Commons in Bridgeton.

In 1836 or 1837 Judge Abraham T. Rose bought one of these, and a company consisting of Messrs. Hiram Sandford, Nathaniel Topping, David Pierson and Smith S. Topping bought the other, and moved it to Poxabogue, where they placed it in the highway in front of the property of Paul Topping, a little way south of his house. (See 1850 map).

Topping forbade them to leave it there, but they paid no regard to his protests, and he, having no money to defend his rights, had to submit. Here it stood and was in actual use for about five years, when in 1842, Colonel Hervey Hedges, (the son-in-law of Paul Topping) furnished the necessary money, and Topping began suit against the above named company. This trial is known in our local history as "The Sagg Mill Case or Cause".

This case has been written up by several local historians, and referred to many times, so I do not propose to repeat what these men have already written. No one of these writers, however, has given the actual facts or account of this trial, and I have often wondered as to why they had not, and because of this fact I wish to give in this article an abridged account of this trial, and name some of the men who took an active part in it. I am quite sure that, except the original copy of the proceedings, it has never been written or published.

In an account of this trial written by Mr. William S. Pelletreau, who though usually very correct, in this case was in error. He says the case was "tried before Judge Selah B. Strong". The fact is, Mr. Strong was an attorney in the case, but not the Judge, as I will explain later.

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Mr. Charles H. Hildreth also wrote an account of this matter, which I think is reliable and authentic, for he lived in that locality at that time and was an eye-witness to the whole affair.

Mr. Hildreth says: "The Poxabogue Cemetery at that time was common land, that is, it belonged to the Town, and that there was a road on three sides of it, and that those on the east and west sides came together at the northwest corner of Mr. Haney's lot, leaving quite a vacant place at the south end of the Grave Yard (see 1850 map), where the Town Trustees granted a Mill Site. If they had placed the Mill there, it might have stood there undisturbed, but they placed it on the highway in front of Paul Topping's property, and quite near the fence."

The case was tried at Riverhead at the Suffolk Circuit of the Supreme Court, before the Hon. Charles H. Ruggles, Circuit Judge. G. Miller was attorney for the Plaintiff. Selah B. Strong and W. P. Buffett attorneys for Defendants.

"The following jurors were impannelled: John Barto, Islip. John Youngs, Riverhead. Peter Dickerson, Shelter Island. Jeremiah Terry, Riverhead. Mulford Osborn, Brookhaven. Nicoll Youngs, Riverhead. Abel Corwin, Jr., Riverhead. Henry Williams, Huntington. Philetus C. Jarvis, Huntington. Joshua B. Smith, Huntington. Henry K. Townsend, Brookhaven and John W. Woodhull, Riverhead.

"Nicoll Youngs was challenged by Plaintiff's counsel. The first two jurors were sworn as triors. (In law a trior was a person appointed by the Court to examine whether a challenge to a juror was just). The Triors decided that he was competent.

"Mr. Miller opened the case for the Plaintiff, and stated that this was an action of ejectment brought to recover a piece of land, being 40 feet in every direction from the center of a certain Wind Mill, standing on the highway in the village of Sagg, in the Town of Southampton, the Plaintiff owning land adjoining the highway, on which the said Mill stood.

"Then follows the evidence proving the Plaintiff's ownership of this adjoining land. Which he does prove.

"The Defendants claimed title in the Trustees of the Proprietors of the common land of the Town, and that they had the power to grant or convey common land, not subject to the adjoining owners, and that from an old Patent.

"Judge Ruggles in charging the jury, said in part: There is a general principle, not controverted here, that wherever there is a highway, the public have an easement merely, and the fee belongs to the adjoining owner. This is on the principle, that this land was originally taken from his land, or his ancestor's.

"It is a rule of convenience also, that the public, when they have done with it, should not own it. The Plaintiff has shown himself the owner of the land adjoining this highway. The presumption of law is, that he runs to the middle. The Defendants, then, must show that there is a title in some other. We find the Defendants there, indeed, but as mere squatters, without lease, without permission, without right. The burden of this proof falls on the Defendant. They must show title in someone else. First, they have set up a title in the Trustees, and have shown an old Patent. There is no proof that this Patent granted this land, nor, that it has come regularly to them from it. On the contrary, there is proof, that Sagg was then settled and apportioned, and the Patent only confirms these appropriations.

"The Patent then fails them. Next, they have shown certain acts of ownership by the old Trustees. The Court does not think these acts sufficient to show title. They are not acts coupled with possession, and regard to the sale to Captain Halsey. (I omit the next two paragraphs, as they simply cite illustrations).

"The Trustees certainly have done a good many acts about these highways, but how and by what authority they did them, does not exactly appear. The Defendants set up these acts, as evidence of title. The Court does not think them sufficient. They should show something more to make out a fee.

"In 1726, the commissioners found this an old road, and ascertained its width. They called the spot from Abraham Pierson's north 8 poles wide all the way, except the crook left out by Stanborough. There is nothing, therefore, to prevent the common law principle from applying to this highway.

"Has this been changed or altered by Acts of Legislation? The Court regrets that older Acts have not been produced. The oldest shown here is that of 1813. The first section of this Act authorizes the commissioners to lay out roads etc. and regulate the manner. But in the 22nd section, it is provided,

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that all roads that shall have been used as public highways for twenty years or more, next preceding the 21st day of March, 1797, shall be taken and deemed public highways.

"The Court is inclined to think that this road, Sagg Street, comes under the provision of this Section, and that if discontinued, under this Act of 1813, it would revert to the owners of the adjoining land. The Act of 1830 has altered the provisions of the previous Act, in regard to this matter, and in conformity with the principles of the common law.

"In the case of laying out a road now, there is no provision for a full value to be paid to the owner of the land, only the damages, and in discontinuing the road, the land would revert to the adjoining owner. It appears that where the Mill stands, the highway is now more than 8 rods wide. The question arises, to whom does this surplus belong? Is there a strip of land between the highway and Topping's land, that does not belong to the highway? There is none. Topping cannot advance his fence. The public have acquired the right to all the land as a highway. And from the acknowledgement of Henry Topping, the ancestor of the Plaintiff, as to the boundary, and from the old cart or carriage track under the Mill, it would evidently appear that the Mill is on the highway. To Recapitulate:

"First, The Plaintiff has shown his title, and according to that he is entitled to the fee to the middle of the highway.

"Second: The Court is of the opinion that the acts of ownership as exercised by the Trustees, do not make out title, connected with all of the circumstances of the case; and regards the question as a question of strict right. If the Plaintiff recovers the fee, and the Mill with it, he will have no right to keep her there, for he would be subject to prosecution for so doing. He will merely be entitled to be put in possession of the land, subject to the public easement."

"The jury retired, and in about one half an hour, came into the court with a verdict for the Plaintiff. Upon this verdict, a judgment has been entered up, and a writ of possession issued, by which the Plaintiff has been put into possession of the Mill."

This Mill was afterward torn down. This trial was held September 7th and 8th, 1842.

The result of this case established a precedent in

regard to the ownership and control of highways by adjoining owners, in case of closed or discontinued roads, that is cited to this day in the courts.

(The above is quoted from the published account of this trial compiled by Judge Abraham T. Rose.)

A Juror In The Foregoing Case

One of the jurors in the foregoing case was Peter Dickerson, of Shelter Island. This man was the ancestor of the present family now living there, bearing that name.

He was an industrious and thrifty farmer, a man with a distinct individuality. He never had to depend upon some other man to assist him in forming an opinion on any subject. I am confident from what I can learn concerning his character, he must have made an ideal juror in that noted case.

He was a man that never paid strict attention to his personal appearance, nor catered to the varying styles in the fashions of dress. It was said he usually used a piece of rope for a belt to hold his coat about him, and he did not hesitate to go away from home in this costume, so to a stranger he would give the impression of being destitute, and a subject of poverty.

He went to New York at one time and visited the stock yards, thinking he might find some bargains at the sales. At that time almost all of the stock had to be driven to the city on foot, and where they were driven hundreds of miles would sometimes get to market in poor condition, and unfit to kill. In such cases, these herds or flocks were often bought by farmers at reduced prices, to feed until fat enough for the shambles.

On this occasion a flock of sheep was offered, with the privilege of taking one or as many as the buyer wanted. The auctioneer called for bids. Peter stood looking on, and then bid fifty cents per head. The auctioneer looked at him, noted his uncouth appearance, and as a joke, said: "It is yours; how many do you want?" Peter replied: "I will take the whole flock," and proceeded to pull out his roll of bills to pay for them.

"I guess not," said the auctioneer. "You cannot have them at such a price, it was simply a joke." He was about to offer them again, when Dickerson said, "I have bought those sheep, and can pay for them, and what is more I am going to have them, and if you dare to sell even one of them, you will

find yourself in trouble, for I will take it into the courts."

Dickerson got his sheep without delay. His appearance had misled the auctioneer, who thought him a poor man.

Another Juror In The Same Case

Abel Corwin, Jr., was another juror in the same case. He was rather a matter-of-fact kind of man, and not sentimental in the least. Some may have called him cold blooded, and lacking in natural affection; but I have never heard but that he was a kind neighbor and a good citizen.

He had a neighbor, who had the misfortune of having sickness enter his family, resulting in the death of his wife. Mr. Corwin sympathized with his neighbor, and attended the funeral. This man cried and moaned, and groaned over the loss of his helpmate, and to such an extent, that it disgusted Corwin, and at last after having lost all patience with him he turned to him and said: "What are you making such a devilish fuss about? You are certainly making a d—n fool of yourself. Why, man, you have only lost one wife. I have had four already. No one wants to hear your noise. Go out and get another, and keep still, there are plenty of them, and stop all of this nonsense."

A MUTINY

During that period which covers the most prosperous days of the whaling industry on eastern Long Island, almost every boy with any ambition left home at an early age and shipped as cabin boy or as common sailor, and these were wanted, for, as an old captain once said: "The best crew that ever sailed on a whale ship out of Sag Harbor, was made up of young men from the Hamptons," and the reason of this was, that they went with a purpose.

The officers of necessity had to be men brought up in the business, with many years of experience, not only as sailors, but especially as whalemens. Sometimes the owners of these ships, would for the sake of economy ship as part of the crew stevedores and sailors from New York City, who took no interest whatever in making a prosperous voyage, for they were at home and contented anywhere.

Some of these men were desperate characters, often shipping for a whaling voyage, because it would isolate them, and take and keep them away

from some port where a penalty for crime awaited them. These men had no money saved up with which to buy an outfit for a long voyage, so the owners would advance, and charge to their respective accounts, as a lien on the prospective voyage, such as, clothes, wearing apparel and shoes as they needed.

Then, after getting this outfit, if they could run away it would be clear gain for them. The ship owners were obliged to keep a sharp watch on them, and many times they were taken on shipboard intoxicated and in a quarrelsome mood, and often were so bad that they were handcuffed and confined below decks, until partially sober. Then they would want to fight the other sailors and make trouble generally.

This made it very unpleasant not only for the rest of the crew, who were decent, but often times more so for the officers.

On one voyage out of Sag Harbor, Captain Andrew Jennings had just such a crew as I have described, and was obliged to work the ship down bay and out past Montauk, with his officers and a lot of boys, who were going to sea for the first time.

He had these bad fellows shut below, and as they sobered up, he allowed one to come on deck at a time, and after he had been given a sufficient amount of discipline, and he realized that Jennings was captain, there would be no more trouble from that man. This was continued until the whole company were in subjection.

Captain Jennings was not a man to be run over, and all knew that he was Commander. In the account of this particular voyage Captain Jennings wrote home to the owners, and told them what a hard time he had had with that crew, and said: "If you had raked Tophet and sifted the ashes, you could not have found another such gang." (Captain Jennings lived in Hay Ground, on place marked Luther Halsey on 1850 map).

In the story I am about to relate, I do not propose to give my own personal views or opinion, but rather to present the two sides as told to me by the men of that day, some favoring one side and some the other.

The whaling barque Oscar, was bought in New York, by Hunting Cooper in 1844, and was of 339 tons burden. This vessel sailed on October 31st, 1844, for the Crozettes or South Atlantic, in command of Captain Isaac Ludlow, of Bridgehampton.

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Jeremiah Eldridge of Sag Harbor was first mate. (I have not been able to ascertain the names of the crew, owing to the fact that the records were burned) except Andrew Gilbride, of Sag Harbor, Oscar Brown, of Bridgehampton, and the unfortunate member, Leonard A. Curtis, of New York.

While in the port of Ilha Grande, (just south of Rio Janeiro) the crew was allowed shore liberty. On August 18th, 1845, they returned to the barque, drunk, and in a fighting mood, resenting grievances claimed to have been suffered on the outward bound voyage. Headed by Leonard A. Curtis, who shipped from New York, they mutinied and came aft in a body. Captain Ludlow stood in the companion way. Curtis, armed with an axe, ascended the ladder to the poop deck. He was ordered to go back, by Captain Ludlow, but, drunk and desperate, disobeyed the command. The Captain procured a rifle from the cabin, and shot Curtis, killing him instantly. The American Consul took charge of the whale ship and sent her home.

The ship arrived in Sag Harbor November 11th, 1845. Captain Ludlow and his crew, were taken to New York by a United States Marshal, and held for trial, where he was acquitted of the charge of murder. All the possessions of the crew, and probably the ship's papers were taken from the Oscar, and stored in Hunting Cooper's shipping office, and were destroyed by the big fire in Sag Harbor November 13th, 1845.

On this voyage 700 barrels of whale oil, and 5600 lbs. of bone were taken, valued at \$9,000. Captain Barney Green took the Oscar out on her next voyage. Captain Ludlow went one more voyage, in the Arabella, to the Pacific, and made a fairly successful voyage. The only man he had with him on this last voyage from this locality was William Foster, of Water Mill, who went as boat-steerer in the Captain's boat.

I have been told that Captain Ludlow was a high tempered, passionate man, and one that acted almost as if insane when angry, and an arrogant, proud and dictatorial officer, yet very ignorant and a coward at heart. His crew were doubtless a rough and brutal class of men. He unquestionably had a very serious problem to contend with, but I have wondered where his officers were at this time, that they

did not figure in this affair, and assist him in quelling this disturbance without carrying it to such a tragic ending.

Captain Charles A. Pierson claimed that there was at this time a United States Man-of-War lying in the harbor of Ilha Grande, and that Captain Ludlow should have called for help from this ship, if he could not handle these men himself, and let them settle the difficulty, and not have taken it into his own hands as he did, or perhaps, shot to cripple the man and not to kill him.

This was one man's opinion. On the other hand, Captain Benjamin H. Halsey, (who had been commander of a whale ship for years, and a man of excellent judgment), said, in commenting on this case at the time of the trial: "If Captain Ludlow is convicted in this case, I will never again set my foot on a whale ship." William Foster, who went with Captain Ludlow on his next voyage, heard him tell the story to another captain, and said that Curtis was drunk and desperate, and that he had to shoot to save his own life, and that Curtis said as he advanced, "I have driven one man over the taffrail, and I will drive you over the same way." It was a sad and extremely unfortunate incident for all parties concerned, captain, crew and ship owners, for it cut the voyage short, and made what promised to be a prosperous and money-making adventure, a financial failure, for the ship was out of commission for a long time, in fact many months, and the crew were all held for the trial.

The Hon. Abraham T. Rose defended Ludlow at the trial in New York. Some say it was Judge Rose's greatest case, and he proved himself a most competent and able attorney, and if ever a man used his entire strength of mind, soul and body in defending the life of another, it was he. Even then he won his case by a very close margin.

It established a bad precedent for Ludlow, for after this affair he had great difficulty in getting men to ship with him. But few men are living today that remember the incident, and they were quite young at that time. I will say it is from these men that I learned many of the facts in this case, and confirmed the story as I heard it related by the older men when I was a boy. (For location of homes of both Captain Ludlow and Judge Rose, see map for 1850).

"The Fox Case" or "Pierson vs. Post."

At the southerly end of Sagg, on the map for 1800, may be seen the location of the home of Jesse Pierson. It was he that became the noted school teacher for so many years in Sagg. His father was David, and I think, lived in the same homestead.

On the map of the same date, on the southerly side of the Main Road in Bridgehampton, just east of the "Beach Road," may be seen the location of the home of Nathan Post and his son, Lodowick. In the year 1803 Nathan Post died, and the place fell to Lodowick, who in 1817 exchanged this farm with John Pierson for the latter's farm in Poxabogue (see 1800 map).

The incident in question, which resulted in the lawsuit, must have taken place before 1803, and while the Posts were living in Bridgehampton. I think the date should be about 1796. In relating this story I am quoting from the account as given by the late Judge Henry P. Hedges.

"Jesse Pierson, son of David, coming from Amagansett saw a fox run and hide down an unused well near Peter's Pond, (see same map for Pond) and killed and took the fox. Lodowick Post and a company with him were in pursuit and chasing the fox, and saw Jesse with it, and claimed it as theirs. while Jesse persisted in his claim.

"Captain Pierson said his son, Jesse, should have the fox and Captain Post said the same of his son, Lodowick, and hence the lawsuit contested and appealed to the highest court in the State, which decided that Post had not got possession of the fox, when Pierson killed it and that he had no property in it as against Pierson, until he had reduced it into his own possession.

"This became the leading case often cited, because it established, and I think for the first time, by the court of last resort in the State, that to give an individual right in wild animals, the claimant must capture them.

"To the public the decision was worth its cost, To the parties, who each expended over one thousand pounds, the fox cost very dear."

Here is an illustration where almost \$10,000 was paid as the result of stubbornness and self-will to gain the possession of an article worth perhaps \$2.00. This is a case strictly local in its beginning, but which became State-wide in influence and effect.

Another Noted Lawsuit

On the map for 1850 may be seen on the north side of Hedges Lane in Sagaponack the location of the home of Colonel Hervey Hedges. He was a man of sterling integrity, upright and just in all of his business dealings, a man whose word was just as good as his bond. His was an enviable record throughout the entire community. A man formerly from Amagansett, about the beginning of the Civil War, sold a horse to Col. Hedges. This horse proved to be very unlike, in many ways, to the one he reasonably expected, judging from the recommendation as given by this man.

The animal was so unsatisfactory, that after all efforts for a peaceful settlement had proven futile, Colonel Hedges resorted to the law for justice. Both Hedges and the other party were members of the Presbyterian Church in Bridgehampton. Hedges never presumed to shine as a bright light religiously, while the other man made himself very prominent in all branches of church work.

Henry P. Hedges was a young attorney at that time, and defended the Amagansett man, and won the case against Hedges. This lawsuit created no little interest and excitement, but what hurt Hedges was the fact that he knew he was right, the decision of the court notwithstanding, and that he had been swindled by this man. Worse than that, the good brethren of the church did not come to his support, and by their silence indirectly condemned him, while the other, by his brazen activity in all things religious, won the comment that threw the doubt, if any, in his favor.

This was too much for a man of Hedges' character to stand; if the public, especially his brethren in the church, would not uphold him, not even taking the whole past record of his life as the basis of their opinion, but rather listen and give heed to the word and oath of a character guilty of abusing and even assaulting his own father, then he was done with them.

He never went into the church again, until he was taken there for his funeral. The good deacons and elders often labored with him, trying to persuade him that he should forgive and forget, but to no avail. He had fought his fight. At last the minister used all of his persuasive powers to influence him, and finally asked him: "Why won't you come

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back to the church and worship with the brethren as formerly?" In reply he quoted a couplet from a hymn of Isaac Watts:

"Blest be the man that shuns the place.
Where sinners love to meet."

The last of his days he spent quietly on his farm, and died respected and honored by all. The other character lived long, left a record, and died "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

Judge Henry P. Hedges told me in after years, in commenting on this case, that "he thought at the time, the man he defended was right, and that Hedges was simply a poor judge of a horse, but he learned afterward that this man lied 'notoriously'."

I write this not to slander or blaspheme the name or memory of this man, but rather, to exonerate, uphold and defend the good character of Hedges, who was "every inch a man."

MECOX BAY OYSTER CASE

The fact that oysters abounded in Mecox Bay at a very early date is undisputed, in fact, I think they were found there in abundance at the time of the first settlement. As early as the year 1801 the records show that the Town Trustees rented land under water in this bay for planting oysters, but at this very time the privilege of taking these shellfish from any portion of this bay was believed and held to be the right of any citizen of this township. Daniel Hildreth, in his diary writes of taking 40 bushels of oysters in one day, and selling them for 25 cents per bushel.

Right here was the beginning of trouble between those who rented land under water and planted oysters and those who claimed the bay to be free for all citizens. The renters, however, soon gave in, and for many years the bay was considered free fishing ground.

About the year 1882 "The Mecox Bay Oyster Company, Limited" was organized and incorporated

under the Laws of the State of New York, with a capital of \$500,000 divided into 10,000 shares of \$50 each.

It was thought that about three fourths of the bay bottom was suitable for the planting of oysters. There are almost 1,200 acres covered by the bay, and the company thought that after the first year they could pay 7% dividends on the capital stock. This sounded very good, but the public soon realized that unless they took some action in this matter they might lose the rights they had heretofore held and enjoyed.

In 1882 at a sale of undivided lands advertised by the Trustees of the Proprietors, Mecox Bay was sold to R. Esterbrook, Jr., W. H. H. Rogers and Theron O. Worth for \$2,000 and it comprised all land under water of Mecox Bay and of the creeks of said bay as the same are covered at ordinary low water.

The Directors of the Oyster Co. when incorporated were as follows: Stephen B. French, Pres.; James Matthews, Vice Pres.; Frank T. Robinson, Chandas Fulton, Richard Esterbrook, Jr., Treasurer; Frank Allin, Everett A. Carpenter, Sec. & Attor.

At a Town Meeting held in 1883, the Trustees were authorized to employ counsel to obtain an opinion in this matter, and the men so employed were Judge Carter, President of the New York City Bar Association, and Judge Young, County Judge of Suffolk County. The next year or in 1884, at a Town Meeting Five Thousand dollars was appropriated to litigate the right of the Town to the bay bottoms.

This case was tried in the Supreme Court at Riverhead before Judge Edgar M. Cullen, Oct. 26th, 1885, who decided in favor of the Town. It was then appealed and tried before the Court of Appeals Oct. 18th, 1889, which court affirmed the former decision, the defendants having to pay the costs which amounted to \$719.64. This settled the right for all time of the residents and citizens of Southampton Town to fish in these waters.



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SCHEDULE OF VOTES IN SUFFOLK COUNTY

Number of Votes for Governor, Lieutenant Governor and Senators canvassed at the Secretary's Office May 29th, 1792.

COUNTY OF SUFFOLK

	George Clinton, Govn.	John Jay, Govn.	T. V. Cortlandt, L. Govn.	L. V. Renslaer, L. Govn.	E. Lhommedieu, Senator	S. Strong, Senator	John Schenk	Richard Varrick	Francis Lewis	Francis Lewis, Govn.	Henry Crugar	John Broom	Saul Michau	Robert Townsend	Total Number	Number Rejected
East Hampton	67	1	67		66		67	67							69	1
Shelter Island	8	2	7		10		5	8							10	
Southampton	146	8	144	8	141	13	84	116	1						155	1
Southold	116	5	107		118	1	5	4							123	
Riverhead	21	16	20	13	9	28	2		2						38	1
Brookhaven	50	93	47	91	38	145	71		25	30	13		13	1	147	
Smithtown	16	25	30	11	9	29	25		9		10		1		42	
Islip	10	14	8	12	4	23					14		12		24	
Huntington	47	64	84	13	3	77	23		4		2	45	1		112	
	481	228	514	148	398	316	202	195	31	30	39	45	27	1	720	3

SCATTERING VOTES

Shelter Island—John Jay 2 votes for L. Govn.
 Southampton—Matthew Clarkson 1 for Senator.
 Southold—John Jay 5 for L. Govn.
 Riverhead—Matthew Clarkson 2 for Senator, I.
 N. Havens 1 for Senator.

Brookhaven—Matthew Clarkson 77 for Senator.
 Smithtown—Clarkson 10 for Senator, Tredwell
 1 for Govn.
 Islip—Roosevelt 1 for Senator.
 Huntington—Roosevelt 29.

ITEMS OF LOCAL HISTORICAL INTEREST

In this chapter I propose to name or mention a few items that may not be of any real value, but may to a certain extent be of interest sufficient to put on record.

The Seapoose or outlet of Mecox Bay was formerly at "Old Route", nearly, but not quite opposite the southerly end of Sam's Creek. It was near enough, for seas coming in at high tide would flow up this creek. The John Osborne farm on Parsonage Lane was formerly church, or parsonage property. Hence the name "Parsonage Lane".

Capt. Ezekiel Curry built the house on Butter Lane, later owned by Capt. Samuel Pierson, and still later by his brother, Charles A. Pierson. Capt. Curry was a sea captain and followed the whaling industry at first, but later was engaged in the merchant service, and sailed ships in the foreign trade. He married Elvira, sister of Daniel and Herman Woodruff.

The John Leek farm on Snake Hollow Road (1850) was later owned by Albert Halsey, now by the McNamara family.

Solomon Gray followed David Topping as keeper of the Bull's Head Tavern. Gray died quite young, then Richard Gelston married his widow and became the next landlord of the Tavern. (1850 map). William Fordham, blacksmith, on this same map, was brother of Andrew, school teacher, and son of John Fordham, blacksmith of Hay Ground, (1800 map). The Nat. Topping house in Poxabogue (1850) was formerly owned by John N. Hedges, who inherited it from his uncle, John Norris. Hedges afterward bought the Howell property on Ocean Road, now known as the Beach House.

The cattle pound on 1850 map, was located there for many years, and then moved to the north-east corner of Jetur Bishop's farm, on Butter Lane.

Sylvanus Ludlow bought his place of his brother Jeremiah, who later located on Ocean Road.

The Jesse Woodruff farm on Mitchel's Lane (1850) was later owned by Capt. Edward Halsey, and still later by George H. Miller.

The Sheep Pen at Kellis Pond was where the sheep were driven to wash before shearing, as was the custom at that time (1850 map).

Daniel Halsey on Butter Lane (1800) was the

father of Gabriel, and son of Nathaniel, and grandson of Nathan.

David Sayre of the 1800 map, on Butter Lane married a Gelston, had son Stephen of Mitchel's Lane, and grandson David of Butter Lane, and was the great-grandfather of the Stephen on the 1850 map. Jehu's Pond in Scuttle Hole was named from an Indian of that name who had a boy child drowned there.

With the railroad came another and much greater market for potatoes, until this crop became the most important one grown in this section. Menhaden fisheries, which were the mainstay for farmers as far as fertilizers were concerned, and carried on in both ocean and bays, by means of shore seines, gradually became unprofitable because the purse seines never allowed the fish to get very near the shore.

The great herds of cattle and sheep that formerly were driven to Montauk for summer pasturage, became a thing of the past, and the farms became market gardens, where they were in earlier days cattle and sheep ranches.

With the passing of these herds, fences became a useless asset to the farm. These and the ditches began to disappear not only along the highways, but the line fences between farms were removed, and used for the most part for fire-wood.

People in general became careless and indifferent in the care and protection of the forests against the ravages of forest fires, and flattered themselves with the idea that coal would always be cheap.

The Bridgehampton Creamery started business under quite favorable circumstances, but potatoes appeared more profitable, so the creamery went out of business.

During the entire history, and as late as 1875, oxen were in general use on the farms, that is, with but few exceptions, every farmer had one or more yokes of oxen. These for the most part did the heavy draft work. A few horses were always kept for lighter farm work and for use on the road.

Colts were raised on the farms in sufficient numbers to supply the local demand. The finest dairy cows in the land were to be found in this section, and great numbers were sold to the dairymen on the western part of this Island.

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Beef, pork, mutton and wheat were shipped to New London and New York by boat from Sag Harbor, while butter and eggs were exchanged or bartered for groceries and dry goods with the local merchants.

One noted change was the abandonment of the annual Town Meeting, where all matters relating to the Town's interest could be and were discussed freely by all, and then voted on. I very much doubt as to whether this was really an improvement. But I have an idea it would be at this time too unwieldy to work with satisfaction.

On the map for 1700, Nathan Fordham sold his farm in Mecox, and bought land on the west side of what was later the Sag Harbor Turnpike, the present site of the Brick Yard, and also considerable property in Sag Harbor.



DEACON JOHN COOK
1722-1804

Ellis Cook located in Mecox in 1668 and had two sons, Ellis and John. Ellis 2nd located on what was later the Cook homestead on Bay Lane. John located on the south side of Kellis Pond, near the west end of what was later Paul's Lane. Ellis died young, and later John left his home and went to live on the Ellis Cook place, and made it

his permanent home, and this remained in the Cook family until recently.

David Corwithe of Mecox lived there about 1700, on what was called at a later date Rufus Rose's Lane, he had a farm and kept a store, he was the ancestor of the family of that name in this community; his old ledger is in existence still, rum appears to be the commodity dealt in more than any other article. It is not known just where Benoni Newton lived, but he did own the land where his name is written on the map for 1700, and it is very probable that his home was there.

Where Elias Cook is located on what is now Ocean Road, was the homestead of the ancestors of Baldwin Cook.

It will be noted that there is a pond in Scuttle Hole that only shows on the 1700 map; it is to the north of Jehu's Pond. My authority for this is that

Mrs. Abigail Squires, who was Miss Abigail Brown, and lived where Mr. Samuel Strong does at this time, told me that her mother said, that when a girl, there was a pond in this valley, similar to the others near by.

Little Sagg Swamp (1700 map) was quite a large marsh, but this has gradually filled up and grows smaller until at the present time it is but a small patch of rushes, located to the east of the home of Alfred R. Topping.

Lot No. 14 of the 40 acre Division (1679) was drawn by a Mr. Fordham, and was afterward owned by Isaac Loper, then by his descendants. Jason Loper left it to his three daughters, Nancy who married J. L. Overton and had the homestead, Maria who married John Stuart and had the lot where the school house (Dis. No. 18) formerly stood, adjoining the E. E. Foster farm; and Susan who married Capt. John Budd and had the lot lying west of the Stuart lot, now owned by the heirs of Samuel E. Edwards. The site of the house of Jacob Wood on the south side of Paul's Lane (1700) was determined by an old well that was there until recently, when it was filled in by men now living. This Jacob Wood house stood some distance west of the present Harry King House on the south side of Paul's Lane. But near the west of the Colonel Levi Howell property (later Nathan Post) there was another house, that was the homestead of Thomas Sandford. This site is quite plainly marked even to this day.

Capt. Josiah Topping (1700 map) whose home is located in Hay Ground, was the man who established this homestead and was the father of Deacon Josiah and John. I think he owned all of the land west of Hay Ground Road from the farm of the late Herman R. Halsey extending almost to what was later Baker's Lane. John Topping, Capt. Josiah's son, had three daughters, Hannah, Phebe and Mary; Hannah married David Cook (blacksmith) and they had the northerly portion of the old homestead (in 1850 owned by Edwin M. Rogers) they had sons Nathan Topping Cook, father of Alanson, and Samuel, father of Albert and Sullivan, and others, but I only mention these. Phebe married Timothy Halsey, and lived in Bridgehampton; they had sons Sylvanus, William, Timothy, (Master Tim) Elisha and others. Phebe inherited that portion of her father's estate owned in 1850 by Orlando Rogers. This property went to her son Sylvanus, who prob-

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

ably built the house, and Sylvanus left this place to his grandson Richard Rogers, father of Orlando. This Sylvanus was the Revolutionary soldier. William stayed on the Bridgehampton homestead and was father of Oliver Halsey. Mary married John Rogers, and had that portion of the estate now the farm of James H. Rogers. They probably built a house that stood near the site of the present dwelling. They had a son, John Topping Rogers, who lived there in 1800. He married Sarah, daughter of the Rev. James Brown, and had son Nathan Rogers, the artist, who also built the Hampton House. There was another son, Josiah, (1800 map) who was the father of Euclid, of Sag Harbor, and Charles who stayed on his father's farm in Hay Ground (see 1800 map). David Cook and Hannah later sold their farm to their nephew, Elisha Halsey, brother of Sylvanus, and grandfather of Addison M. Cook. This Elisha was the soldier of 1812. David Cook then bought the farm on the Snake Hollow Road (see 1800 map) later owned by John Leek, now McNamara (1850 map).

Timothy Halsey (Master Tim) owned the place in Scuttle Hole marked to him in 1800, and to Jeremiah Haines in 1850.

The silversmith shop on Sagg Street (1750 map) was owned by a man named Sayre; I think it was either Job or James, the silver-ware is marked "J. Sayre."

The sheep fold in Hay Ground was a large pen in which the general flock was yarded at the time when the roads and highways were pastured; this general flock was made up of the many individual flocks owned about the town and attended by a hired shepherd, who watched and cared for the flock for six days in the week, during the pasture season. This flock was farmed or hired out to the highest bidder over Sunday. Each owner had their individual ear marks for identification, these marks were all recorded in the Town Clerk's Office.

Zachariah Sandford I think built his house on the Brick Kiln Road; this, and the Lewis Sandford house were built and placed where they were instead of on Huntington Path, from the fact that water could be found at a depth of 20 feet, whereas on the road mentioned they would have to have gone down 120 feet.

Baxter's Water, on the westerly side of the Mill Pond at Water Mill, probably took its name from

Thomas Baxter, whom I think lived in a house near this place.

Abraham Baker was the man from whom Baker's Lane took its name and also Baker's orchard.

Daniel Woodruff on Mitchel's Lane was a store keeper as well as a drover, or dealer in live stock. His place was the first stop made by the New York stage coach, in Bridgehampton, on its trip east. On this place was a tall flag staff from the top of which a flag or waft was displayed, upon the arrival of the stage coach, and also to notify his customers that they could call for their money, as he had returned from a trading trip, and was ready to make settlement.

Lot Called Potash

What was formerly a swamp, and at this time a marsh where the water stands at almost every season of the year, on the southeast corner of Sagaponack Road and Ocean Road in Bridgehampton, has always been known and called "Potash." I find there are many residents who do not know the reason for this name, though it really seems as if they ought. This land is at this time the Bridgehampton Golf Grounds.

At a meeting of the Southampton Town Trustees held October 8th, 1771, "it was voted that Abraham Rose, John Halbart (Hulburt), and David Gilston (Gelston) may and shall have liberty to set up a house at or near the northwest corner of James Hildreth hom (home) lot of land to make pot ash in to be to them so long as they shall carry on that business." See map of Bridgehampton for the year 1700.

Picking Bayberries

In the early days of this Township, everything that could be utilized and so help to meet the needs of the family was saved and used. Then as now, bayberries grew wild everywhere but especially on the common land, and people gathered these for the wax or tallow from which they made a very fine grade of candles, which were kept for use when company came and they wanted something extra nice. For common use they used candles made from beef tallow.

The demand for bayberries at this time must have been very great, for at a meeting of the Town Trustees held August 11th, 1772, it was voted and ordered that "Whereas the gathering of bayberries before they come to maturity is thought to be a hurt

and damage to this community to prevent the which for the future it is enacted by said Trustees that there shall not be any Bayberries gathered by any person whatsoever before and until the Twentieth day of September on penalty of eight shillings for every person that is found gathering said bayberries on any part of the common land."

Stocks Built in Bridgehampton

I suppose even at that time there had to some way to punish violators of the law. At a meeting of the Town Trustees held December 14th. 1784, it was "Voted that there shall be a pare (pair) of Stocks provided at Bridgehampton at the Towns Cost by Colo. Hobart." I am very confident that this name should be Colonel Hulburt.

These stocks were built by Jeremiah Parker, and the bill allowed him for doing this work was £2:4s:0d.

I have never been able to find out just where these stocks were placed, but I imagine quite near the center or Triangular Commons.

Addison M. Cook of Hay Ground, had two ancestors on his mother's side who bore the same name, "Lemuel Pierson" and they both resided in Sagaponack. The elder of these men lived where Alfred P. Rogers does at the present time, or the place marked to Capt. William Pierson (son of Lemuel) on 1800 map. The other Lemuel lived on the place marked to him on the 1800 map, or to Richard Lester on the 1850 map. To distinguish these two men, the one from the other, the last named was locally known as "Lemmie on the Hill." His first wife was Sarah Hedges, and lived but a short time, leaving no children; his second wife was Elizabeth Pierson, daughter of the first named Lemuel, and they had two daughters, Sarah and Hannah, Sarah married a Mr. Howell, and had one son, William. Hannah married Elisha Halsey of Hay Ground (see 1800 map) and had three daughters, Caroline, Betsey and Frances. Caroline married Alanson Cook, and was the mother of Addison M. Cook, and grandmother of Caroline Cook Stoots. Both descendants of both Lemuels. Lemuel on the Hill had a third wife, Mary Rose Clay, of Connecticut, and they had four children. First, Maria, who married John Gelston, and after his death married Stephen Rose. Second, Mary Clay, who never married; it was from her that Richard Lester bought his

farm. Harriet, who never married, and Charlotte, who married Daniel Burr of Connecticut. The elder Lemuel Pierson married Elizabeth Pierson, the daughter of Abraham and Elizabeth Pierson. They had another daughter who married William Halsey (smoking Bill) father of Oliver Halsey. Still another daughter who married Jesse Halsey of Sag Harbor. Tradition states that to each of these daughters, he gave as a wedding present, a grandfather's clock, and a silver cup or mug. One of these clocks and mugs is now in the possession of Mrs. Caroline Cook Stoots.

Peter's Pond in Sagg was named either from Peter Hildreth, who owned land near it, or else from Peter Norris, who lived on the west side of Sagg Street in 1700, on the same place on which Peter Hildreth lived in 1750.

Scuttle Hole is that section of land lying between Mitchel's Lane and Wooley's Lane, this section included the farm and old home of Chancellor Nathan Sandford, the most noted man this Town ever produced.

It was told by an old resident that it received its name from a peddler, who in telling of a mishap that befell him while on his way to the old Rogers home in the valley, near the pond, when he either broke down or upset his cart by getting into a slough or hole, on being asked how he got out, replied, 'Oh, I had to scuttle to do it'. Hence the name, 'Scuttle Hole'.

Mr. J. T. Adams has quoted this account as I gave it to him, and is correct, but the origin of the poem was from another source than the peddler referred to above, and its author has never before been made known, and as I believe is only known to a very few people at this time. I had it directly from a near relative many years ago, who knew all parties concerned, being contemporary with and personally acquainted with the woman who was the real author of the poem I herewith give, but first I wish to give a short explanation as to the cause of its having been written, and also some facts of the family history of Miss Caroline Rogers, the woman who wrote it. David Rogers, the grandfather of Caroline, built the house in the hollow, on the northwest side of Scuttle Hole Pond, in the year 1786. He had a large family, among whom was a son, E. Hedges Rogers, who inherited the old homestead; he followed in the footsteps of his father and also had a large fam-

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ily. There was a marked characteristic in this family, each one looking out for their own individual interests, and this was carried to such an extent that one of the sisters seemed to get in every case a deal that she considered grossly unfair, and I think that this was really true. She was made the 'scape goat' for the whole family, and while mentally superior to all of her brothers and sisters, yet everything of an unpleasant nature in every day life was laid to her, so that instead of having to stand for her share only, she had to take it all. It appeared as if there was a conspiracy on their part to make her life miserable. It may have been jealousy or envy on their part, for we do read that:

"Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach."

This made her young life very unhappy, and this treatment from those she knew to be inferior to her in mental ability, caused her to lose that spirit of love and affection that should prevail in family life. My informer told me; "She was the best of the whole family," yet her name I have never heard mentioned by other members of that family, and for that reason, if no other, I feel it would be unjust for me at this time not to defend the character of this woman, who, so far as I know, never had a mortal to take her part, and to vindicate her character before a cruel and criticizing world. She may have been high tempered, and no doubt not altogether blameless in her life, but on the other hand, who is perfect? She had so much to make her life bitter, that at last she rebelled and left home, and as far as I can ascertain, never returned, nor do I believe she ever had a desire to. Her hatred, not to her relatives alone, but to the very place and locality of her childhood home as well, was so bitter and deep seated, that after leaving the place that should have been "The dearest spot on earth" to her, she wrote the following verses, which she called;

"The Curse of Scuttle Hole"

"Beware all strangers where you roam,
Or leave the tranquil bliss of home;
Ne'er at the peril of your soul,
Plant foot in cursed Scuttle Hole.

May Scuttle Hole not a blessing know;
While water runs or grass shall grow;
But evils fall fast as they can,
On land accursed by God and man.

The Judgment Day is rolling round,
And Scuttle Hole shall hear the sound
Of demons, who shall ring the knell,
And Scuttle Hole go down to H—1."

Caroline Rogers was the real author of this poem.

Captain Edward Topping, whose house was located on the north side of Bridgehampton Main Street (see 1750 map) was the man who bid "a penny more" when riding past the auction block at the sale of the John Wick's property. This property included all of the land from and including the Tavern on the corner, to and including what was later the Corwith homestead. He put his son Abraham in the Tavern, and he sold his Sagg farm, after which he made his home on what was later the Corwith homestead. It was on this place that he shot the British soldier, as related in local history.

Mr. James Truslow Adams states that this same story was told him in relation to a farm in Sagg. This came from a party whose knowledge of local history was not of a high order. I do believe, however, that this story as given in this article is the correct version, for it came from an old man who heard it from his ancestors and was very correct in his statements.

An Old Assessment Roll for the Year 1805

The following Assessment Roll was handed down from Captain Caleb Howell, of Bridgehampton, whose place of residence may be seen on the Map for the year 1800. I have copied those names with the amount of their Real and Personal assessment as of the year 1805, that appear on the Map for 1800. I am persuaded that this is not a complete list of the taxpayers, but it is sufficient to give us a correct idea as to the valuation placed on both the Real as well as the Personal property of the leading men in this locality at that date.

<i>Names of Owner</i>	<i>Real</i>	<i>Personal</i>
Samuel Brown	\$20.00	
Abraham Baker	1,550.00	\$150.00
John Cooper	2,220.00	950.00
John Cook & Mother	4,000.00	1,300.00

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

<i>Names of Owner</i>	<i>Real</i>	<i>Personal</i>	<i>Names of Owner</i>	<i>Real</i>	<i>Personal</i>
Stephen Cook	2,000.00		Price Howell	150.00	30.00
David Cook & son Samuel.....	2,400.00		Caleb Howell	2,000.00	300.00
Theophilus Cook	3,000.00	950.00	Elisha Halsey	200.00	
Nathan Topping Cook	1,000.00	100.00	Isaac Hildreth	1,340.00	100.00
Obadiah Cook	280.00	100.00	Daniel Howell & Son	1,030.00	200.00
Caleb Corwithe	2,370.00	250.00	David Lupton	1,500.00	180.00
Caleb Corwithe, Jr.	2,950.00	1,100.00	Anthony Ludlam	3,600.00	
Henry Corwithe	3,000.00	1,100.00	Isaac Loper & Sons	2,360.00	250.00
Matthew Cooper	2,500.00	150.00	Jason Loper		150.00
John Dayton	600.00		James Mitchell	2,000.00	100.00
John Edwards & Son	1,250.00	50.00	Abraham Mott	300.00	100.00
Frederick Edwards	120.00		John Norris	500.00	
Miller Edwards	200.00		John Osborn	4,000.00	200.00
Nathan Fordham & Son	2,700.00	700.00	Lemuel Pierson, Jr.	2,000.00	
John Fordham	350.00		David Pierson	2,100.00	340.00
Thomas Gelston	1,150.00		Lemuel Pierson & Son Wil-		
Stephen Hedges	900.00		liam	3,000.00	
Joshua Howell	100.00		Abraham Pierson	2,200.00	
Stephen Howell & Son	2,500.00	2,900.00	Job Pierson	350.00	
Elihu Howell	840.00	40.00	Theophilus Pierson	1,900.00	
Moses Howell	2,280.00	600.00	Matthew Pierson	300.00	
Lemuel Haines	350.00		Nathan Pierson	1,500.00	2,000.00
Timothy Halsey & Son Wm.	2,100.00	200.00	John Pierson	2,000.00	100.00
Timothy Halsey, Jr.	1,100.00	150.00	Lodowick Post	1,900.00	
Ethan Halsey	650.00		Elnathan Payne	450.00	
Paul Halsey, Jr.	1,230.00	250.00	Lemuel Payne		450.00
Israel Halsey	600.00		Jeremiah Parker	500.00	
Samuel Halsey	1,140.00	60.00	John Pierson, Jr.	120.00	30.00
Simeon Halsey	2,900.00	360.00	Jesse Pierson		100.00
Job Haines	900.00	40.00	Abraham Rose	2,500.00	100.00
David Haines	1,000.00		John Topping Rogers	1,000.00	100.00
Jacob Halsey	970.00	100.00	Josiah Rogers	900.00	
Jonathan Halsey	1,200.00	50.00	William Rogers	3,600.00	300.00
Stephen Halsey	1,400.00		Jonathan Rogers	3,600.00	250.00
Gideon Halsey	2,350.00		David Rogers	1,600.00	350.00
Gideon Hand	1,000.00	250.00	Benjamin Rogers		100.00
Daniel Halsey	1,400.00		Stephen Ross	1,900.00	
Jason Halsey, brother of			Moses Rose	250.00	
Daniel		150.00	Samuel H. Rose	1,680.00	
David Halsey	1,100.00		Rufus Rose	300.00	2,300.00
Barzillai Halsey	1,630.00	250.00	Talmadge Strong	500.00	
Elias Halsey	2,430.00		John Strong	500.00	
Jesse Halsey, (Justice)	1,000.00		Elias Sandford, Jr.	750.00	
Charles White Halsey	350.00		James Sayre	1,050.00	150.00
Abigail Halsey & son Jesse	1,100.00		Stephen Sayre	1,800.00	100.00
David Hedges	4,100.00	400.00	Benjamin Sayre	320.00	
David Hedges, Jr.	2,300.00	100.00	Lewis Sandford	800.00	
Wilkes Hedges	2,200.00	350.00	Elias Sandford	1,640.00	180.00

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<i>Names of Owner</i>	<i>Real</i>	<i>Personal</i>
Jason Sandford	300.00	
Ezekiel Sandford, farm, Sylvanus on 1800 Map	2,400.00	
Esther Wid. James Sandford	400.00	
Hezekiah Sandford	1,540.00	
Nathan Sandford	2,800.00	
Stephen Stanborough	750.00	100.00
John Squires	200.00	
Ellis Squires	600.00	
Jonathan Squires	400.00	
Sylvanus Squires	150.00	200.00
David Topping	1,700.00	
Matthew Topping	2,500.00	
Stephen Topping, Jr.	500.00	
Stephen Topping, Sr.	650.00	
Stephen Topping	650.00	
Sylvanus Topping	600.00	
Ethan Topping & Son	530.00	
Seth Topping	260.00	
Jonah Tarbell	1,300.00	
Stephen Talmadge	280.00	
John White, Jr.	3,600.00	
Jesse Woodruff	500.00	200.00
Silas Woodruff	2,150.00	200.00
Daniel Woodruff	1,200.00	800.00
James White & Sons	3,700.00	
Silas White	2,500.00	
Water Mill (Hedges & White)	500.00	
Peter Hildreth & Son	380.00	40.00
Jonathan Hildreth	40.00	30.00

The names that do not appear on this map for 1800 I have not copied. The largest assessment is that of Stephen Howell & Son, which is \$5,400. The next amount is that of John Cook & Mother \$5,300. Then David Hedges \$4,500. James White & Sons \$4,500. Then John Osborn \$4,200. Largest on Real Estate was David Hedges \$4,100, next John Osborn \$4,000. Largest on Personal was Stephen Howell & Mother \$2,900, next Rufus Rose \$2,300.

SKETCHES FROM NOYACK HISTORY

Noyack is a small hamlet about four miles west from Sag Harbor on the south shore of the bay of the same name. The word is of Indian origin, and signifies; "A point or corner of land," no doubt

from that long neck or point of land called in the earlier records "Farrington's Point" and later "Jes-sup's Neck."

(See Map of North Side Division).

There was doubtless a reason for it being called "Farrington's Point" but like many other facts in local history, those that knew are gone, and the facts were not passed on to later generations, and so have gone in oblivion. I advance the idea that it may have been named from that Farrington who was one of the original undertakers or founders of the Southampton Colony, his name being Edmund, or it may have been from John Farrington who joined the Colony later.

In 1668 (S. H. R. Vol. II. p. 241) "John Jennings was given liberty to fence in a piece of the North Side of Noyack River." And in 1686 "Obadiah Rogers was granted the stream at Noyack to set a fulling mill upon." He gave it up and it was granted in 1690 to John Parker.

Note: (In T. R. Vol. II, p. 328: John Parker sells to Theophilus Willman, sarge weaver, a stream of water and 6 acres at Noyack with housing and mill, price 70 Pounds. May 5th, 1696.)

Then in 1718 it was again granted to Jonah Rogers. In 1738 it was owned by Charles Rugg, and as "Rugg's Mill". It then was owned for awhile by Wm. Albertson.

Still later it was owned by Gilbert Budd, and the creek opposite the mill was called Budd's Creek, and is still known by that name, and the landing on the bay to the north, from which cordwood was shipped in large quantities in those days, was called Budd's Landing. He must have owned quite an acreage in this section for the land west of this creek was and is known as "Budd's Lots."

According to the S. H. T. Records John Budd came here from Southold, and I think he owned the lots referred to above, and I also think he was the father of Gilbert Budd who afterward owned the mill. I will refer to his burial plot later.

When this grist mill was first built it was a small building; this must have stood for a good many years, and was finally replaced by a much larger building, in fact quite a pretentious structure. I think this was built by Denison Rogers and extended from near the dam out to the road to the north. It was driven by an Overshot water wheel. One of the sets of stones in this mill was made out of native

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

stone, and since my memory was used as a door stone or step at the last mill that stood on this site. I think the other set of stones was Buhr, probably imported.

The Mill house, as it was called, stood on the north side of the road, up the hill and west of the mill, where there is now a grove of ailanthus trees. There was another house built just west and quite near the Mill house. When this mill was being run, the owner built a windmill below the dam to pump the water, after being used, back over the dam into the pond to be used again. I forgot to mention that the house west of the Mill house spoken of above, was built and owned by Joseph Rogers, Jonah's son.

This particular mill and these two houses were all destroyed by fire, though not at the same time. The mill property then changed hands, and was bought by George E. Barker, who built the last mill. He brought the frame from Connecticut all cut and framed from chestnut lumber, and installed a turbine water wheel. After running this mill for a number of years, he either sold or leased it to Isaac Osborn, and he to Henry Smith, who was miller for some years, then it went back again to George Barker, its former owner, and at last it was bought by Thomas S. Eldredge.

Where the Mill pond is now located, was formerly, and until the dam was built, a valley through flowed the brook from the springs above, in the woods to the south, and this was called in the early records "Noyack River."

These springs were in later years cleaned out and artificial ponds constructed for trout breeding, and the grounds improved and laid out for a pleasure resort by Mr. George W. Thompson, who for many years conducted a successful business there. Then the larger pigeon ranch established by Mr. Mellinger was located just to the south of the Trout Ponds; but all these are now past history, as they related to Noyack.

It was on the west side of this brook, or Noyack River, as the old records call it, that the small tribe of Noyack Indians had their settlement, the relics and marks of which could have been seen until within a few years past, and for aught that I know, may be seen to-day.

There was another small tribe (the Weecatucks) located near the head of the creek, which is named from this Indian tribe, and on the west side of this

creek is a good spring of water, doubtless one reason for their locating there. This is the creek lying south of the "Foot of the Beach" and extending to the turn in the Noyack road by Silas Bennett's.

The location of this village is plainly visible at the present time, being marked by extensive shell beds and mounds, I am of the opinion that both of these tribes were tributary to the Shinnecocks, and used these camps for summer, and moved back to Shinnecock for the winter; one elderly man told me years ago that he had traced the Indian trail across the woods where these tribes had beaten the road for many years, and he was firmly convinced that this was the case.

I know that very many of the finest type of stone implements have been found in this locality. The late William Wallace Tooker found some of his finest specimens about here, and I have many in my own collection that were found here.

I wish to mention in particular a few of the families who were prominent in the early history of this little hamlet, lest the knowledge I now possess relative to them and the part they took in the development of this section, be lost and forgotten forever, as has been the case in so many instances, to our regret and sorrow. Let us take the Jessup family first.

In the S. H. T. Records Vol. II, page 289, we read that in 1679 "The point called Noyack was granted to John Jessup as his share of the Forty acre Division." This was given by him to his son, Isaac Jessup, who settled here as early as 1712, or the same date that the land lying directly north of the village of Bridgehampton was laid out and surveyed. When the controversy was going on in this Colony as to which government, the Dutch or the English, should be looked to for protection, the five eastern towns made ten demands of the Dutch, one of which was, the right to purchase whaling irons in the New England Colony, and John Jessup was the delegate from Southampton.

The old Jessup homestead was located where the Wiggins house stood later, the same being the Osborn homestead, for several generations, and a few years ago was moved some distance to the northwest and made over into a club house, and has since been destroyed by fire. I will refer later in this article to the Jessup family burial plot. This property remained in the Jessup family or name until

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

about the year 1800, when Silas Jessup sold it to Jeremiah Osborn.

It was about this time that Silas Jessup decided to sell his property at Noyack, and placed it on the market. Deacon David Hedges of Sagaponack had been considering the purchase of it, but I think had not let it be known, but on a certain day he made up his mind to go over to Noyack and buy it if he could make a satisfactory bargain. That morning he had probably gotten within a mile of the Jessup home, when he met Jeremiah Osborn of East Hampton returning from there on his way home. They stopped to talk, and in the course of the conversation mentioned the Jessup property. Hedges told Osborn that he was going over to buy it, when Osborn replied: "I have just bought it myself." Those that knew Hedges said; "That was one case where Hedges failed to have his own way, and the other man came out ahead."

The creek next west of Budd's creek, and north of the Pierson homestead, is known as Mill Creek, from the fact that here was located at an early date a fulling mill, operated by tide water.

At the northeasterly part of the large creek, the channel becomes very narrow between the main land and Clam Island, and then widens out into quite a large body of water.

In the narrowest part of this channel or strait was built this mill. The channel was probably bulk-headed to make the water-way very narrow and thereby give a strong current to propel the water wheel. Timbers were bedded solidly in the earth beneath to carry the frame for the water wheel and to hold the smooth floor of the flume.

The tide water confined in its flow in this narrow flume, operated an under-shot water wheel at both in-coming and out-going tides. I am told that these foundation timbers are still there and apparently sound.

We will now take up the history of the Osborn family in Noyack. Jeremiah Osborn left this property to his son, John P. Osborn, who in turn left it to his son, Isaac W. Osborn.

No one judging from the present condition of this property can form an adequate conception or correct idea of what it was in the days of Isaac W. Osborn. In the first place, fish were abundant in the adjoining waters, and could be had in any quantity for the catching. These applied to the

land in unlimited quantities, supplemented with wood ashes, made a complete fertilizer, and the crops grown under those conditions were simply immense.

These crops were for the most part, hay, corn, and the other grain crops indigenous to this locality. Potatoes were raised in only limited quantities, there being no general market for them.

These abundant crops fed and fattened large numbers of cattle, sheep and hogs. Horses were also bred in sufficient numbers to supply the home demand. I have heard my Father say that in walking across those fields after harvest, the after-growth was so rank that it was like walking on a mat or cushion, and the stock, though in large numbers, were unable to keep the grass eaten down.

Then again, this man was progressive in many ways, in fact, it appears now as if he had unusual visions of the future, and really lived a full generation ahead of his day.

It was he that first introduced thoroughbred live stock into these parts, such as Durham and Short-horn cattle for beef. He also was the first man to import Merino sheep into this Township to cross on the native stock to improve the quality of the wool. His importations also included those other breeds of cattle adapted for much needed dairy purposes. The result of his efforts along these lines was manifest on eastern Long Island for a good many generations.

The beef cattle that made the Hamptons famous years ago when Montauk was the summer pasture, and heavy, prime beef was shipped to New London and elsewhere, was the direct result of imported thoroughbred blood crossed on the native stock. The older men of to-day may remember the fine cattle on the farms in Sagaponack and Hedges Lane in those days. It was largely owing to the progressive ideas of Isaac W. Osborn. And he carried out the same idea in regard to other stock such as sheep and hogs. He bought the very best blood to be had, and the farmers in general got a goodly share of the benefit.

Then he established a nursery for fruit trees, and had the first improved fruit in this section, such as Bartlett pears, and apples of the very best varieties. The first improved strawberries were brought here by this man, and his neighbors and friends reaped the benefit, and he was willing that they should.

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This man also went to a certain extent into experimental work. This particular case may appear to us of this day foolish and a display of poor judgment, but who can judge of what might have been a success one hundred years ago until it was tried out.

He conceived the idea that while mulberry trees could be grown successfully in this locality, why could not silk worms be kept and fed on the leaves of these trees, and so start a new industry.

With this idea in view he set out long rows of mulberry trees on his farm, and I should judge most of them are living at this time. I think, however, the climate was too severe for the life and welfare of these little spinners, but the trees are at least a monument to the effort.

In those days coal was almost unknown, and wood for fuel had a ready sale at paying prices. This farm could, without depleting the supply, stand the cutting of hundreds of cords each year, to say nothing of the Cedar, Locust and Chestnut used for fencing.

Isaac W. Osborn, to carry on all parts of farm work as well the cordwood business, had to employ a large number of men; among these was William Peters and a Mr. King, father of John L. King, who spent most of his life in Bridgehampton, and lived to a good old age. When John was a boy perhaps 10 years of age he went with Peters, who was carting cordwood to the shore with two yokes of oxen. The load consisted of six feet of green cordwood. John, who was riding on the load of wood, fell off and one wheel of this loaded wagon went over his body between his ribs and hips. They had to send to Bridgehampton for Dr. John L. Gardner, who attended him.

I ought not to forget to mention that this farm was fenced as perhaps no other farm in this township ever was, a fence that would turn all stock including sheep, and built of Chestnut rails, Cedar and Locust posts, and all kept in the best of order. The rendering of the surplus fish into oil was another industry that was a source of revenue on this farm.

Perhaps there was no beach on this part of our Island that afforded as fine duck shooting as Jessup's. I suppose this was owing to the fact, that it divided the two bays and the ducks in flying from one to the other passed over this beach. The fishing and boating in the adjoining waters cannot be sur-

passed. Oysters are in abundance as well as scallops, also hard and soft-shelled clams. Crabs abound in the creeks, and eels are to be had at all seasons. I am sure I ought to mention safe and delightful bathing. All of these privileges are part and parcel of the property that was the Jessup and Osborn Manor.

Then there was the Rogers family. I have mentioned Obadiah Rogers as having a grant to the Noyack stream in 1686. I do not positively know that he was the ancestor of Jonah, who figured so prominently in Noyack history later, but I think he was, for he had a son Jonah, and that name was kept in the family for a number of generations, in fact, my Grandmother was of one branch of that family. Many of the men of this family were seamen. Captain Jonah, who I think was the most prominent, was born in 1781, and lived just east of the Mill property, on the south side of the Main road. He was a ship owner and was interested largely in the West Indies trade. He had a number of sons, all of whom I think followed the sea. They were buried in a plot on their farm in Noyack, of which plot I will write later.

The last family of whom I will write in this article is that named Budd. From the S. H. T. Records it appears that the first man of that name in the Colony was John Budd, who came from Southold. He had a son Gilbert, who probably inherited property from his father. Gilbert had sons Oscar and John. Oscar was lost at sea, and John became a sea captain and lived in Sag Harbor. He became quite a prominent man in his day, owned a ship yard on North Haven, and was owner in and of several whale ships. After whaling failed, he sailed a ship in the merchant service for many years, mostly in the foreign trade.

He was managing owner or agent of the ship Manhattan that under the command of Capt. Mercator Cooper, was the first American ship to enter a port of Japan; after having rescued a number of Japanese sailors, sailed into the harbor of Yeddo. (See history). One fact in connection with his career I think should be mentioned, for I am sure it is not generally known. I question if there is a man living beside myself that knows of these facts:

On one of his voyages to Holland, the port was Rotterdam, he bought three young Holstein cattle, one bull and two heifers; they were all thorough-

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breeds of that breed. These he took aboard his ship for the voyage home. One heifer died on the voyage, but the others reached here in good condition. The offspring of these were all raised, and as they increased were sold to the farmers all about eastern Long Island, and this blood could be traced distinctly for more than half a century in the quality of the dairy cows in this section, and with such marked effect that when the drovers and milkmen from the western end of this Island sought the best milk cows for their stables, they all agreed that the Hamptons was where they found them. Richard Lester, John and Edward Dayton, the Posts from Westbury, were they living, could all testify to this fact.

He, like Isaac W. Osborn, little knew or realized what the result of their fore-thought and labor would amount to, both from a business and financial standpoint, to the farmers of this community, in improving their live stock, the effects of which were manifest for several generations.

Cemeteries in Noyack

It was the custom in olden times to bury the dead in a plot set apart somewhere on the home estate. This appears to have been the case in Noyack. I will describe a few of these plots, and name some of those buried there.

Isaac Jessup was living in Noyack in 1712. I have already given the location of the place that was the Manor House of the Jessup and Osborn families for many generations. Just north of the site of this house, perhaps 15 rods, is the old Jessup burial plot. There may be a number of graves there but only one is marked. It is a slate tombstone, with this inscription:

"Here lies the body of Abigail Jessup, Daughter of Isaac and Mrs. Sarah Jessup, who deceased in November 1724, aged 11 years."

Another burial plot is that of the Budd family, located in Budd Lots, about 15 rods north from the main road, perhaps one fourth of an acre in area. Here are a number of unmarked graves, and five with stone markers. One is that of the Reverend Nathan Dickinson. This is the longest mound that marks a grave that I ever saw, measuring between the head and foot stones 10 feet 5 inches; these stones are of white marble with this inscrip-

tion: "Reverend Nathan Dickinson, died March 29, 1826, age 56."

"Friends nor physician, could not save,
This mortal body from the grave;
And now the grave cant hold it long,
For Christ in judgment soon will come."

Nathan Dickerson I found out later was the ancestor of the present family of Dickersons on Shelter Island. I have this from one of his descendants now living (1923) on Shelter Island.

Then there are two graves marked with native stone slabs, with letters and dates cut with rude tools, yet quite legible. One is, J. B. 1790, this I am sure stands for the original John Budd. The other is probably L. B. 1788 and I think the wife of John. Two other graves are marked by rough stones. I regret that we do not know to whose memory they were erected. Several bodies have been moved in recent years to other cemeteries.

The Rogers burial plot is south of the Main road, at the edge of the woods, at the south end of the Rogers home lot. Some of the bodies have been moved, but there are at this time four graves marked with marble tombstones. The oldest, Capt. Jonah 1781—1846, Augustus, Joshua, and Sally. Capt. Jonah and these two sons died within one year. They were all sea-faring men.

In closing this article I wish to emphatically express myself in regard to a mania that appears to be infecting many of the new residents of this Island, who, for no logical reason as I can see, are seeking to change the names of the old hamlets. Names that have a real significance and were given because of some real and genuine fact in local history, that holds just as true today as when the land was first settled by white men, and some that antedate that period, as is the case with Noyack.

That name is clearly Indian, and means "A corner or point of land," which is still the most prominent feature of this locality and ever will be. So why change it?

In my opinion it is about time we awoke to the fact that we owe the Aborigines some honor, even more than they have ever received. They were the rightful owners. We the usurpers. This was their home by inheritance, ours by conquest. They called it Noyack for a reason. Let us retain the name for the same reason.

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It is about the only way we can honor the name of a noble race now gone forever. Let us hold sacred the Place-Names of these men, who did us no harm, lest a similar fate befall our descendants, and the homes and hamlets we cherish and love, are usurped and laid waste by a race as yet unknown to us.

SKETCHES OF "NORTH WEST" HISTORY

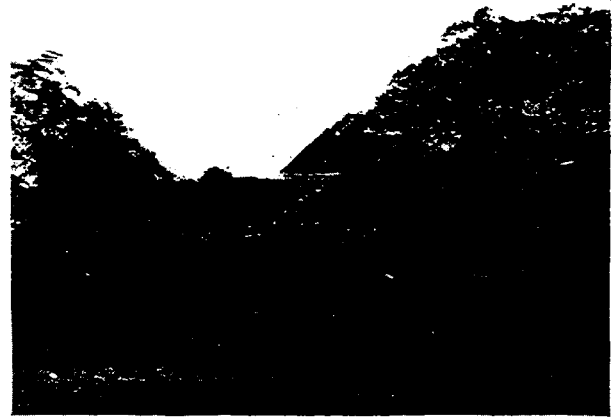
In the early settlement of almost every community, some sections will improve, prosper and advance in value and importance, and some others with apparently the same advantages, will improve and grow for a time, and then go back to almost primitive conditions, and it is often difficult to explain just why this is so, yet it is.

"North West" in East Hampton township is a marked illustration of the latter class or type of colonization referred to above. Years before Sag Harbor is mentioned in history, North West was the seaport for East Hampton, where all the merchandise for that colony was landed, and produce from that colony shipped. This would logically lead to its becoming the nucleus of a seaport town. Here a wharf was built at an early date, and the patriotic Samuel Mulford who established an enviable record for himself as well as for the town of which he was a member, here built and owned a warehouse about 1700. In Col. Docts. Vol. XIV, p. 566, we read: "In 1668 Thomas Chatfield was appointed Collector of Customs at the 'Towne or Port of East Hampton.'" This would be North West, and this is the date when the first Custom House was established in the Town of East Hampton.

Merchandise brought by water for Southampton was landed at North Sea, while that for Bridgehampton and Sagaponack was landed at North West. John Wick's tavern in Bridgehampton and Edward Howell's in Poxabogue were the only two houses in this locality north of East Hampton Path (now Montauk Highway) in the year 1700. The owners of these two taverns or ordinaries cleared and opened a road across the woods from Poxabogue to North West, that was known then and even to this day as "Merchant's Path," and most of the goods and merchandise was carted with oxen and ox carts. Right here is where an historical

sketch of North West ties in with the early history of Bridgehampton and Sagaponack. This is the reason I insert it here.

It was only natural that some leading business men would establish their homes near this embryo seaport. There appears to have been about eight men with their families settled here. Among the first was Isaac VanScoy, born April 1732, in February 1757 married Mary, daughter of David Edwards of East Hampton, soon after this he acquired about 300 acres of land, built a dwelling house, barn and other farm buildings, and here spent a busy life, he died in 1817. When his oldest child was born he set out in his dooryard an oak tree (yellow bark) which was 5 feet high at that time. At this time



Old Van Scoy House and Oak Tree at North West

(Oct. 1934) I have measured this tree and the following are the dimensions: Height 98 feet, circumference one foot from ground 17 feet, diameter 5 feet 5 inches, spread of branches 90 feet.

I think this is the largest oak tree on Long Island, and is in a reasonably healthy condition, it is so beautifully proportioned and symmetrical that no one would realize its immense size.

In March of 1792 the trustees of East Hampton Town ordered a school house built at North West. This was built very near the VanScoy homestead, and only a little way from the tree mentioned above.

The land adjoining the VanScoy property to the west was acquired by Jonathan B. Mulford, and was known as the Mulford Farm, and extended to the bay shore. This later became the Kirk Farm. The large quantities of seaweed which drifted ashore here led to a serious controversy and lawsuit between Mr. Kirk and the town of East Hampton,

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which resulted in the financial ruin of Mr. Kirk, and no benefit to the town. Southwest of the Mulford farm was the Arnold VanScoy property, later the Monks' farm. The Ebenezer Hedges property was to the north of the Mulford farm, and it was from this man that "Hedges Banks" took its name. Many of the outgoing whaleships anchored off here to wait for favorable winds. Another early settler was Miller Bennett, whose property was held in that family for many generations. The Ranger family were not East Hampton men, but came from Shelter Island, and were related to the Derings and Sylvesters, and later Hosfords, and all acquired farms at North West, but at a later date than the Mulford or VanScoy families. There was Sylvester, Alfred and Stephen Ranger.

As a boy I remember Stephen as he wore a high plug hat, driving two yokes of oxen carting wood to Sag Harbor. On one occasion Stephen Ranger went to Sag Harbor with a load of cordwood or farm produce drawn by one or more yokes of oxen. After having disposed of his load, started home. When well out of the village he spread a blanket and laid down on the bottom of the cart for a good nap, knowing the oxen would go straight home. A company of boys met the outfit and thought they would have some innocent fun, so unhooked the ox-chain from the cart, led the oxen into the woods a short way, and began pelting stones at the cart. Stephen soon awoke, gazed about and said "Who am I? and where am I? If I'm Stephen Ranger, I've lost a yoke of oxen, and if I'm not, I've found a cart." He used the longest and straightest ox goad I ever saw. I have seen Alfred with two yokes of cattle, at least two of which were milch cows, with a load of cordwood and when he got to Snookville (later Eastville) he would milk the cows and sell the milk. I do not remember Sylvester, but Stephen's son Alfred Dering became a noted expert in the training of oxen. The older men mentioned here lived to be very old and are all buried in the family plot at North West.

Cordwood was a leading article of commerce before the discovery of coal, and with livestock such as sheep, cattle and hogs, these farms were productive and were fenced for the most part with lopped trees which still mark the boundary lines. At this time, however, almost this entire territory has reverted back to its original condition, and

right here is a fine example of Nature's reforestation scheme, for if man will not grow crops on the land, Nature will.

In this section is the finest White Pine forest on Long Island and surpassed by few in this entire State.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIVES OF SOME OLD RESIDENTS

In writing these stories, I at first thought I would refrain from using the real names of parties concerned, lest some of their family or descendants might feel hurt to have the names of their ancestors exploited in what might be construed as ridicule; but when I gave it more careful thought I changed my mind, for had I done this, it would have rendered it simply fiction, and taken it out of the precincts of history, where it belongs. Yet I wish it distinctly understood, and I wish to emphasize this statement, that in relating these stories, if it were simply to amuse and hold these old people up to ridicule, I would burn this manuscript before any man had an opportunity to read it, for I honor and respect these men (with a few exceptions) too highly to be guilty of such an offense to their memory.

I trust that we of this generation may leave such a record that those coming after us may have as pleasant thoughts and kind remembrances of us as I have of these of whom I have written on these pages.

The house that has always been my home was built by my grandfather in the year 1840. Benjamin Glover was the builder, and John Thatford was his foreman and had charge of the work. It was built on



The Author's Home

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the site of the Zachariah Sandford house, which was probably built about 1700. This Sandford property was later bought by James Mitchel, who in turn sold it in the year 1818 to Daniel Halsey, my great-grandfather. Gabriel Halsey bought it from Daniel, and later left it to his son, Noah H. Halsey. Some of the timber was hewn from native trees, but more was bought from a cargo brought from Maine to Sag Harbor, all in the rough, and sold at \$8 per thousand feet. This included all sizes of lumber. Some plank were 2 inches thick, 30 inches wide, and clear stuff. All doors, sash, window frames and moldings were hand wrought. The brick used in construction were all made of native clay from this farm, molded by hand, and burned on this place. The original shingles are still on the uprights, and apparently have not begun to wear out at this time; these were matched and after having been nailed on, were each course planed before the next course was put on. There are boards used for shingle lath in the attic that are 18 and one 21 inches wide.

The Story of Silas Cook (Drum Major)

I wish to relate an incident in local history that I am certain is known to but few, and for that reason, if no other, should be put on record. This, to my mind is one of the most sad and pitiful experiences, and it befell one of Bridgehampton's early residents. In this community in the Colonial days, the men of suitable age, as I have already noted, were obliged to assemble at stated times, and this by law, for military drill. This man of whom I write officiated for years at these military drills, and at general trainings was a very important character.

His office was that of Drum Major, and the baton he used is in my possession. This officer's name was Major Silas Cook, not the Silas Cook, however, that was later one of the Long Island Refugees in Connecticut, for he died long before that date. He was probably the son of Obadiah and Sarah Cook, of Scuttle Hole, both of whom are buried in the Hay Ground Graveyard. He owned and lived on the farm in Scuttle Hole that was drawn at the original allotment, by Martha Cook, widow of Ellis Cook, the first, she having drawn it in the right of her husband. Later, he, Silas Cook, sold his farm to Simeon Halsey. The latter or his heirs sold it to Col. David Haynes, it then went to

the Hon. Stephen Haynes, one of the Board of Aldermen of the City of Brooklyn, who owned this farm in 1850 (see map). The old house probably stood about where the present house now stands, but I do not know by whom or when it was built; we do know, however, that it was standing in 1786, for when David Rogers built his house in the Hollow (see 1800 map) on the northwesterly side of the pond, he rented and lived in this old house, while his house was building, and his daughter, Azubah, who married Jesse Halsey, was born there May 3, 1786. This was before the discovery of vaccination for smallpox and this as well as cholera and dysentery often became a scourge in this community as well as in others. It may have been during one of these epidemics, that all of the children of Silas Cook, five in number, died. I am of the opinion that his wife did not die until a little later; but the children and wife all died within a period of three years, and were all buried in the old Scuttle Hole Graveyard.

After the death of his children he decided to sell his farm and home, which he did for the sum of three thousand dollars (\$3,000) a goodly sum for those days, and received payment in cash. This money he placed in a secret drawer in his desk. I imagine the sale of this property was generally known throughout the entire community. That night the house was entered, the desk broken open, and the money stolen. Mr. and Mrs. Cook awoke and saw the burglar escaping through the window. Mr. Cook was about to shoot at him, but was restrained by Mrs. Cook, for she said, "it would be dreadful to kill a man," so the burglar escaped with all the money. Then he had neither children, farm, nor money. Soon after this his wife died, and he was left alone and destitute. In deep grief and sorrow he considered what course to take, and finally disposed of his household goods, bid farewell to his old home and friends, and shipped for a voyage on a whaleship. He never returned, dying either at sea or at a foreign port. The theft remained a mystery, but strong suspicion rested upon one neighbor, who after this appeared to be in much better financial circumstances. The desk was sold to Gideon Halsey (see 1800 map), and at the settling of his estate was bought by Jesse Halsey (see same map); it then went to Lemuel or David Halsey, his sons, then to C. Everett Halsey, who has given it to his

daughter, Mrs. Lawrence C. Halsey, for her son, Everett, in whose possession it now is. The marks made by the bar or chisel, used in forcing open the desk, are plainly visible at the present time.

David P. Platt, An Old Time Peddler

This man was a native of Connecticut, and might have been called a real "Yankee Peddler." He had a good mind and memory, was always a great reader, had been a member of the Connecticut State Legislature, and was reliable and honest. He dealt in a higher grade of goods than most peddlers, for instance, solid silverware, solid gold watches, and goods of that order. He never hurried nor urged a customer to buy, but always was glad to simply show his goods, and while doing this was so entertaining and interesting in his conversation that his stay resolved itself into a visit; which would mean a good sale in most cases.

I often recall with what intense interest I have as a boy listened to the stories and anecdotes as told by this man. I will try to relate some of them as they come back to me from my boyhood days; many of them I presume I have forgotten. In those days the use of strong drink was not frowned upon as it is to-day, and was quite general.

In the old town of Naugatuck, Conn., there lived an Indian who frequented the village store, and the usual company of idle men had gathered and were expressing their wishes for their individual needs or desires, which were varied and distinct and in many cases unique.

The old Indian had remained silent through all of this, but had listened. At last the whole company turned to him and said: "If you could make three wishes and only three, and have them come true, what would you wish for? Now," said they, "be very careful and think well." After deep thought he replied:

"My first wish would be, that the hills back of Old Naugatuck were Mince Pies. My next is: That the Naugatuck River was rum. And my third and last wish is: That my neck was a mile long and that I could taste it all of the way down."

Mr. Platt was peddling in East Hampton at a time when the town was filled with city people, or summer boarders, and among them was a young man who had a very important and exalted opinion

of himself, and thought it would be sport for himself and associates to have a little innocent fun with the old peddler; so he approached him and said:

"I should say from appearances you have almost every thing in your outfit." "I have a variety," said Platt. "Is there anything you wish? I will gladly show you my goods." "Well," said the young man, (his friends and associates had gathered about to see and hear the fun) "have you any goose yokes?" (laughter).

"I am sorry to say I have not, but I will take your order."

The young man gave the order for a given number to be delivered, and Platt named the price and had him sign the order or contract. The young man passed it as a great joke; but Platt had the yokes made and delivered them, whereupon the young man laughed and tried to get out of it by saying it was only a joke. "Well," said Platt, "you gave the order, and I have filled it, and you will pay for them and pay now, or I will sue you and collect it." The joke was turned and the bill paid.

As a young man Doctor Dayton was somewhat of a sport and inclined perhaps to be a little gay. It so happened that he had been away from home when Mr. Platt had previously been in East Hampton on his peddling trips, (I think he was at school) and they had never met, though Mr. Platt was well acquainted with the young man's father.

Young Dayton came home for his summer vacation, and this day when Mr. Platt came he was stretched out on the lawn. His father called him and introduced him to Mr. Platt, who expressed his great pleasure, for he had long known his father, and asked him where he had been that he had not had the pleasure of meeting him before. "Oh," said young Dayton, "I have been out to grass." The answer did not please Platt, so he replied: "I am exceedingly glad to have the privilege of meeting you, for I never before have had the opportunity of meeting one with such an experience, and, in fact, have never read of but one such case, and this man because of his sin and disobedience was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dews of Heaven till his hairs were grown like eagle's feathers, and his nails like bird's claws. I trust you did not go out under similar circumstances." By this time the pride and haughtiness of the young man had disappeared.

Samuel Brown, of Butter Lane

This man lived on Butter Lane in Bridgehampton, a short distance south of the Gelston house. He was a loyal citizen and patriot. Joined the Continental army and served all through the seven years war of the Revolution, and became one of General Washington's body guards; he was noted for his bravery in battle and fearlessness when exposed to the dangers of warfare; it was said of him "he knew no fear." I think he wintered with the army at Valley Forge in 1777-1778 and was one of the brave company that crossed the Delaware through the ice that Christmas night of 1776 and captured the Hessians at Trenton. He also wintered with the army at Newburgh, New York, 1782-1783, when the army was disbanded.

In his everyday life he may have believed in the old adage: "The Lord helps those who help themselves," for he would make a practice of helping himself to anything he wished or thought he wanted or thought he needed, regardless of ownership.

One winter's night, very late in the evening, he left home for a stroll about the neighborhood; while he was away Mrs. Brown was taken ill and sent one of the children over to the Gelstons for help.

Mrs. Gelston went, and after doing all she could for the relief of the sick, and with the patient comfortably in bed, sat down before the fire on the hearth; this was before the days of stoves or lamps, and the only light in the room was from the smoldering embers in the open fireplace.

Late in the night the subject of this sketch returned home, and seeing by the dim light from the hearth, a woman sitting before the fire, thought of course it was his faithful helpmate patiently waiting his return, and saluted her as follows:

"Well wife, pork is mighty scarce in Bridgehampton, I have been in nine cellars to-night and I never found a pound until I got over here to neighbor Gelston's."

Stories of Ethan Halsey

Ethan Halsey lived in Hay Ground on the northern side of what is now Montauk Highway, and on the farm later owned by the late Capt. Andrew Jennings, but his house stood somewhat east of where the present house now stands. Two of his brothers, Abraham and Thomas, served through the War of the Revolution, and I own the musket that

one of these men carried through that war.

There came an extreme drought one summer, and the crops were suffering severely for want of rain. Some of the good men of this community agreed that it had gone far enough, and that something should be done about it, so they decided to hold a meeting and pray for rain. On the appointed day Deacon Stephen Rose on his way to this meeting met Ethan, who asked him where he was going. The Deacon replied that he was going to attend the meeting appointed for the purpose of praying for rain. "Well," said Ethan, "I suppose it is all right, but if you are going to pray for rain, don't pray for one of those little genial showers that we read about, but pray for a real old soaker; that is what we need."

Ethan usually kept a large flock of geese, and these were very apt to trespass on the neighbors' crops. He also greatly enjoyed singing in the church services. I do not know what his qualifications were as a musician, either vocal or otherwise, but his near neighbor, Esquire Maltby G. Rose was not favorably impressed, and said, "I hope if Ethan Halsey ever gets to heaven, that he will be barred from two things, first, that he will not be allowed to keep a flock of geese, and second, that he will not be allowed to sing in the meeting."

The fact that the earth was round, and that it revolved on its axis, was taught in the schools at this time. Ethan said that he did not believe in any such stuff. "Now," said he, "just reason this out and use your common sense. If the earth does revolve on its axis as you say, some morning Kellis Pond would be up here in the air, and the water running down my chimney."

Faith in Prayer

General James B. Gordon in his "Last Days of the Confederacy" says: "There was a deep religious feeling in Lee's army, and in a prayer meeting one night a tall Southerner knelt down by my side and prayed: 'O Lord, we are having a mighty big fight down here, and a sight of trouble, and we do hope, Lord, that you will take the proper view of this subject, and give us the victory.'" I imagine there were just as fervent prayers in the Union army.

In the year 1762 there was no rain in this section from May until November. There was another year when similar conditions prevailed, but some years

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after the above date. The grass could not grow, and stock raising was the main business on the farms at that time. Very little hay was cut that year, in fact, so little that it was generally thought that the cattle would starve during the winter. This looked like trouble.

Deacon Jeremiah Haines said: "I think it will be all right, that the Lord will temper the wind to the shorn lamb." When the drought did break, the grass grew all winter, and some of the farmers did not fodder their cattle but once that winter, and that was the day before they were driven to Montauk.

About the middle of the last century there was a very dry summer; some of the older men remember it. There was so much anxiety that a special meeting was called one Sunday afternoon to pray for rain. Philip Reeve, whom everyone called Uncle Phil, an old resident of Water Mill, attended this meeting. It was a beautiful day and clear. Uncle Phil appeared there with his umbrella. All along the road and at the church he was asked: "Why did you bring an umbrella?" He said in reply: "I understand this meeting is called to pray for rain, and I've got faith enough to believe we are going to get it, so brought my umbrella. Why did you not bring yours?"

A Temperance Story

My mother had two older sisters, the name of one was Eugenia, the other Eliza. When these two were young they made a vow, that neither would ever marry a man who used tobacco in any way, or intoxicating drink. I am sure they were both in earnest, but how little they knew what was before them, for they both married men who did all of these things, and that to excess. However, they both did all in their power to make their homes happy, though it was often a trial both severe and hard. They were both true, loyal women.

Eliza married Austin Rose and lived on a farm in North Sea, a small hamlet several miles north of Southampton. There was neither store nor post office at this place, and Aunt Eliza (as we all called her) kept a good supply of groceries, and in fact all household necessities, to sell to the neighbors. She also acted as sort of a scribe for the entire community; wrote letters for those who had neither pen, ink or paper, or perhaps lacked the powers of composition.

All of her married life she had to contend with the curse of strong drink. She hated it by nature, and more than that by constant experience with the effects of it.

Sam Scott was a resident of the same place, and lived perhaps one mile from her home; a very kind hearted man indeed and while somewhat eccentric yet a good neighbor, and one who had many excellent qualities, but he would drink.

As I remember him, he would sometimes drive one horse before his wagon, sometimes two horses, these sometimes abreast, and then again tandem, then it might be one horse and one ox, or a bull, or two oxen, or an ox and a bull, or one bull, which he had broken to single harness, and would drive all about with it before his top carriage. I have also seen him have an ox and bull yoked together with a horse hitched ahead.

Scott had been over to the Tavern at Canoe Place and on leaving for home was not able to navigate his land craft so as to avoid the dangerous reefs and headlands, and by some unknown mishap was thrown from his wagon, run over and his ankle broken.

I do not remember how he got home, but Doctor James H. Rogers of Sag Harbor was sent for, and in due time came and set the broken bones, placing his ankle in a plaster cast, and left Sam in bed.

He had a boy in his employ at the time, whom he directed to bring in some joists, sawed them to proper lengths, bracing them on the floor on each side of his bed, tied them together at the upper ends, from which he hung a tackle; by placing a sling under his back he could raise himself, and swing over to a chair by the bedside.

The Doctor ordered that the leg and foot should be rubbed or massaged with New England rum, but Sam ordered otherwise, he allowed cold water was good enough for the leg, and that he should put the rum inside.

He was confined in this way for some weeks, and got very tired and restless, so one day he sent the boy over to Aunt Eliza's with this message: He wished her to come over at once and do some writing for him, and he wanted it attended to that very day. The boy went as directed and brought back the answer, that she would come as soon as she could finish her housework. Aunt Eliza was very much

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worried and could think of nothing save Sam's request all the morning.

Said she: "I guess Sam is worse, and my opinion is that he has made up his mind that he will never be any better, and with that idea in view, has decided to make his will, and wants me to write it for him."

She tried to hurry through her work, but it was hard, for the thought of parting with a good friend and neighbor was almost more than she could stand. It was indeed a sad morning for her; she could hardly think of anything else, yet she felt she ought to go at his request.

As soon as she could, supplied with pen, ink and paper, she went to her task with a heavy heart. On arriving, she was ushered into Sam's room, where he patiently waited.

"Well Sam," said she, "the boy said you wanted to see me. How do you feel?" "Oh," said Sam, "I feel awfully bad. I am so glad you came, for I want you to do some writing for me, for I cannot do it, I am good for nothing."

"You know," said she, "I am always willing and

glad to help any one in need, and do all I can for their comfort, and I am here to help you the same way, if you will tell me what you want me to do."

"Well," said Sam, "if you will take that stand and sit right here by the side of the bed I will tell you what I want."

"Now, Miss Eliza (as he always called her) I knew you would help me, you know I have had a lot of trouble, and I feel mighty bad, and I do not know what to do, but I have got a cousin down in New York that is in the liquor business, and I want you to write to him for me and ask him if he will send me a barrel of rum."

It is needless to say that he did not get the rum from this source, but he recovered and lived many years after this.

Some one asked Sam why he did not drive a better rig, and not such a shabby outfit, and suggested getting a new one. "I would," said Sam, "but if I did get a new one, it would soon be old and look just as bad or shabby as this, so that I would be no better off than now."

SOME STORIES OF NORTH SEA

Some of the land about North Sea was farmed and cropped at an early date, and while the main colony was located at "Old Town," yet about North Sea and Cow Neck was considerable land under cultivation.

In those days one of the most important farm crops was flax. On this crop depended their supply of linen for cloth, thread, bedding, sails, seine, and even wearing apparel. Wool was used in many cases with linen. There was no cotton in those days. This crop was always pulled instead of being cut, as are other grains; this was to save and retain the whole length of the fiber, the longer the fiber the better.

Two men went from the Colony at Southampton one day over to North Sea, to harvest the flax and oat crops. They visited the tavern on the way and probably drank while there all they should have, but they took a goodly supply of liquor with them to the field.

When they got there an argument arose as to which was the crop they were to cut and which to pull. This was a problem very difficult for them to

solve in their condition; however, they knew they must get to work, so finally agreed, and went at it, and finished the job that day.

Some days later they went to care for the crops they had previously harvested, when to their amazement, they made the discovery that they had cut the flax and pulled the oats.

The section of land about North Sea was owned for many generations by the Rose family, and among the earliest of these was David. He was quite a large land owner, and had three sons, David Rogers, John and Austin.

David Rogers Rose was born April 7, 1798. He became a Colonel of the State Militia, and was sheriff of Suffolk County for seven years, and supervisor of Southampton Town.

When these three sons were young men there was a rough burly fellow working for their father; his name was Sam Haines, (he afterward served a term in the penitentiary and with two other convicts was harnessed to a cart and made to draw loads like mules); they were getting in hay at this time, and

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Haines resented some order from Mr. Rose and threatened to assault him, and in fact started toward him, when Austin pulling a cart stake from the hay rack, prepared to meet him, and Rogers (as he was usually called) called to him: "Hit him careless, Austin." Which I believe he did and laid him out stiff.

Rose was a very strong, powerful and muscular man, one that would and could settle a difficulty, but never aggressive or one to make trouble.

It was about nine miles from the Rose home to Sag Harbor, and one day Mrs. Rose went with the Sheriff. He did a great deal of public business and was very busy all the time he was there, so when he finished his work he thought of nothing but to get home, for it was a long drive over poor roads.

It was evening when he reached his home, and was asked: "Where did you leave mother?" "Is she not home?" said he. "Why no, she went to Sag Harbor with you." "Well, well, that is so," said he. "I entirely forgot it, she must be in Sag Harbor now." He unharnessed his team, took a fresh horse and drove back after her.

He lived to be almost ninety-two years old and was afflicted with rheumatism for many years, and walked bent over, supporting himself with canes or crutches.

One day he went over to visit his brother, Austin, who met him and extended the usual salutation: "How do you do?" "Why Aut," said Rogers, "I do not know what is the matter with me, for I can hardly get out of this wagon." "Well, Rog," said Austin, "I can tell you what the matter is with you. You was born too long ago."

This same Sam Haines referred to in this article was an ugly brute of a man, and when under the influence of liquor, and for aught that I know at any time when he was so disposed, he used to abuse and maltreat his wife. On one such occasion, some of his good neighbors or the Justice told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, and that he should have more respect for his wife than to treat her in that way for he should remember that she was the weaker vessel. "Well," said Sam, "if she is a weaker vessel, as you say, then she ought to carry less sail."

The Sheriff, as Mr. Rose was usually called, was quite fond of gunning, and he, together with a number of his neighbors, would, when the gunning

season drew nigh, buy a keg of powder and divide it among them.

On one occasion when the powder arrived, they all agreed to test its quality at target practice; so on a given day all assembled with their guns.

Some of the old guns used in those days if loaded too heavily would kick, as they termed the recoil.

When all was ready the company began to load and shoot, and finally it came the Sheriff's turn; he had put in a rather heavy charge. He knelt on one knee so as to take a good steady aim, and fired. His gun kicked pretty hard, in fact so hard that it knocked him clean over on his back. He jumped up and said "By goodness that is what I call good powder, you had better send and get another keg of it."

A Bridgehampton Episode

A good many years ago there came to Bridgehampton, and in fact located here a man whose name was Peter Schofield. He was a peddler in general, but applied himself to almost any work so as to make a living.

He lived for a time on a lot across from what was afterward John F. Young's property on the old Sagaponack Road. While located here he kept a house where strong drink could be bought, or at least procured, and it became what was considered a nuisance, and the best people in the community wished that it might be closed, or done away with. Public opinion became so strongly opposed to it, that some one proposed or suggested that it be raided some night by a volunteer company.

This was absolutely illegal, for if a nuisance the law could be resorted to, and a legal method used to bring about the desired riddance, but the previous suggestion rather appealed to the boys of the community, who stood ready to carry out this piece of work but hesitated for fear of arrest and trial if they should be identified.

The older men refrained from such an illegal method, for they knew the consequences if recognized. I claim they were much more worthy of blame than the boys, and furthermore, I think it was a cowardly, underhanded piece of work on their part all the way through. They would not do it themselves, or take any part in it, but they told the boys: "if you will go and clean up the place, we will stand back of you, and if you should get into trouble in doing this we will see you through and out of it

all right, and pay the bill if any charge should be made against you." This gave the boys a whole lot of courage.

My opinion is, they never would have dared to have done this dastardly piece of work of their own accord and had not been urged on by the older men, but of course that does not excuse them.

The boys on an appointed night assembled, and brought several long sticks of timber, so long and heavy that it took a goodly number to carry them. They had previously located the room where the liquor was kept, (I think they called it "the magazine") it was on an outside room or wing of the house.

They took the stick of timber, carrying it on hand bars or some other way, the boys lined up on either side, backing up and making a battering ram of it. When it struck the house it went clean through the siding, lath, wall, and in among the bottles and decanters and other receptacles, working havoc and wrecking things generally.

Schofield came out and ordered them away, and identified many of them, but his piping little voice could hardly be heard for the noise the battering ram was making under the propelling power of these young men.

This work went on until the establishment was wrecked or the boys satisfied. It is said the noise from this attack could be heard for a long distance that still night.

Schofield was not one to let such an offense go by unnoticed. In due time a whole lot of the boys were arrested and held for trial. The evidence all being against them, they were convicted and fined. They thought they had good, reliable backers, so did not worry; but when it came to a final settlement. I have been told, and I think it correct, there was only one of all the men that set them on that ever came to the front with his share of the fines for the boys. I do not know whether he paid the whole of the fines, but I think a large share of them.

And that was Captain Samuel Pierson.

A Man Out of Bondage

It was many years ago, in fact, it was when Captain Philetus Pierson (father of the Hon. James Henry Pierson) was an active business man, that there came to Southampton a young colored man;

he was from Virginia, and had either escaped from slavery, or had been granted his freedom, unquestionably the latter, for he had no dread for the Fugitive Slave law. He was a large, well-built man, of good appearance, and much superior to the average of his race in intelligence, though it was very evident he had had no advantages.

He worked for the farmers in that locality, and in a short time learned to read and write, was a regular attendant at church, and it soon became evident that this man was a natural born orator. His command of language was marvelous; it is said he could hold his audience spellbound, and many times moved them to tears by his great eloquence. and the wonder of all was, where did this man get his ability?

He was a thorough gentleman, and instinctively commanded the respect of all classes, and even among his associates no one presumed to call or address him as any other than Mr. Lee, and it seemed perfectly natural to do so, yet he was one that never put himself forward, but on the contrary was diffident and retiring.

The Hon. James Henry Pierson told me this story. He said: "When I was a boy old enough to assist in the farm work, this man worked for my father; one day we were sent together to the field to hoe corn; when we came to the end of a row we stood to rest for a few minutes before starting back on the next row; on this occasion this man leaned against the fence, stood there much longer than usual, and appeared to be in deep thought and meditation; there he stood in silence and apparent solitude, and then looked at me and said: 'James, there flows in my veins the best blood of Virginia.' This is all he said, or to my knowledge ever did say, on this subject."

This man married Dorcas (a half breed Indian) and reared a large family, of whom Capt. Ferdinand Lee was one; the latter I knew, and I think several of his brothers became noted in the whaling industry which made eastern Long Island famous a few years ago.

Captain Ferdinand Lee was lost with all of his crew on a whale ship in the Arctic Ocean about the year 1887. This was the year so many of the whaling fleet were lost in the Arctic. Moses Walker was lost about the same time on the Bark Amethyst.

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A Boy of the Last Century

In a home on the north country road, the one leading from Scuttle Hole westerly to the "Head of the Pond," there lived almost one hundred years ago, a man whose name was Sylvanus Squires; he was called by every one Uncle Sylvy; he had a son John and grandsons Robert and George. He had always led an active life, as any man who is a successful farmer is obliged to do, and when advanced in years to where his neighbors might have been justified in speaking of him as old, yet his appearance and activity would not warrant the use of that word.

I am sure that we who are natives of eastern Long Island know or have a right to know that a drizzling northeaster is a wet storm, and that it has the power or faculty of loading every tree, shrub, bush, vine or blade of grass with all the moisture it is capable of holding.

It was in some such spell of weather as this that Mr. Albert Cook took his horse and carriage and started perhaps for the store or blacksmith shop, and somewhere along the road came upon Uncle Sylvy busily engaged in picking high-brier blackberries.

Mr. Cook was much surprised and really worried and alarmed at seeing the old man out in such weather, so stopped his horse and said: "Why, Uncle Sylvy, you ought not to be out in such a storm, it is no place for a man as old as you are."

The old man resented it, and replied: "Old, I am not old, I am only ninety-four, and if it was not for my confounded old back and legs I would be just as good as I ever was."

Several Stories of Local Interest

A man in this town was returning home in the dead of night and was caught in a drenching rain storm. He stopped and called a neighbor from his bed to an upstairs window, and asked: "Are you willing that I should stay here to-night?" The man replied: "Why yes. Stay there if you want to," and went back to bed.

An old resident in this community, I regret I have forgotten his name, had spent most of his active life at sea, and who must have been rather particular as to his diet, said: "If I am going to have stew, I want stew, and if I am going to have soup, I want soup,

and I want it thin. I would like to have it so you can see a cambric needle in forty fathom of it."

Capt. Jetur Rose sailed from North Sea to New Suffolk with Lewis Scott to get a cargo of building stone for the latter. Scott was anxious to carry as large a load as possible, so loaded the boat down to the water's edge. As they were returning a squall came up and Scott kept saying: "Let us throw over some of the cargo." The Capt. answered: "No, no, you cannot afford to lose your stone. You better sink yourself, you always say you are prepared to go." He replied: "Yes, Capt. but I don't want to go by water."

Opinion Changed By Locality

A man from Middle Island made up his mind that it was decidedly wrong and unjust for him to waste his talents in his home town, but that a man of his ability should go out into a larger sphere of action and activity, where he would be more highly appreciated, so he moved down to the Hamptons, where he made his permanent home.

He found everything very different from his former surroundings, and the longer he stayed the more he realized it.

He must have been quite a man, for he weighed the situation thoroughly and at last came to the following conclusion. Said he: "When I lived in my old home, I considered myself to be a King among Hogs; but since I came down here, I have concluded I am no more than a Hog among Kings."

I think it was about the same time as the above incident, there was another family, I think their name was King; it consisted of the father, mother and one boy whose name was Joe. The father followed the water, I think went whaling, and this left the mother for the most part alone to bring up, manage and discipline this boy. He got where he was quite troublesome and hard to manage.

The mother had often used the rod to bring her obstreperous child to a state of humility and obedience, but he had gotten where he could out-run her, and would at times defy her in trying to carry out her intended methods of discipline.

One day, because of some prank played or mischief done, she commanded him to come to her; this

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he objected to; then she resorted to her persuasive powers, but to no avail.

"Oh," said he, "you want to whip me and I will not come."

"No," said she, "I will not whip you, so come along to me."

"Well," said Joe, "will you swear you will not whip me?"

"Yes," said she, "I will swear I will not whip you, so now come."

"No," said Joe. "Those who will swear, will lie, and I do not think much of the legs that will get the body into trouble. I'll not come." And he did not.

SUPERSTITION AND WITCHCRAFT ON LONG ISLAND

Eastern Long Island was settled by men who were formerly part of and belonged to the Massachusetts Colony, and when they came over to their Island home they unquestionably brought with them many of these ideas of superstition and witchcraft, though I think it was of a milder form. I might say that the one fact that was the cause of the overthrow of this business in Salem, was some of the leading citizens having been accused, and they having influence enough and a standing that could oppose and stamp out the evil.

No one was ever executed on Long Island, but one woman was arrested for practicing witchcraft in East Hampton and would have been tried there, but the law was such that she had to be taken to Hartford for trial. Her name was Goodwife Garlicke and she had a good many influential friends, among whom was Col. Lion Gardiner, who presented such a strong defense at the trial that she was acquitted; had it not been for them she probably would have fared worse. At the trial it was proved that she had used herbs to bewitch with, and that she had no objection to being thought a witch, and had as good please the devil as anger him.

I question if very many would have admitted it, but there is little doubt but that there were many all through this part of the Island whose minds were tainted with these foolish notions and superstitions; and I am not sure but that there is some of that taint left over to this very day.

When Sag Harbor was a flourishing seaport, many of the Down East boats would come to this

port, and most of them would have a horseshoe nailed to the mast and one over the cabin door, for a witch would never go or stay where there was a horseshoe.

You see by this it was in the blood still, and even in the Hamptons many a farmer kept a horseshoe nailed to the hog trough, to keep the witches away from his hogs. When a pen of hogs failed to thrive, and would squeal and run about the pen as if they were being chased, it was laid to witches, and a horseshoe was the remedy. The year that Bridgehampton was settled, witchcraft was at its height in England, and 120 victims were executed.

In the New England colonies a vast amount of literature for that day was circulated, defending the cause, and only three books denouncing it.

If an ox or a horse was taken suddenly lame, there was but one cause. If grain blighted or failed to ripen normally. If any one had a sudden or peculiar pain or illness or suffered misfortune. If anything happened out of the ordinary, it was all laid to witches.

Then if anyone was suspected they were examined for the mark, and perhaps tortured until in seeking relief they confessed and then followed punishment. It does not seem as if men could go to such extremes in fanaticism and cruelty, and they did it as "Defenders of Faith." Let us thank the Lord we live in a different age of the world.

Witchcraft on Long Island was of a very mild form, but it was unmistakably here just the same. I have heard of the old people saying that when they were young there were those here who believed that a witch could cross the ocean in an egg shell at night, have a grand frolic in England, and be back in the morning, or could ride a broom stick across the continent to attend some conference, and ride back unnoticed, and not be missed while away. The suspected one was usually an old man or woman, thin, wizened and dried up, and the belief was that they could take on the form of an animal, such as a cat, and go about unsuspected, and if they were suspected and shot at, no harm could come to them if lead was used for shot, for it was only silver that would be effective.

One of these myths could walk through a pasture where a herd of cows were grazing, and as many as they bewitched would dry up in their milk, or have some disease and die, or would fail to bring

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forth young, or would persistently break the fence and let the herd out of the pasture. The following story was told:

In Bridgehampton in those days there was a hay field that no one had ever known the crop to be gathered or harvested in a dry condition; no matter how pleasant the day, before that hay could be carted, it would rain and wet the crop. The day in question, the hay had been cut and was fit to be carted into the barn. The weather was fine, and the men went at it in earnest.

As a precaution they had taken a gun loaded with silver buttons for shot, the only silver they had, and this they kept nearby so as to get it quickly if needed. They had only just gotten nicely at work, when a black cat appeared and started to run across the field. One of the men grabbed the gun and shot at the cat, (she was too far away to kill) but he hit her and she went away limping, and they for the first time in all history as it related to that field, got the hay in the barn, dry and in good condition.

An old woman who lived in that neighborhood and who was suspected of being a witch was not seen for several days after the black cat was wounded as related above. When she did appear she was very lame and was obliged to use a cane for some time. This was ample proof that she was a witch and was the cause of the trouble.

Cyrus Hunting was an Indian who lived on the triangular lot, now an orchard, at the junction of Huntington Path and the Millstone road. His wife was Ollie, and as a small boy I remember her. They afterward lived, and I think moved the house to a lot east of the road leading to the Wading Place from the Noyac Road, on the westerly line of the land formerly owned by the old Doctor Sweet, and the house stood quite near the creek. This road is closed now, but I think should be re-opened.

This Indian, Cyrus, was known as and believed to be a witch doctor, and I think had quite a practice. The medicine he gave was made from herbs, roots or bark which he brewed and concocted himself, and I guess was harmless, and may have been good for some complaints.

There were people right here in Bridgehampton in those days who would not openly admit it, but that really thought he possessed some power, either supernatural or demoniacal, they knew not which, but it was a fact no one in this community cared to

or even thought it wise to oppose him, we won't say offend, so that he got almost anything he asked for. It was thought he had the power to look into a hog pen, and if he chose from that time those hogs would be under the influence of witches, and he alone could remedy the evil, unless horseshoes were used in and about the pen.

One day in a pelting rain storm Cyrus was called to see an old woman in this neighborhood, and stopped on his way at Gabriel Halsey's to rest for a time. My grandfather asked him where he was going in such a storm? Cyrus told him, and said the old lady thought she was bewitched, but that he would stop on his way back and report as to her condition, which he did. He diagnosed the case as follows: "Why, Mr. Halsey, there is really nothing the matter with her, it is only her weak mind. I gave her some herb tea, and she will soon be all right."

How foolish this all appears to us, but they were sincere. It might have been in some cases, like the one just cited, the result of a weak mind, but this did not hold true as a rule. Superstition affected all classes, and does today to a greater or lesser degree.

If you planted beans when the wind was east, they would never come up. If you saw the new moon over your left shoulder, it was bad luck for you for that month.

If you walked under a ladder you met ill luck. Never sit at a dinner when the company numbers thirteen. A new born baby must be carried upstairs before it is ever taken downstairs or out of the house. If you touched a corpse, you would never die of the disease of which it died. If rain falls into a newly dug grave, another one of that family will die before the year ends. Never begin a piece of work on Saturday unless you can finish it that day. Should it be a garment, that person would never live to wear it out. Never put a door in a house where a window had been. Never salt meat at a certain time of the moon or it will not keep, or set lye tubs at that time or the soap will not come. Put a hot horseshoe in the cream when the butter will not come, it will drive the witches out.

If the palm of your left hand itches, you are to receive money. If the right, you are to pay it out. Never set eggs except at a certain time of the moon or they will not hatch. If you kill the first snake you see in the spring, and break the first brake, you

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will conquer all your enemies. If a rooster crowed standing on your doorstep, company was coming. If you dropped a fork it was company, but a man. If a knife, a woman. If a spoon, a child. A door hinge creaking was a sign of death. A candle burning in a draft would make the tallow run, and this would sometimes make what was called a "winding sheet," and was a sign of death. If the bottom of your feet itched, you were going to walk on strange ground. If your left ear burned, you would hear bad news. If your right, good news. If you spill salt, put some in the fire, so as to avoid a quarrel. Always take salt and a new broom into a house before moving in. Never cut a baby's nails until a year old, or you will make a thief of it. Always stir cake or dough with the sun or it will be heavy.

Now, these are a few of the foolish, nonsensical notions and whims that were believed in and that unquestionably had an influence on the lives of those people. They seem absolutely ridiculous to us, and how can it be accounted for other than that it is the out-cropping of those old superstitions that to such an alarming extent prevailed generations ago in their forebears.

If this be true in their case, and we are their descendants, the important question as it relates to us is: Are we of this day entirely exempt and uninfluenced by those same ideas, or is there still left in our blood a taint, even though slight, of that same virus that we ridicule and condemn in our forefathers.

I really wonder how many there are, if any, of this generation who, if they were to give their honest, unbiased opinion, are absolutely exempt from all taint regarding these things? Or, if it were possible to get such an opinion, would we be surprised at the result? I would say, personally, I have no sympathy with any of these notions, no more than I have with Spiritualism. My opinion is it is best to have nothing to do with any of them. If there be any truth in them, well! If not, just the same.

There is one incident that I think I will mention though I cannot vouch for it, but I give it just as I heard it or as it was told to me.

Mrs. Huldah Smith lived in a house on the Bridgehampton and Sag Harbor Turnpike. She was a Spiritualist, and was a very bright and intelligent woman, and was a sworn enemy of strong drink. Toward the last of her life she is said to have made

this startling statement: "If ever, after I am gone, this place is used for the sale or dealing out of strong drink, I will come back."

Little was thought of this at the time, but after her death, this property was sold, and a bar set up where liquor was sold.

Sometime after this Mrs. Captain Bridger died there very suddenly, having broke her neck. Then a bar tender died without warning. Then two constant customers died as suddenly. Then Captain Bridger himself died, without warning, dropped dead. I do not know whether there was more of this list or not.

Perhaps these deaths had nothing whatever to do with Mrs. Smith's threat, but some might think they had.

According to Scripture

Addison Cartwright was a member of a former generation of that family, and lived on Shelter Island.

It was before the days when window shades were in general use, and only the well-to-do families had them; and even among that class, some were slow to adopt any new idea, sincerely believing that it was folly, and not only an unnecessary expense, but contrary to the natural law as laid down in the Bible as a guide for mankind.

One day Cartwright was busily engaged with his farm work, when a peddler came to the house offering his wares. Among them were paper window shades, very attractive and pretty in color.

Mrs. Cartwright was very much pleased with them, and bought what she needed. She lost no time, but made haste in putting them up, thinking she would give her husband a happy surprise.

When he came home, she ushered him to the best room, to show him the new furnishings. The light was subdued, and the glaring rays of the sun shut out, giving the room, to her mind, a most restful, refreshing and quieting influence and appearance.

He stood in silence for several moments, and to her dismay, said: "Mother; the 'Good Book' tells us that God said, 'Let there be light, and there was light, and God saw that it was good.' So it must ever be."

Whereupon, he proceeded at once to tear down the beautiful, new shades, and threw them in the fire, where they were consumed.

Diamond Cut Diamond

"A repartee is a witty and good-humored answer to a remark of a similar character, and is meant to surpass the latter in wittiness. Or a witty retort in conversation."

Many of the noted men in public life excelled in repartee. John Randolph of Roanoke was a good example in the earlier history of this country. Somewhat later, and within the period of our memory, Chauncey M. Depew and Joseph H. Choate were noted in this art, and long would be the list of great men that might be added to those already mentioned.

In almost every community there have been, or still are, bright, witty men who delight in making some retort in conversation with a friend, that he is confident will call for a reply no less sharp or witty.

When the whaling industry on eastern Long Island was at its height, perhaps from 1850 to 1860, there were two men who were large owners, or were deeply interested in this industry, who were the characters in the story I am about to relate. The one was John Sherry, Sr. of Sag Harbor, the other, David G. Floyd of Greenport.

They were both bright, witty men, and both engaged in fitting out ships for the same line of trade. One day Sherry went to Greenport to confer with Floyd, and having plenty of time thought he would walk out to the Floyd home, it being some distance out of the village.

While on the road he was overtaken by Floyd, returning home with his horse and carriage. Upon recognizing Sherry, he stopped, and expressed his surprise at seeing his friend on the road, and invited him to ride. "Why," said Sherry, "I rather think I will, for poor company is better than none." "That was just the thought I had in mind when I asked you," said Floyd.

Sometime after this, Sherry decided to dispose of his interests in the whale ships, and was about to form a partnership with Ephraim Byram, which he did, and established the "Oakland Brass Works."

There was advertised about this time, a large sale of ship-chandlery goods, and those interested in fitting out ships took advantage of these sales, for the reason that they could buy at greatly reduced values those things that they knew they would need to repair their own ships when they returned from a whaling voyage.

Floyd attended this sale because he wanted to buy, but Sherry was there simply out of curiosity, or perhaps to see many of his old friends, whom he had known in business relations for many years.

Floyd was closely following the sales, and at last noticed that Sherry was not bidding on any of the stuff, and said to him: "Sherry, why are you not bidding on these things? They are just what we want, and what we will need, and everything is going cheap. Why don't you buy?"

"Oh," said Sherry. "I do not want the stuff, in fact, I have got no use for it." This statement surprised Floyd, and led him to inquire as to the reason, and ask for an explanation.

"Why," said Sherry, "I'll tell you, I am going out of this business, and try something else." "I am surprised," said Floyd, "what are you going to do?" Sherry replied; "I have not let it be known as yet, but I am going into the brass foundry business." "Well, well," said Floyd, "I congratulate you, for I think you will succeed." "What makes you think so?" said Sherry. "Why," said Floyd, "you will have an advantage over most men in that business, from the fact that you will not have to import any material."

Ephraim Byram, famous clock manufacturer, of Long Island, made the clock placed in City Hall, New York, before 1850. During a celebration held to observe the establishment of cable communication between England and the United States, the hall tower caught fire from a blazing tar barrel atop a bonfire. The clock was so damaged it had to be removed. Byram also made the dials of the clock at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, which are said to be still in position. He had a clock works in Sag Harbor and associated with him was John Sherry, Sr., the father of the late county treasurer of Suffolk and leading Republican politician, John Sherry, Jr. Byram was known as a remarkable mechanical genius and at one time constructed a planetarium run by clock work which reproduced the entire workings of the solar system. It was exhibited in museums in New York.

Expression of Loyalty

There lived in this same locality, somewhat later, several men that were of such a character that I think they ought not to be passed by unnoticed.

The name of one of these was Champlin; he lived

on the Noyac road just prior to and during the Civil War. His land went from the road to the creek and joined it.

James Payne, who lived on North Haven, kept quite a number of cattle, and they would wander across Short Beach and west on Long Beach to the Wading Place, cross the creek and get into Champlin's crops; one day a neighbor saw Champlin driving the cattle from his land and down to the creek; when they got into the water he grabbed one by the tail with one hand, bracing his feet on the hinder parts of the cow, plying a good whip with other hand and shouting lustily; "I'll chastise you."

This man, when the South seceded, was wearing a full beard, this had been his custom, and this was the appearance he made and by which he was known in the entire community, but when he heard of that dire calamity which meant national disruption, dissolution, separation and division, he was greatly grieved and to show and illustrate his grief, he shaved one side of his face from his nose to his Adam's apple, and when asked why he did it, replied: "The Nation is divided." The other side of his face he left unshaven.

Another man born and brought up in this same locality at about the same time, subjected himself to a rigid fast. I cannot say whether he did it for patriotic reasons, as did Champlin, or not, but I think it fair to suppose he may have, for the spirit of loyalty ran pretty high during the national crisis from 1861 to 1865. He fasted for three days, and when asked why he did it, replied: "I fasted one day for myself, one for my wife and one for the Nation."

A Diplomat

During the whaling days Sag Harbor was sending ships to the seven seas following that industry.

Many foreigners came to this port on returning whale ships, and often among these were Kanakas or natives of the Pacific Islands; these men took naturally to the water and were great divers and swimmers.

One day a workman dropped a calking mallet overboard and offered a Kanaka a quarter to go down and get it; he at once went to the bottom but could not find it, then he was offered a half dollar, he went again, but in vain. The workman prized the mallet very highly and said: "If you will get that

mallet for me I will give you one dollar." The man at once agreed to try again, went to the bottom and came right up with the lost mallet.

It was thought he saw it the first trip under water, but the price did not satisfy.

The Stories of Aaron Drake

Aaron Drake claimed to be a descendant of Sir Francis Drake and lived on the Brick Kiln Road, and owned considerable land; he reared a large family. Mrs. Drake when asked by a guest, how many children she had, replied: "I really do not know, but there is Moses, *Cresh and John, Aaron, **Het and Tom, Stephen Beckwith and ***Baby O."

He lived at the time when the whaling industry in Sag Harbor was in the ascendency, and Aaron, like almost every one of his day used more or less liquor, and more often more than less.

One day when walking up Main street on his way home, a company of boys were trying to climb the trees in the street along the Hunting and Howell properties, when he stopped for a time and watched them, and made this comment; "You are making mighty poor work of it, I could do better than that and go up feet first," whereupon the challenge was accepted; Aaron started up and made good progress, but lost his grip and came down in a heap.

Another time after a heavy fall of snow he was returning home, quite unsteady on his feet; and sat down in a snow bank by the side of the road; about this time Gabriel Halsey (my grandfather) came along and said; "Aaron, what are you doing?" "Why Gabriel," said he, "the snow is such a pure white I thought I would sit down and meditate."

In the yards near his house was a large flat rock; one day a neighbor in passing saw Aaron digging under this rock, and to satisfy his curiosity went to see what he was doing, and thereupon asked him. Said Aaron; "I want a cellar I can get into and get out of." "Well, you may get into it, but if you keep on digging I question if you ever get out," he replied.

Wedding and Home Coming of a Sea Captain

Thomas F. Sayre was a descendant of the Colonist of that name who was one of those who first settled at "Old Town." He was always an independent thinker and worker. A man intelligent, industrious, trustworthy and reliable.

*Lucretia **Mehetabel ***Lodowick.

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

The farm where this man lived was located at Flying Point, and when a young man for some years his mother kept house for him, and was filling this position when young Thomas decided to get married.

The wedding day was set, it being March 22, 1842, and it proved to be an unusually hard storm. Thomas went to work that morning in the barn, and became very much interested in his work. He little thought how the time was passing, and apparently forgot that it was the day chosen for his wedding.

His mother became anxious, and wondered why he was not getting ready for the nuptial feast, so hastened to look him up and ascertain the reason. Whereupon she found him in the barn hard at work at some job that had been postponed for just such a stormy day. She said, "Thomas, what are you doing? Don't you know that this is your wedding day, and it is already getting late?" "I know it is," said he, "but Mother, it storms so hard I don't think it will be, do you?"

"Well," said she, "I don't much believe it will, unless you attend, but I think you had better hurry and get there, and if you do, I think it will be."

He, like most of the ambitious young men of his day, went to sea in the whaling industry, and became commander of a ship. These men were often away from home several years on one voyage.

At that time the Long Island railroad only came as far east as Riverhead, so that one returning home would have to come from that place, either on foot or by stage, or from Sag Harbor, if they made that port.

On one occasion he reached home about two o'clock in the morning, late in the autumn, about the time of the full of the moon, so it was light all night.

On arriving home, all was quiet, so he thought he would look around a bit and see if everything was in good order. He found the hog pen to be very wet and muddy, so he went to the barn, harnessed his team, and went to Towd or North Sea after a load of seaweed.

It was about sunrise when he got back to Southampton with it. As he passed the farm houses, the men were just doing the milking, or getting breakfast.

All wondered who could have been after seaweed

at that early hour. Some said; "It looks like Tom Sayre, but he is at sea." "It looks like his team any way," said another. When one of his old neighbors came near enough to recognize him, and was the first to know of his return home.

He reached home about the time his own people arose, when to their surprise they learned of his return, as well as of the trip he had made since his arrival.

He said he thought he "would not disturb their slumbers so early in the morning, but had time enough to get a load of seaweed before breakfast."

The Wrong Date

The Millerites had for a time quite a following in this township, among whom were a goodly number of the Shinnecock Indians.

The time had often been set for the end of all things worldly, but the prophecy failed, and another date was determined upon, and the faithful held themselves in readiness. One of these dates was at a time when the grass on Shinnecock Hills and dunes was dry.

The faithful gathered this night on one of the elevations and waited, robed and ready. The boys of that locality knew of this gathering, and late in the night, when all slept, they mischievously set fire to the grass and waited results. At last, the company awoke surrounded by fire, when one of them cried out; "In H——I just as I expected."

About the time that this doctrine was being preached, one of the most enthusiastic advocates of this doctrine was a Dr. Cummings. It was then that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote a verse in which he expressed his ideas.

"When he that hath a horse for sale,
Brings all its merits to the proof;
Without a lie for every nail
That holds the iron to its hoof.
Till then, let Cummings blaze away,
And Miller's saints blow up the globe,
But when you see that blessed day,
Then order your ascension robe."

A Plover Story

There are men who appear to have a natural tendency to tell wonderful stories. They cannot be justly called liars, nor the account of their marvellous experiences lies, for they are not told with the

intention to deceive, but simply to create interest or excite notoriety.

Years ago there was just such a character lived in the neighborhood of Southampton, L. I. His name was Jagger. I am not sure of his Christian name; but he would always have some marvelous story or experience to relate, and he was also noted for being able, after having told some wonderful story, and later, when questioned as to its veracity, to make a plausible excuse or explanation that would clear him, verify his story and apparently satisfy his victim.

During the memory of some of the older men of this generation, there were great flights of plover over eastern Long Island. These usually took place or occurred in the late summer or early autumn, during, and just after a severe easterly storm.

It was generally thought that these birds were migrating south at this time from their northern summer home, where they had reared their young, and were driven inland by the storm. It was a fact that some years they appeared here in great numbers, and lived in this locality for weeks, feeding on crickets, grass hoppers, and the grain that shelled out on the wheat fields.

The long-tail wild, or passenger pigeons (now supposed to be almost extinct) were also very numerous at this time.

One day this Mr. Jagger met an acquaintance from out of town, I think he was from North Sea, and after the usual salutation, asked him if he had heard the news? "Why no," said the man, "I have not, what is it?" "Well," said Jagger, "they do say, the plover are driving up on the south beach in wind rows. It is a wonderful sight, and every one has been, or is going down to the ocean to see it. It is too bad and a shame that there should be such a loss."

"Well, well," said the man, "I am glad you told me, and before I go home I will drive down to the ocean and see them." This he did, but saw no plover, neither had there been any there.

When he came back he saw Jagger and asked him why he had told him such a yarn, for there were no plover washing ashore, neither had there been any.

"Why," said Jagger, "you were too late, for they do say, the tide has arisen and washed them away."

A Shoemaker's Joke

About the middle of the 19th century there lived in Sagaponack a bachelor whose name was Smith Topping. A very gentlemanly man, and one who gave much attention to his personal appearance. He took great pleasure in escorting his lady friends to local entertainments, and could truly have been classed as a genuine gallant. Phebe Topping at this time was a maiden lady who lived in Poxabogue; she afterward married Daniel H. Haines, and she was the star actor in this drama, and the one who told the story.

Phebe was very much in need of a new pair of shoes, so went to Oliver Sayre for the purpose of ordering a pair made. At that time there were no ready-made boots or shoes to be had, but every one had to go to the local cobbler or shoemaker, who made all kinds of shoes according to the measure taken, and of such leather as was suitable for the purpose for which they were needed.

Oliver Sayre was a local shoemaker whose home was on the northerly side of the Main Road between Bridgehampton and Poxabogue, the site of which is marked by his name on the 1850 Map. "Now, Phebe," said Mr. Sayre, "I will tell you what I will do. If you will go out riding with Smith Topping I will make you a pair of shoes from the best leather in my shop and will not charge you one penny for them."

Money at that time was not very plentiful, and after due reflection she decided she could stand the joke, so accepted the offer and gave the order. Whereupon Mr. Sayre said; "You must first perform your part of the contract."

Shortly after this Topping appeared with his best horse and invited Phebe to go out riding. She gladly accepted the invitation (Sayre had probably made the bargain with Topping) and upon returning home called on Sayre to assure him that she expected the shoes in accordance with his agreement. Sayre measured her foot and told her to come for the shoes in about three weeks, when they would be ready for her.

At the appointed time Phebe went for her shoes. Sayre had made them beautifully, and of the best leather, but they were only from three to four inches long, and made to fit a little baby. Phebe said, "I was mad, just as mad as I could be."

I wish I knew what became of those shoes. She told this story when she was an old lady. She lived to be very old, 90 yrs. 7 mon. and 22 days.

Stories of Luther Hildreth

Isaac Hildreth lived in Mecox about 1756 to 1822. had a large family; of the boys there were Luther, Shadrach, Isaac, Lester, John and Matthew.

Luther went a number of voyages whaling, but when home would work on the farm and assist his brothers. One source of income was fishing. This was followed both in the ocean and Mecox Bay.

Luther was a very passionate man, and quick tempered. Very heavily built and strong, so that when he became excited or out of patience, most men let him alone.

One day they were drawing the seine in Mecox Bay, and among the crew was his brother, Shadrach. It appears that the latter was placed in a very important place about the seine, and because of something he either did, or else failed to do, they lost a good share of the draught of fish.

Luther laid the blame to Shadrach, and in his wrath grasped him by the collar and seat of his pants, lifted him clear above his head, waded out in the bay as far as he could and threw him still farther and exclaimed: "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, and to H——I you go." Then left him and went back to work.

When home from sea on one occasion he was working with a team of horses near the bay. They ran away from him and went across the bay to the beach. Luther got a boat and went after them. After catching them, he drove them back to the bay, and swam them across, only he got into the boat and drove them into deep water. He then finished his day's work.

In commenting upon his experience he said: "He had a fine time and that it was the nearest like being towed by a whale than anything he had ever experienced on the land."

SOME STORIES OF SAG HARBOR

A generation ago Sag Harbor could boast of having as residents a class of men who had experienced the prosperous days of the whaling industry, and also the dark, anxious days of the Civil War. Taken as a class they were a remarkable company

of men, and included such names as French, Payne, Nickerson, Lucas, Sherry, Hedges, Homan, Vail and others.

John Homan became much interested in a description of a barometer any one could make by taking some chemical or mineral salts, putting the same in a bottle of rain water. In fair weather these salts would all settle to the bottom of the bottle, but in stormy weather they would rise and become cloudy and roiled. Homan made one of these barometers, and after testing thoroughly, told his neighbors how wonderfully it worked, being amazed at its accuracy.

Charles S. Hedges, the village painter, heard this account, listened attentively, but said nothing. Some days after this, Hedges arose early one morning, hastened down to Mr. Homan's house before he was up, went to the front porch, took down the improvised barometer, gave it an infernal shaking, hung it up carefully, then went around to the back door and called Homan. He came to the bedroom window and asked what was wanted. "Why," said Hedges, "the other day I heard you telling about that barometer you have made, and I am interested, I'll tell you John, I have a wagon that I want to paint, but I want to be sure of the weather. I would hate to start on it and then have bad weather, so I thought I would come down early and see if you could advise me about it."

"Well, Charles," said Homan, "I certainly can tell you just what it is going to do; you just wait for me to dress, and I will be down." Hedges waited patiently, and when Homan came down, he said. "Come with me and I will show you how it works." Homan was instantly excited, for the whole mass was forming. "Why, Charlie," said he; "you cannot paint any wagon the day. Why, man, it is going to storm. You wait till I call my wife." Whereupon he ran to the stairway and called. "Tempy, Tempy, get up quick and shut the garret windows, for it is going to rain inside of fifteen minutes. No, Hedges, this is no day to paint."

Hedges expressed his gratitude, and told Homan the information was worth a great deal to him.

When I was a boy there was an old man who lived in Sag Harbor whose name was Jennings. I do not know why, but he was always called Missionary Jennings. He had been a truckman in his younger days, but at that time, because of his age

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he was unable to do as hard work as that business demanded, so occupied his time in doing lighter work, such as raking lawns and planting gardens for the villagers.

He still kept a horse and cart, and would plow gardens and cart away the accumulated rubbish, and in fact make himself generally useful. Among the jobs he was called upon to do were those about these homes that the laws of sanitation absolutely demanded before the days of sewers.

He was a very diffident man and one easily embarrassed, and on the day in question when he had finished his work at a certain place the owner demanded an itemized bill for services rendered.

This bothered the old man considerably; he thought about it but could not find the words that he thought proper to use, and yet he was anxious to submit his bill, so he finally made it out something like the following:

"To one load of loam, and one load more, \$.....
To one load of gravel dumped at the door, \$.....
To sundry jobs in divers places. \$....."

This answered the demand, and he collected his bill.

Many of the men who became whaling captains retired well-to-do, and enjoyed themselves in spending it because of the comforts it afforded them. One of them who lived in the Hamptons, after many years of plenty had the misfortune to lose his money.

It was hard to change his mode of living, but he had to submit to the inevitable. His horses that here-to-fore had been fat and sleek, and in high condition were now void of ambition and in poor condition, and to get the speed a whip was a necessary part of the outfit. And this was evident to such an extent, that their ribs were a very prominent part of their anatomy.

The day in question, this ex-Captain stopped his team in front of Nickerson's office; the latter noticed the condition of the horses and said: "Captain, have you engaged your mason yet?" "Why, I fail to understand you; did you think I was doing some building?" said the Captain. "Oh, I did not know as to that," said Nickerson. "But I noticed you had your lathing done," pointing to the horses' ribs.

At the beginning of the Civil War, young men were enlisting in every community. Meetings were held to create and incite the spirit of loyalty and patriotism. Such a meeting was held in Sag Harbor,

when the parents of the young men who were going to the war were weeping, and expressing their sorrow when bidding farewell to their sons, perhaps for the last time. There was one man, no less patriotic than the others, who took a different view of the matter, and a no less serious one at that. He shed no tears, but felt the blow.

He said; "Boys, I have always been a loyal and patriotic citizen of my country. I am glad you are offering your services, and thereby showing the same spirit. Your father has this charge to make to you: 'Always stand up for and honor your country and your country's flag; and in doing this, you are honoring me. I have only one request to make, it is this: When you get to the front, and meet those rebels, I want you to fight like the Devil.'"

Samuel Trib Hildreth was a resident of Sag Harbor, and followed the butcher business for many years. When gold was discovered in California, he left his native town and became a "Forty Niner," and later came back to his native town.

He was a gentleman, though when about his work his clothes were in accordance with his task. Few of his associates ever saw him when dressed in his best. One day he decided to take the afternoon boat for New York, so dressed up for the occasion. This was much a contrast to his general appearance that his associates sought to make fun of him, commenting on his fine appearance. He replied; "Can't a man array himself in the garb of respectability, and the habiliments of a gentleman without being subject to the rude comments of the vulgar public?"

A Sag Harbor Cooper

During the height of the whaling industry in Sag Harbor, the oil barrels all were made by hand. This made the trade of a cooper very important. Many times a smart man would draw two shares on a whaleship, one as a cooper, the other as a sailor. Poles for barrel hoops were in great demand. A man was found by the owner, cutting hoop poles in his woodland and asked by what right he was so doing. He replied that "he was a cooper, and that custom had established a law by which a cooper had the right to go into any man's woodland to cut hoop holes for as far as he could throw his axe." "But," said the man; "you are such farther than that." "I know I am," said the cooper, "but custom has

recently changed that law, so that now he can go as far as he can throw it twice."

One cooper happened to be very cross-eyed, and was asked if that affliction did not bother him in his trade. His reply was, "No, it does not, it is really a great help, for I can watch the pole I am cutting with one eye, and at the same time look up another pole with the other one."

Two Menhaden Fishermen

Eldoras and Edward King were two brothers who followed the fishing business. Eldoras worked for wages and was sure of an income, Edward operated another fishing outfit on shares. Fish were not very plentiful that year, and it appeared as if those working for wages would fare the better. One day when on a fishing cruise, these brothers met. Eldoras asked Edward which he would rather have; "The half of a little or the whole of nothing." Edward soon gave up his job and secured work about the wharf, but again failed to make good. Some of his friends joked him as to his past success and future prospects. He retorted as follows; "I suppose there are some people that are very wise, but I know there are a good many others that are d——n otherwise."

An Old Resident of North Haven

The peninsula lying to the north of Sag Harbor and between Shelter Island Sound and Noyac Bay, was in the early records called Hoggenoch, a supposed Indian name, but which Mr. W. W. Tooker claimed was a corruption of Hog Neck. This land was known and called by the latter name until recent years when it was changed to North Haven. At extremely high tides it is an island, that is when the tides rise high enough to flow across the central portion of Long Beach.

Before the bridge was built that connects it with Sag Harbor the only way to get there was by the way of Long and Short beaches, and there is even to this day a recorded highway the length of these two beaches.

The bridge was not built until a goodly portion of the land was cleared and settled. I think a ferry boat or float was used many years before a bridge was constructed, but finally as business demanded it, a toll bridge was built. The charge for a team and wagon was sixteen cents each way. The toll house was located at the Sag Harbor end of the

bridge, and West Water Street ran from the bridge to lower Main Street, on what is now L. I. Railroad property. The old bridge went straight across the channel and was very short compared with the present one.

Wilson Payne was the father of James, William and Huntting, and grandfather of Madison, David and Henry, the last of whom gave me the information regarding his grandfather Wilson.

He always lived on North Haven and owned a farm there. In those early days almost every one used strong drink, and it was considered no disgrace whatever, and was not frowned upon as it is to-day, and the men who did not use it were the exceptions.

This man sometimes used it to such an extent that it affected his judgment seriously, and led him to do those things that otherwise he would not have done.

There was an abundance of fish in the bay in those days, and a large application of them on the land as fertilizer enabled the farmers even on the light soil of North Haven to grow good large crops. The grass that grew after harvest would lie on the ground and as it dried up and ripened would become very smooth and slippery. One day this man conceived the idea of sleigh riding on this dry grass, so he harnessed a horse before a sleigh, put on the bells just as in winter, and rode about the fields. This was a new stunt and attracted considerable attention and notoriety, among his neighbors, who appeared to enjoy it fully as much as he.

I can readily see where it might have some advantages over snow. On another occasion, he and James Eldredge, Uncle Jim as he was usually called, went over to Sag Harbor after supper to spend the evening, but instead of walking they went in a row boat. They stayed quite late, and when they went back home they got off the right course some how, and brought up against a water fence. Neither one knew what the matter was, but they could not get away from that fence, so kept pulling at the oars and kept the boat right there. This they did until daylight, when they saw the trouble, and probably they were in better condition to navigate their craft by that time, and at last reached home safely.

Mr. Payne raised turnips as one of the farm crops, these he sold for the most part to the residents of Sag Harbor, and peddled them about the village.

The day in question, he took a load of turnips

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over to the village with his team of oxen on a two wheeled cart, such as was in general use on the farms at that time. He wore a new suit of clothes that he had just gotten the day before; and to assist him in peddling he took with him his grandson Madison, a small boy of perhaps ten or twelve years.

When taking his load to the village he crossed the bridge and paid the toll, but on returning, he had plenty of time, and to save the toll, he went as was his custom by the Noyac Road, west to the road on the old Dr. Sweet farm that led to the Wading Place, thence across the creek to Long Beach, and then by Short Beach home.

This day when arriving at the Wading Place, little Madison went to take down the bars in the fence; he noticed the water was very high, and said to his grandfather; "We cannot go across for the meadow is all under water, the tide is awful high."

"Oh, come on boy," said the old man, "we can go all right, you get in the back of the cart and hang on, a little water wont hurt you." The old gentleman had been imbibing quite freely and had considerable of what was sometimes called "false courage."

He sat down in the front end of the ox cart and the boy was in the rear hanging on for what he thought was his life. They had one bushel of turnips left unsold. The oxen were used to crossing the creek at this place, and knew the way, and really needed no driver or guide, but the water was deep. They had only gone a little when the oxen were swimming. The cart being built of wood, save the tires and braces, sank somewhat with the weight of the passengers or crew, but yet floated. The turnips drifted away. The boy Madison was frightened but was charged to hold on.

The old man, as he sat in the cart, knew enough not to try to stand up, but simply hung on, and was obliged to raise his chin and throw his head back to keep his mouth above water, but they got across at last all right, with the new suit somewhat the worse in appearance because of the sea voyage.

When Wilson was quite an old man, a company of hunters went to North Haven fox hunting, and he joined them with his old flintlock gun. There is no way for a fox to get off of Hog Neck but by the way of Short Beach, and when a fox is being crowded and worried by the hounds, he would always run for this beach, seeking to get across to the so-

called main land. This knowledge led the hunters to form a line across the narrow portion of the Neck near Short beach, so that they could either get a shot at the fox or drive it back, and often the fox would follow the west shore close to the water, or in the edge of the water so as to leave no scent, and thereby confuse the hounds.

The west side of the Neck along Noyac bay is made up of high bluffs, and there are many gullies made by erosion in these banks that extend almost to the water, and at high tide the water is quite deep near the shore.

Wilson Payne secreted himself in one of these gullies close to the shore, and waited and watched for the fox, with his flintlock primed, cocked and ready. At last he saw the fox coming, and when he passed the old hunter he was very near to him. Payne aimed and fired, but the gun missed fire and only snapped. The fox was so frightened at seeing the man and hearing the gun, that he sprang out into the water to escape, but the water was so deep he had to swim. Whereupon Payne rushed into the water, using his gun as a club, and killed and captured his game.

A Story of Nathan Cook (Tailor)

Nathan Cook lived on Mitchel's Lane in Bridgehampton (1800 map). He was a tailor by trade, and brother of David Cook (blacksmith) of Hay Ground. At that time ready-made clothing was unknown. The cloth was woven on the home loom, from wool or flax grown on the farm. The tailor went from house to house, measured and made suits for the men and boys, and usually boarded with the family while working for them.

It was said that if forty men came to Nathan Cook the same day to engage him to come and do their tailoring, he would give them all the same answer, which was; "I cannot come this week, I will come next week if I can, but week after sartin." This promise satisfied his customers for a time, but often brought him trouble later.

Thomas Gelston was one of those who engaged him to do some work, and received the above answer. "Now tailor," said Gelston, "that don't go, you have been telling me that right along, and you do not keep your word, I cannot depend on you, I really want to know when you will come?" "Mr. Gelston," said the tailor; "if the Lord spares my life I will

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be at your house at sun-up," such a day, naming it. "Very well," said Gelston, "I shall expect you if you are alive."

The day came, but no tailor. Along in forenoon Gelston went down to the Tavern; on the way every one he met he told the startling news that Tailor Cook was dead. At the Tavern he told the same, and before night the news had spread to the utmost limits of the community, and among those who heard it was the tailor himself, who in his wrath hastened to Gelston's, and called him to task for circulating such a story. Gelston said; "Tailor, you told me if you were alive you would come, and as you did not come I naturally supposed you were dead, and so reported it."

Nathan Cook claimed to possess power to foretell events. In carrying out this idea, I should have supposed he would have been rather unpopular; he never indulged in this pastime, however, when about his regular work or trade, it was only when visiting or calling about the town; for instance, he might go into the house of a neighbor to spend the evening; when upon entering the room he would stare about, and sniff, and sniff, and would finally announce; "I smell Death, there will be a corpse in this house before morning."

An Old Resident of Noyack

Jonah Rogers lived at the North Side or Noyack, and owned and sailed a schooner for many years, usually in the coastwise trade, but sometimes to the West Indies, but generally from Boston, Salem or some of the New England ports, to New York or some of the ports along Long Island Sound.

His crew consisted as a general thing, of one old sailor, no longer fit for regular service, because of his age or disability, but who could steer a boat and knew how and what to do as a sailor.

The other help would be one or two boys, who were new at the job, but could assist, the idea being that of economy, they receiving little more than their board.

On one voyage they left Salem for New York or some nearby port, and it being a short voyage, they provisioned the vessel accordingly, with enough food and supplies for not to exceed one week. The cargo was dried salt codfish and rum.

When well out to sea, there came on a heavy northwest blow or gale, and they were obliged to go

before it, not being able to beat against it. This continued for many days, and drove them many miles out to sea, so that instead of reaching port in one week as they expected, they were about three weeks in getting there.

They ran out of provisions and water, so had to resort to the cargo for food, that is; they ate salt codfish, this created thirst, then they drank rum, the salt counteracting the liquor to a certain extent, and this was their diet until they reached port. The boys appeared to mind it much more than the old man, but they were all glad of a change of food.

Fashions Change

Thomas Gelston was a great practical joker, and always had time enough for that sport. One day when returning from Sag Harbor a man hailed him and asked for a ride, but Gelston called back; "I cannot do it, I have not the time, for I have just bought a new bonnet for my wife, and if I don't hurry home, the thing will be out of fashion before I get there."

Edward Chapman Rogers manufactured hats in Sag Harbor. Some of wool, and I think some of straw. These were for the most part sold on eastern Long Island. Harry Edwards, of Bridgehampton, usually known as "Uncle Harry," one day in speaking of wearing clothes that were in fashion, said; "I have one of Ed. Rogers' wool hats that I have worn for 21 years, and in that time it has been in fashion seven times."

Robert Hedges of Sagaponack was born in the year 1809. In his youth he served as carpenter's apprentice in Franklin, New Jersey, for a term of five years, after which he was classed as a carpenter. He then came home to his father. About this time he shouldered his axe one morning, walked into the woods, cut three and one half cords of wood and corded it up, in one day, and walked home at night. This is certainly a case where fashion has changed in this locality.

Captain Jetur Rose of North Sea was a successful whaling captain. On one voyage out of New Bedford his wife, Caroline, went with him. They were away from home between three and four years.

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Their wearing apparel when they left home was in fashion and up-to-date, but many changes had taken place while away on that long voyage. When they arrived in port, the ship owners sent them to the best hotel in town. Mrs. Rose applied for accommodations, but was told it would be impossible as the hotel was full. She then told them that they were just home from a long sea voyage, and as yet had no opportunity to get new clothes; also that the firm of ship owners had sent them there, and that the only thing she could do was to report the case to that company, naming them. This fact changed the situation at once. The best rooms in the hotel were given them, also the best service that the hotel afforded.

Elbert Rose and Son Maltby

It was customary years ago to teach children the Catechism, Apostles Creed, Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments, etc. George Rugg, a son of Kingston Rugg, was a small colored boy who worked for Esquire Maltby G. Rose, in Hay Ground. His son, Elbert Rose, was at that time a big boy in his father's home. Mr. Edgar was minister in the Presbyterian Church, and told George that he should learn the Catechism. Elbert kindly told George that he would teach him, and that he could begin to study at once. The questions, only a few of which I will give, were taken from the regular Catechism, but for the Bible characters given in the answers, Mr. Elbert substituted the names of local men, as follows:

"Who was the first man?".....Adam Rugg

"Who was the first woman?".....Mrs. Rose
(Elbert's mother)

"Who was the wisest man?".....Solomon Gray

"Who was the most patient man?".....Job Haines

"Who was the first martyr?".....Stephen Talmage

"Who was cast into the den of lions?".....
Daniel Talmage

"Who was the meekest man?".....Moses Phillips

After a time Mr. Edgar made a call on the Rose family, and met the colored boy George, when he asked him "if he had studied his Catechism?" and "if so, could he question him?" George consented, and answered just as taught. After hearing the prompt answers, Mr. Edgar said; "George, who taught you the Catechism?" "Mr. Elbert," said George.

Maltby G. Rose, of the previous story, inherited much of his father's drollery and humor. When a boy he made a wager with another youngster as to who should get and wear the largest pair of boots. He finally won by changing several times for a larger pair, the last being 12's or 13's of men's size.

At school, Maltby was up to the average, but always disliked to write compositions, so on Friday afternoons, when the literary exercises were held, Maltby would quite often be absent. One Monday morning after such an absence, the teacher told Maltby to write a LONG composition for the following Friday. Maltby replied by saying; "he had no subject on which to write." The teacher said; "Write about anything, the weather, or farming, or cattle raising, and if you can find nothing else, write about your father's woodland, but be sure and have a LONG composition for Friday." "Very well, Sir," said Maltby. No one gave it more thought. The letter paper in fashion at that time was long and narrow, and unfolded lengthwise. Maltby pasted a lot of those sheets together until he had a roll of 25 to 30 feet long. On this he wrote the description of each wood lot in detail. Friday afternoon, when called upon, Maltby arose with great deliberation, walked to the platform, made a very low bow. In his hands he held the roll, with the ends held firmly between thumb and finger, with the roll toward the audience. Standing directly in front of the center aisle, so that when he let the roll drop, in unrolling, it struck the floor and rolled down the aisle almost one half the length of the school room.

This in itself created considerable mirth, then he began to read. The roll being so narrow, he was obliged to pull in and pay out quite fast to keep reading. As he pulled the long roll up the aisle, the other end began to pile up in front of him. Maltby read, and read until the teacher realized it would take up most of the afternoon, when he was obliged to tell Maltby that he had read sufficient for that day. "But," said Maltby, "there is a whole lot more." Then of course, he had to gather up that pile of paper, which took some time, and afforded more fun.

In the physiology class he was asked to describe the skin. His answer: "It is an elastic peeling that covers the body." He wrote a composition about Aaron Burr, and in summing up the story of his

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life, he concluded with these words: "He came up like peppergrass, lived like a hoppergrass, and laid down and died like a donkey."

For years Maltby Rose ran the Hay Ground Windmill, and finally owned it. David Haines took a grist there to be ground, went after it several times, but owing to the lack of wind it was not ready, so Maltby told him he would send him a card notifying him when it was ground and ready. The following is a copy of the message sent:

"Mr. David Haines, of noble fame,
I write you that I've ground your grain;
The wind blew up as I wished it to,
And I went down and put it through."

When Mary Pickford was making and preparing the reel for the movie "Huldah of Holland," they came to Hay Ground, from the fact that the windmill was in working order, and could be used. They built what represented a Dutch village nearby, supplied Maltby with a new white duck suit, so he would look like a typical miller. They offered him \$25. to run the mill while taking the reel. Maltby said he would not do it. "Well," said they, "what will you do it for?" (supposing he wanted more money). "Why," said Maltby, "that is too much money. To run that mill for you I should want about \$4.50," which they paid him, to the satisfaction of both parties.

STORY OF JOHN EDWARDS

John Edwards, who lived on the south side of Huntington Path in Bridgehampton, served in the war of 1812. He reared a large family in this house. His children were Joseph A., Lodowick H., John P., Deborah C., Mary J., Frances, Hannah, Charlotte, Henrietta, Herman, Albert. On one occasion he bought some land and was greatly puzzled as to how to clear it and make it tillable. He owned a large stock of cattle, and these ran in the woods, as was the custom. One day he found a nice fat calf hung in the crotch of a tree. He dressed it at once, and conceived the idea of a neighborhood feast.

He canvassed the entire neighborhood, inviting every one to attend the banquet, the form of invitation being about as follows: "Come, let us all get together. Go out on the new ground. Carry some brush together, pile it up, set fire to it, sit down and see it burn. When we get through, we

will all partake of the fatted calf." The plan worked, and the brush lot was cleared. This man was quite a large land owner. He said; "I do not want to own the whole earth, but I would like to own every piece of land that joins any of mine."

This man raised many young horses. One day he had several colts tied up in the barn yard to halter break. A hen hawk caught a hen and carried it to a lone cedar tree in Richard Halsey's lot. His son, Herman, got a gun and jumped on an unbroken colt, three years old with bridle but no saddle, and started after the hawk. The wind was blowing hard. The boy rode to the leeward of the tree, and ran the colt straight for that tree. The hawk flew to the windward with the hen. Herman rode up under the hawk, dropped the reins, shot and killed the hawk. He said afterward: "I never came so near being thrown from a horse in my life."

When John Edwards was quite an elderly man, a neighbor had a fine steer that had become very wild, and ugly as well, so much so that no one would buy it. This steer had been running with the common herd all the season. Because of these facts Edwards bought it very cheap. His neighbors said; "He will never be able to catch the brute," and they watched, but one day they were rewarded. This steer at that time had joined a herd of cattle, and was in a barnyard with them. Edwards owned a fine yoke of old oxen, well broken and trusty. These he took with an extra ox yoke into that barnyard, also a good long rope with a pole to carry the noose. He got between the oxen and behind the yoke. He drove the oxen about among the herd until near enough to drop the noose over the steer's head. They then drew the steer up to a strong fence post and tied him, then unyoked one ox and yoked the steer in his place, then with the extra yoke, did the same thing with the steer and the other ox. The oxen took the steer home. A bargain.

SOME RESIDENTS OF WAINSCOTT

John Strong of Wainscott, born in 1756, died in 1828, was the father of three boys, Sylvanus, Abner and Saul. His homestead was the one marked to Abner (1850 map). In those days all of the threshing was done with flails, the grain being

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spread on the barn floor, when from one to four men would beat it with flails until the grain was all threshed. In doing this the men all had to keep stroke, so as not to interfere with one another. John Strong trained his three boys to thresh in a team of four, including himself. To help them keep stroke he would call the time. He might have counted 1-2-3-4, until they acquired the stroke, but he called the time another way, by saying, "I. Sylv. Ab. Saul. I. Sylv. Ab. Saul." Abner stayed on the homestead, Sylvanus located on the corner of Hedges Lane and the Town Line. Saul went to Pennsylvania, where he became a Second Adventist. He would occasionally come to Wainscott to visit his brothers. On one of these visits, he preached to his brothers the doctrine he had adopted, and was very enthusiastic in his belief that the world would come to an end that year. After making quite a visit, he set the day when he would return to his home. His brothers urged him to prolong his visit, but he said he must get back and sow his wheat; whereupon his brother Sylvanus replied: "You d—md fool, if the world is coming to an end this year as you claim it is what is the use of your sowing wheat; and if you really believe what you preach, you might just as well stay right here and go up with the rest of us."

Samuel Edwards of Hedges Lane, (1850 map) was a great lover of cats. One man who worked for him in 1869 told me that at that time he had 46 cats on the farm, and these were fed regularly both night and morning with fresh milk.

Henry L. Osborn of Wainscott, (1900 map) was a man upright in character and a firm believer in prayer. It came to pass that one of his neighbors was taken very sick, and his family had almost given up hope of his recovery. On hearing of this Mr. Osborn said: "I got right down on my knees, and prayed earnestly to the Lord for this man's recovery, and that he be restored to his family and neighbors." He did get well, and Mr. Osborn always believed it was a direct answer to his prayer, and that he was responsible for his restoration to the community.

Years came and went, and this neighbor became somewhat of a "thorn in the flesh" to Osborn and his neighbors. Osborn wondered if he, through

his intercession with the Almighty, was not indirectly responsible for this trouble, and it caused him considerable anxiety. After a time this neighbor was again taken sick, and this renewed in Osborn's mind his former experience, so he said; "I got right down on my knees again, and prayed to the Lord; and explained to him how his former prayer had been answered, and because of it, the trouble the community had experienced, and that now, if he wanted this man to get well again, he would have to take the responsibility for it, for he was not willing to do as he had done before, so that it was entirely up to the Lord as to whether he got well or not."

Elisha Osborne of Wainscott, (1800 map) was born 1769, died 1856. He was a very devout man, and used to lead the prayer meetings held in the schoolhouse in that village. He had a son, Thomas, who did not follow in the footsteps of his father in all ways, though not in the least a bad fellow, but just full of fun. The old schoolhouse was heated by a large box stove that would take in one half of a cordwood stick. In cold weather the fire was usually started some time before the meeting began. It was invariably the habit of "Uncle Lish," as he was called, when entering the schoolhouse, to go to the stove, take the long iron poker which laid under it, and stir up the fire. One evening Thomas went to meeting early, put the handle of the poker in the fire, let it get hot, and then put it in its place under the stove. In due time his father came to lead the meeting, went to the stove as usual, grabbed the poker, dropped it just as suddenly, and exclaimed: "Some of that devilish Tom's work."

It was customary to read at these meetings a religious tract. In his declining years his eyesight partially failed, so he would ask some brother to read the tract for him. One evening, when Uncle Elisha was preparing for meeting, Tom took the tract from the old man's pocket, and substituted an almanac. When the time arrived for the tract to be read, Uncle Elisha passed it to a brother, and said: "This is a very good tract." "Why, Mr. Osborne," said the brother, "this is no tract, it is an almanac." "Ah, ha," said Uncle Lish, "this is some more of our Tom's cursed work."

An Old Time Mechanic

For a number of years, at the beginning of winter, Robert Hedges of Sagaponack, would go to Jersey City and work in the ship yards, hewing timber. At that time all of the ships were built of wood, and for the most part hewn from logs. On one occasion he applied for a job, and was asked if he could hew timber; he said that he could, and was given a job. The next morning he reported for work.

In hewing timber two men usually worked on the same log, one man on each side. The morning in question the Boss took Hedges with him to test his ability. After the log was lined up, each took his place on opposite sides of the same log. The Boss began work. Hedges struck his broadaxe in the log, and walked about the yard watching the other workmen hew. When he returned, the Boss was quite angry, and rebuked Hedges severely, and told him if he was going to work, he had better get at it. "Well," said Hedges, "if I can't hew more timber than any man I have seen working here this morning, then I don't want the job." He then began to hew, and never stopped until he had finished his side of the log. He then walked over to see how the Boss was progressing, (he had not finished yet). The Boss thought Hedges could not have done the work properly, but when he looked at it, he said: "Hedges, you are all right."

Robert Hedges was considered the cleverest man with a broadaxe in this locality. While building the second Methodist Church in Bridgehampton, the builder wished some timber hewn, and was told that Robert Hedges could do it. After the task was completed, the Boss said to Robert: "I did not intend that you should plane it." "I did not," said Hedges. "I used nothing but my broadaxe."

David Hedges and His Pigs

David Hedges of Sagaponack was the 7th generation of that family in this country, and lived on the south side of Hedges Lane. He was born in the year 1804 and died in 1870. He was a prosperous farmer, and one source of income each year was a fine lot of pigs.

David Hallock was a local merchant, and often traded in dressed pork. The day in question Hallock had made an appointment with Hedges to come to the farm and look over the pigs with the idea of

buying them. It so happened that he got there just as Hedges was going to dinner, and on invitation ate with him. "Then," said Hedges, "we will go and look at the hogs."

While they were at dinner the hogs broke out of the pen, and ran all about the farm. Hedges got all the help he could, but in trying to corral them, he became utterly exhausted and exclaimed: "The 'Good Book' says, 'The devils entered into the herd of swine, and they ran down a steep place into the sea and perished,' and I wish to goodness these hogs were with them."

Daniel Talmage of Hay Ground

Daniel Talmage of Hay Ground was a man very moderate in disposition, and believed in taking life easy. One stormy day in the winter, Daniel saw 'Squire Maltby Rose going down to Mecox to fodder his cattle. Daniel watched him for awhile and then said: "Blessed be nothing, for I can sit by my fireside in comfort, while 'Squire Maltby, with all of his property, is obliged to go out in this storm and feed his cattle."

One day he went to Deacon White's, (now Thomas Marran farm) in Hay Ground, and complained that his neighbors were giving him no work, and that he was destitute. He said he would work cheap if any one would give him a job. The Deacon agreed to give him work the next day if he would promise to ask no questions, and work all day. Daniel agreed to this bargain. When he came the next morning, they carried the grindstone out in the street and set it by the side of the road. The Deacon told him his job was to turn that grindstone all day, but at noon to come in and get his dinner. It so happened that this was the day that the annual Town Meeting was held in Southampton. Every one from the eastern part of the Town had to go with horses, and most of them by the main road, and in so doing passed Daniel turning the grindstone. This procession began about eight o'clock in the morning, and in returning did not cease until almost night. It was only natural that they should ask Daniel what he was turning that stone for? Some even stopped their teams to question him. This at last got on Daniel's nerves, so that his answer to these oft repeated questions was, "To make d—n fools ask questions." Daniel in order to collect his pay, had to work all day, which he did.

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One day in harvest time Deacon White hired Daniel to cradle oats. After some time in the field, the Deacon went to see how he was progressing with the work. Daniel had accomplished but little, so the Deacon rather rebuked him for having done so little. This grieved Daniel, and he replied by saying that "he had sought to keep the scriptural injunction as best he could." The Deacon asked "what scriptural injunction there was that related to the cutting of his oats?" "Why," said Daniel, "we are distinctly told in the Good Book, 'Let your moderation be known unto all men'."

When it came dinner time, and Daniel got to the table, the Deacon observed that he was unusually active in the disposition of food, and this to such an extent that it was with difficulty the Deacon could keep from commenting on it. Finally he asked Daniel: "What was that scripture you quoted to me in the oat lot?" Daniel could not recall the passage, but said there was another that he thought very appropriate and fitting for the occasion. "Well," said the Deacon, "let us have it." Daniel said, "The Bible tells us, 'whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might'."

Daniel Talmage decided to learn a cooper's trade, so went to Sag Harbor and indentured himself for a term of years to a boss cooper to learn that trade. This man boarded his apprentices and fed them largely on fish and potatoes, because of the small cost of those articles of food. These young men got very tired of this fare, but hesitated in finding fault. One day the boss was away from home, and his wife asked if one of the young men would say grace at the dinner. All objected until it came to Daniel, who consented as follows:

"Good Lord of love,
Look from above;
Upon us sinful creatures;
And give us meat
That's fit to eat,
And less of fish and 'tatoes."

SOME STORIES OF BRIDGEHAMPTON

Albert Topping sent his watch to his son, (who lived in a New England town) to be repaired, and in due time it came back in order. He was telling about it one evening in the village store, and said: "What do you think, it came a going." One of the

listeners replied: "Then it must have went a coming."

Aaron Fithian lived in Bridgehampton, (1850 map) on the south side of the Main street. He was a man of independent ideas, and rather original in his methods. On one occasion he was drawn as a witness in a lawsuit, and had to serve much against his wishes. He declared he would be of no help and asked to be excused, but his request was not granted. The trial opened, and in due time Aaron was called to the stand, and took the usual oath. Upon being questioned, he related facts very damaging to the party by whom he was subpoenaed. The attorney told him to answer those questions he was asked and no others. Aaron claimed he could not consent to that, for he in so doing would be breaking the oath he had just taken; said he: "I have sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, So help me God, and I swear that is just what I am going to do." And he did.

There lived in the neighborhood of Aaron's home, a man harmless, but mentally unbalanced. One day Aaron was hewing timber with a big broadaxe, when this man appeared. Aaron asked him if he could do anything for him? "Yes," said the man, "I am tired of life, I want you to cut my head off." "All right," said Aaron, "I can fix you up in short order, and I have got just the tool to do it with. Lie right down and put your neck on this block." The man got down as ordered. Aaron adjusted his neck on the block, and told him to keep quiet, and his troubles would be over very soon. After a few high flourishes with the axe, Aaron struck a heavy blow near enough to the fellow's neck to frighten him. The man did not wait for a second blow, but jumped up and said: "I guess we will not go any further this time." He went home and never returned.

James Brown was the son of Samuel, and grandson of the Rev. James Brown. He did not follow in the footsteps of his ancestors in all ways. On the line between the land of James H. Rogers and John O'Rourke, there stood in the early days a house where lived an Indian named John Solomon. Brown appeared to enjoy playing jokes on Solomon. On returning to his home one bitter cold night, long after bed time, he stopped at the cabin of Solomon's,

and going to the north door of the house, called the old man from his warm bed, and asked this question: "John, I am sorry to call you up at this time of night, but I wanted to ask you if you were willing that I should go and sleep tonight on the north side of Holmes's Hill?" (This is a high bluff at North Sea) "Yes," said Solomon, "You may go and be D—md."

Near the Pine Hills, and west of the Mill Stone Road, stood the house of Charles Fee. One evening in the late autumn this house was seen to be on fire. It was a motley company that gathered there that night. One was an elderly man whose wardrobe showed neglect. Instead of buttons he used rope yarns. When one pair of pants wore through, he would reverse them, and when necessity demanded, he would put on the second pair. There was no supply of water, so the only thing the company could do was to wait until the fire burned out, and keep it from getting into the woods. Many were the stories told and jokes cracked that night by these men as they sat about the burning embers. At last silence reigned and all were still, when Theodore White, otherwise known as "Teddy," broke the silence. It was as if some sheik of the desert had arisen to address his little band of Bedouin followers, gathered about the camp fire, in the still hours of the night, sitting under the canopy of heaven, charging them to keep the faith of their fathers. All was attention, and thus he spoke:

"Fires are attributed to various causes. Sometimes they are the result of the careless use of matches. Sometimes by what is termed spontaneous combustion and, sometimes by the friction produced by a thousand dollar fire insurance policy rubbing up against a five hundred dollar house." None of the company knew it at the time, but it became known later, that the fire insurance policy on that house would have expired the next day at noon.

The Spilled Beans

Captain William Pierson of Sagaponack was captain of the militia. His commissions as Ensign, Lieutenant, and Captain are still preserved and in possession of his descendants. His home was that now owned by Alfred P. Rogers. This William had a brother, Abraham, who lived on Hedges Lane

where Paul Roesel now lives. When occasion required, Abraham usually used his brother William's loom for weaving his carpets. Whenever he went to his brother's for this purpose he would carry the balls of rags in a tow bag hung over his shoulder. William noticed on several occasions the bag that Abraham carried when he went home appeared to have something in it. He also noticed that the shelled beans which were kept in the weaving room, were disappearing. He thought it might be the work of rats, but his suspicion being aroused he decided to watch. One day when Abraham was there weaving carpets, William secreted himself near the head of the stairs and waited. In due time Abraham finished his work, and started down the stairs for home; when William crept up stealthily behind him, and with a sharp knife cut open the bag. The beans went rolling down the stairs all about Abraham. Not a word was spoken by either party. Abraham did not look around to see what had happened, but kept right on. The rats, however, ceased to carry away the beans.

A Story on Piety

Simon and Price Howell of Poxabogue, (1750 map) were the sons of Daniel Howell, and lived on the same homestead. Simon was to be married, so sent Price to get the minister, and explained that he was wanted to preform the ceremony, and ended by announcing that "Simon has got the dollar."

Simon married for his second wife, Hannah Halsey of Cobb. Hannah had a sister, Jerusha who after a time made her home with them. She was noted for her piety, and her regular attendance upon all religious services, and in church work was very faithful.

Deacon Stephen Rose was a prominent man in the church at that time, and enjoyed a joke immensely. One day in commenting on the character of Jerusha, he said: "She is a woman in whose heart there is no guile, but she will steal Dan Howell's hens' eggs."

An Old Man's Charge to His Son

Daniel Schellinger of Amagansett moved to Mecox, when he bought the farm near what was later the home of Baldwin Cook. He had a daughter, Mary, who married Deacon John Cook. Their son was Captain John Cook, my great grandfather.

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The story is told that her relations came to visit them in such numbers, and so frequently, that they thought it would keep them poor, and that for this reason he charged his son John as follows:

First, never become captain of the militia.

Second, never take joint stock in a windmill.

Third, never go to Amagansett for a wife.

The joke was as follows:

First, he did become captain of the militia, and was known as "Captain John."

Second, he did take stock in a windmill, and lost money by so doing.

Third, he did go to Amagansett for a wife, and married Eliza Mulford, my great-grandmother.

John Leek and His Dog

John Leek was a good man and a staunch Christian. He lived in Bridgehampton, on the Snake Hollow Road. (1850 map) One day at a large dinner party, while seated at the table, the company got into a discussion on religious topics, and finally it came Mr. Leek's turn to speak. He had cut a piece of meat, and held it on his fork while speaking. He said: "I know that if I were to die this minute, I would be just as sure of going to Heaven, as I am that I am going to put this meat into my mouth." Just as he spoke these words, the meat fell off the fork, dropped to the floor, and the dog ate it.

An Old Resident of the Brick Kilns

David Stanborough lived at the Brick Kilns. He supported his family for the most part by cutting wood and selling it in Sag Harbor. Colonel Levi Howell was a resident of Bridgehampton. A very prominent man. Colonel of the militia, and took part in the war of 1812. He was a man large in stature, and just as large in character and real upright manhood. He owned considerable woodland near the Brick Kilns.

One day some good neighbor reported to Col. Howell that Stanborough was cutting his wood and selling it. The Colonel thought it wise to look into the matter, so went to see David, and said: "Mr. Stanborough, I am told that you are cutting my wood and selling it. Is that so?" "Yes, Mr. Howell, you are right, that is so." "Well, David," said the Colonel, "don't you know I could have you arrested and put in jail for doing this?" David replied: "I

know you could, Colonel, but it would not pay you to do it. Now just reason it out a little. If you arrest me and send me to jail, you have got to board me while I am there, and the Town will have to take care of my family; while if I can cut a little wood and sell it, I can supply myself and also my family, with no expense to the town."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I never looked at it quite that way, but I do not know but that you are right. Well, go ahead and cut, but do not cut too much."

This same David was rather a shiftless fellow, inclined to be lazy, and would not work unless he had to. He married Lucretia Drake, who was just the opposite in disposition, a real driver in work and very smart, and under her management David was forced to move much faster than his natural gait otherwise would have been. In David's opinion she was a real termagant. This often led to quite serious domestic trouble.

One day if you had read the family barometer, it would have said, squally, with threatening storm. These came at last, and David got the benefit; he could stand it no longer. On the step by the kitchen door stood a pail of swill; he grabbed it and soaked his Lucretia from head to foot. She was too mad for utterance. Without delay, she went just as she was, post haste to 'Squire L'Hommedieu's office in Sag Harbor, where she swore out a warrant for David's arrest. The charge being that "He had scalded her." On the day for the trial all of the wags in town gathered, for they knew it would be most interesting and a real treat. At the trial the plaintiff's attorney made a long and eloquent plea and rested. The attorney for the defense then took his side of the case, and to prove the statements of the plaintiff that the jury might be aided in rendering a just verdict, he demanded that Lucretia disrobe and show the scars made by scalding, as evidence in the case. This she objected to do.

When David was put on the stand, he testified that the liquid he threw on Lucretia was cold swill. "Then," said the Judge, "it must have been a cold scald." To this day that expression, "Stanborough's cold scald," is used and heard in this locality. It might be termed "provincial English," or a colloquialism, that in my opinion is confined to eastern Long Island.

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Embroidered Bed Curtains

The Rev. James Brown was the second ordained minister in the early church in Bridgehampton, L. I. His daughter, Susanna, married David Rogers, of the same place, and died when their first child was born, which they named Susanna after her mother, and of whom I will write later.

When Susanna Brown was a little girl about twelve years of age she embroidered a set of bed curtains or valances, representing the soldiers in Bridgehampton, as they appeared during the war of the Revolution. The British are in red coats and the Americans in blue. Some are mounted on horses and some on foot. These curtains are of homespun linen, and the embroidery is the work of a child, rather crude I think, and at this time quite faded.

These curtains in due time came to the daughter, Susanna Rogers, and during the Civil War (1864) were given by her relatives to the Sanitary Fair and sold. They were bought by the Long Island Historical Society, which was established in 1863, and at the present time are in the museum of that society in Brooklyn, and are listed in Catalogue A. Number 240. I have seen and examined them.

A Story of the Brick Kilns

Peter Johnson was a colored man (I think also some Indian) who lived in Hay Ground. He had followed whaling when a young man, but had given it up as a business. One time he went to Sag Harbor where he met a number of his old shipmates and friends, who, much against his inclination, induced him to ship for another whaling voyage. That night he went home very much worried over what he had done. The ship was to sail in a few days, and he knew if he failed to report for duty, officers would be sent after him, arrest and hand him over to the ship owners, and he be made to keep his contract. Before such action would be taken, he decided on a plan which he proceeded at once to carry out.

He took provisions enough to last him, also blankets and sufficient clothes, and camped in the woods on a high hill at the Brick Kilns, overlooking the harbor. From there he could see the ship on which he was supposed to sail, and there he waited until he saw her sail down the harbor and out past Cedar

Island. He then waited still longer until he was sure she had gone for good. He then returned to his home. It proved just as he expected. Officers had been sent for him, but after a diligent search, gave up the job. Peter never was caught in that trap again.

Jehial Goodale Goes Courting

Jehial Goodale was the son of Joseph, and lived of the east side of the road to Towd (1800 map) north of Water Mill. When a young man he became very much interested in a young lady who lived at North Sea. This was a long way over a lonely road, mostly through the woods. Superstition was very prevalent at that time, and was at times the chief topic of conversation. Jehial was fearful lest these things might be true.

One night late in the summer, Jehial left North Sea, and began his lonely walk through the woods to his home. The moon cast weird shadows across his path, and these often appeared to take on hideous and fearful forms. The decaying logs in the denser portions of the forest, threw out a phosphorescent light like the smouldering embers of some spirit kindled fire. All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had ever heard crowded upon his mind. To add to the weirdness, all of the crickets, katy-dids and thousands of other insects were chanting their night song. There was a marsh that he had to pass on his way home. As he approached this he heard the most fearful sounds and cries; he listened, and thought he heard his name called. He waited to hear what they said, and was terrified, for he thought they said, "Jehial, Jehial," then the answer, "Get a club, Get a club" and then, "Let's kill him, Let's kill him." He did not know just what to do, but decided to run for his life. When passing the marsh, all became still. This gave him courage. Some distance further on, was a huge oak tree, whose branches overhung the road. He felt if he could only get to that tree, he would be safe, but to his horror, just as he got under this tree, there came from directly overhead, the most terrifying screech; it was fearful. Afterward, when telling of his experience, he said: "When I heard that last cry, I planted my foot in the earth and sprang like a roebuck." The next morning after having related his experience, he was told: "What

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you heard was only those old bull frogs, and that screech came from an owl, which was probably more frightened than you." This solution of the problem was a great comfort to Jehial.

Zachary Sandford and His Wife

Zachary Sandford lived on the Brick Kiln Road (see 1750 map) and I think built the house where he lived until he sold it to James Mitchel. He and his wife appear to have lived happily and were very devoted to each other. One day some boys overheard Mrs. Sandford tell her husband: "If the death angel were to come and demand that one of them should be taken, she should say, 'Take me, and leave Zachary'."

That evening while seated before the open fire, there issued from the chimney flue the most hideous sounds, accompanied by scratching and scraping, and flapping of wings, and showers of soot. The old couple really thought their hour had come. Zachary appears to have been resigned; but his wife, forgetting her resolve, in fear and desperation, cried out: "Take Zachary, Take Zachary." The boys who heard Mrs. Sandford's remarks thought they would have some fun, so caught a rooster, climbed carefully up to the chimney top, and dropped the bird down the chimney flue.

A Marriage Contract

Susanna Rogers mentioned above became an exceptionally fine appearing woman, very bright and intelligent, but never married until after middle life.

Daniel Harris of North Sea had the misfortune to lose his wife, and decided it would be better to marry again, rather than to be troubled with housekeepers. After considering all of the eligible women of his acquaintance, he finally decided on Susanna Rogers as his first choice. She was by nature of a business turn of mind. When Daniel's courage was equal to the occasion, he took his best horse and chaise, and went to call on Susanna, whom he found home. He was given a very cordial reception, whereupon Daniel at once proceeded to state his business. He told her of his loneliness, and asked her what consideration she would want to marry him? She thought for a time, and then answered: "Mr. Harris, I should want Five Hundred Dollars

in cash to marry you." "I will give it," said he, "and with your consent we will call it a bargain." Both consented, and were married, and lived exceptionally happy lives together. This was the comment of all who knew them. I am sure they were right from what I have always heard. Susanna was my Grandmother's half sister.

Stories of Howell Cook

In olden times it was customary for several neighbors to sit up in a house where there was a corpse. In Hay Ground there had been a death and Howell Cook, brother of Alanson, Miss Abigail Brown, (later Abigail Squires) and another young lady, were to sit up with the corpse. Friends from some distance were expected, and food prepared accordingly, extra pies baked, and among other supplies was a fine lot of eels all cleaned and hung up on a rod in the huge fireplace. One of the watchers that night was the old family dog, an animal of huge proportions. Howell was a live wire, and after their supply of stories became exhausted, and the hour late, he resorted to the following as a source of amusement. The girls protested, but to no avail.

He sought the pantry, brought out the supply of pies, fed the girls, and ate all he could himself. He then began to take the eels from the rod, lay them on the hot coals until cooked, and then fed them to the dog. This he kept up until the supply was exhausted.

I have never heard just what the family said but Mrs. Squires told me that she never was so ashamed of anything in her life.

This same Howell Cook went with a company of young people from Bridgehampton, during the late winter or early spring, at a time when the roads were extremely muddy, to Southampton to attend a big dinner. The hour was set when the dinner was to be served, but the company got stuck in the mud, and were unavoidably late in getting there. When all were seated at the table, Howell, either by request or otherwise, said grace, as follows:

"Good Lord of love,
Look from above,
Upon us here below;
And bless this meat,
We should have eat,
An hour and a half ago."

The Moon and Dry Weather

Many were the signs that were noticed and believed by the people of "Ye olden time." If the new moon laid on its back so it would hold water it indicated dry weather. If it stood up, so the water would run off, it would be wet. Another interpretation was, if it laid flat so that a powder horn could be hung on it, stay at home for it would be wet and stormy. If you could not hang a horn on it then go hunting, for the weather would be good.

If the moon ran high, as they called it, the weather would be very dry. The real fact is the moon reaches its greatest declination, either north or south, at the winter and summer solstices, so that in June and July the moon is at its greatest north declination; the very time that severe droughts are most likely to occur.

Many years ago there was a very dry season throughout this entire community. The moon at that time they thought was running very high. About this time two good churchmen met. The main topic of their conversation was the extreme dryness of the weather, and the effect it was having on the crops. One said: "We must call a meeting and pray for rain." The other remarked with stern emphasis and sincerity: "There is no use in praying for rain, with that there moon devilin' around up here to the north'ard."

A Bedtime Story

One of the most intelligent women that ever lived in this locality, one who was strenuous in effort to succeed, capable in ability to accumulate, wise in expenditure after accumulated, good judgment in directing others in labor, and who looked well after her household, was Phebe Topping Ludlow, later Smith. She, and her son, David Topping Ludlow, and her son-in-law, Edward Howell, bought the Gelston Farm on Butter Lane in the year 1835. They went heavily in debt in buying it, but by hard work and economy paid the debt and accumulated a goodly amount for advancing years. She lived to be 94 years of age, and her life may justly be classed among the most successful.

When Orlando Hand built his house on Mitchel's Lane, (1850 map) Contractor Charles Douglas, of Sag Harbor, did the work. Charles Hildreth and Hickford Connor were apprentices. (This Charles Hildreth was from Water Mill, and is now a very

old man, and living in "Live Oak," Florida). It was he that told me the following story:

These young men boarded at that time with Aunt Phebe Smith. She and her family were usually up in the morning early enough to have breakfast before daylight, so as to get to their work. That meant "early to bed" as well as "early to rise," and sitting up late was not in order. The great fireplace was used in those days, not only for heating the house, but for cooking the family meals as well. In cold weather there would be a large bed of live coals on the hearth.

Tallow candles were used for lighting. The short ends left after the candles were almost burned out were given the boys when going to bed, so that they would not sit up late. One night these boys were sitting by the big fire telling stories, and having a good time, when the clock struck eight, the family bedtime. Aunt Phebe came in and told the boys it was time to go to bed. The boys paid no attention, so after a time she said again in a more emphatic manner: "I say it is bedtime." Still they paid no heed, but kept on with their talk. Soon after the second call, Aunt Phebe came into the room with a pail of water, and going to the fireplace, threw the whole pail of water on to that bed of coals. There was almost an explosion, the ashes and coals flew out into the room, and Aunt Phebe remarked: "I said it was bedtime." Ever after this the boys heeded and obeyed the first call.

Story of Arthur Loper

The Loper homestead was located about one half mile north of the northerly end of Butter Lane. The old door step and cellar are still there. Arthur, I think, was the first one of that family to locate here. He had his peculiarities as most people have, some commendable, some otherwise.

School was held at that time in the house of Maltby Sandford on Butter Lane, and the Loper children attended, as did those of the Halsey, Corwith, Woodruff and other families. One day the teacher required one of the scholars to recite a verse as punishment for some misdemeanor. This boy knew no piece that he could recite from memory, save one that it is fair to suppose he had heard in his own home, that was of peculiar local interest.

Regardless of the fact that the Loper boys were

there, and of course heard it, when called upon to recite he spoke as follows:

“Arthur Loper in the barn,
He was caught, stealing corn;
Oh, Good Lord, he said from fear,
Oh, Good Lord, how came I here.”

Israel Halsey of Hay Ground

Israel Halsey was the son of Josiah, and lived in Hay Ground, (see 1800 Map). His farm ran from the highway to Long Pond. Like many others he used liquor to excess. One day he had been plowing and came home tired, and said to his daughter: “Charity, I am tired, I want some more rum, for I have plowed an acre today between the pond and the shore.”

He would quite frequently go on a regular spree and escapade, which would last for several days, during which time he would become very noisy, and at night he was worse than in day time. During a January thaw the ground became very muddy, and it happened that Israel went on one his sprees at this time, and it was about the time of a full moon, so the night was almost as light as day.

At this time the boys of the neighborhood thought they would have some sport with Israel, so agreed on the night and went robed in white sheets to frighten him. He was out in the field east of his house, and carried a staff for support. The boys formed a circle around him, but a good safe distance away, and gradually closed in about him, waving the sheets like ghosts stalking forth on some nightly mission from the spirit world. Israel at last sighted them. Was he terrified at this ghost like company? And did he run? I should say he did not. When one of the company ventured nearer than the others, waving his outstretched arms like wings, Israel faced about, and shouted, “Come on Gabriel, I fear ye not” and then started for the ghostly specter; driving his staff into the ground, he made short work of scattering that company, and their retreat was hasty. Israel’s staff stood there in the ground until the next spring. The angle in the highway near his home has ever since been known and called “Israel’s Corner.”

One day in early summer Israel went to Deacon Josiah White’s Tavern and got a jug of rum, as was his custom. He started home across the fields, and

when crossing the ditch into his home lot, was really stricken with death. The jug rolled into the standing grass. Israel, after a time recovered sufficiently to get home, but soon died. Men mowing the grass a few weeks later found the jug. Indeed a sad ending of one’s life, but in my opinion our criticism, if any, should be in the spirit of sympathy rather than censure.

Raising Beans

An old resident of Hay Ground had wonderful success raising pole beans. His neighbors commented on this fact, and decided to ask him to reveal the secret of his success, for they had trouble in getting the vines to climb the poles, and told him so. He replied: “I have no such trouble, and neither will you if you only follow out my instructions, which are very simple. I always save the ashes from my crookedest fire wood, and sow around my bean poles, so when the beans come up, it is only natural for them to twist about the poles. Just try it, and you will find it will do the trick.”

In the year 1853 the Rev. George Taylor was assigned to the Bridgehampton Methodist Episcopal Church. He was a bright, talented man and a general favorite. He was one who commanded the respect of every one. There lived in this community at that time, a man who became noted because of the wonderful tales he would relate, and experiences through which he had passed. His stories were fabulous in the extreme, so much so that they were many times classed as lies. Some of the good people went to Mr. Taylor and asked him if he did not think it his Christian duty to go and labor with this man, and persuade him to refrain from telling such stories, for they were real lies. “Well, now,” said Mr. Taylor, “what is a lie? A lie is a story or incident told or related with the intention to deceive. Now let us consider this matter; the stories told by this man are so far beyond the bounds of the probable, that they never deceive any one. They are not lies, but simply fables. I see no cause to comply with your request.”

Mr. Taylor said that one time a couple came to him to get married. He performed the ceremony, after which the man said, “Mr. Taylor: I am a poor fisherman and have no money, but I want to

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pay you for your services. How would you like a mess of eels sometime?" "That would be very acceptable and nice," said Mr. Taylor. "Well," said the man, "would you like large, split ones, or would you take them just as they run?" "Why," said Mr. Taylor, "I will leave that entirely to you. I am not so very particular, if it would be better for you, I will take them just as they run." Mr. Taylor said, "I guess those eels are running yet, for he never brought them."

I have heard my Father tell the following story. One evening in the old church in Bridgehampton, one of the good brothers undertook to start that old hymn,

"I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer."

He began "I love to steal" but the key was so high that no one could carry the tune. He then began on a lower key, "I love to steal," and this time the key was again too high, so he made the third attempt, and sang, "I love to steal," but this time he was as much too low as he had been too high on the prior attempts. My uncle J. Lawrence Cook who was in attendance that evening, exclaimed, "That's bad. Let us pray."

WOMEN OF EASTERN LONG ISLAND IN EARLY DAYS

There is no reason to think or believe that the men of those days were any better or brighter than the women, human nature has not changed, it has ever been the same. About all we know of the women of Colonial days, is what has been handed down by tradition and individual family historians, and many times, as far as it goes, it is the most accurate, authentic and reliable of all history.

We must, however, confine ourselves to eastern Long Island, and make up our minds that there were as really great women in this territory as ever were found on the continent, though their names have never been written in history. We know that Long Island had its Paul Revere in Austin Roe, and that the Townsend and Woodhull families produced men worthy to stand with Nathan Hale, when judged from a patriotic standpoint. If this be true of the men, who dare say that there were not women right here on eastern Long Island as patriotic, loyal, brave, true and as worthy of honor and praise as Molly Pitcher, Nancy Hart or others who might be named, yet we never hear of them.

Hamlin Garland says—in his book, "A Daughter of the Middle Border" "The wives of the farm are the unnamed, unrewarded heroines of the border", and what is true of the pioneer women of the border, is equally true of the pioneer women of eastern Long Island.

As a rule those women were truly patriotic and loyal to their home, their family, and their government. They were not all saints any more than their

descendants of today are. They were real home makers, and that is more than we can claim for many of the women of today.

There were many less divorces then than now, though perhaps no less just cause for such action than at this time. Instead of bridge parties, they had their spinning, weaving, carding, knitting, sewing, dress making, all hand labor and a whole lot of it, including soap and candle making. They had a few standard books, which they read, the Bible standing at the head of the list, and but very little trash. The book (other than sacred) that exerted the greatest influence throughout the Colonies, and probably did more to unite them in a concerted action for freedom, a book that was read and owned by all whose means permitted, not in any one colony alone, but throughout all of the Colonies, was Thomas Paine's "COMMON SENSE." His "Age of Reason" may have separated men in their belief, but his "Common Sense" certainly united them in their efforts for freedom.

Yes, "The Women of Eastern Long Island in Colonial Days" truly kept their houses, which were real homes, and not mere lodging places. There were among those women really lovable characters, as well as some who were otherwise.

I am sure you will all agree that the name of Phebe Halsey,* wife of the first Thomas, should stand at the head of the list of the "Colonial Women

*Story told on Page 10.

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of Eastern Long Island," from the fact of her being the first and only Colonial martyr in this area.

Hannah (Pierson) Halsey

During the war of the Revolution, Lemuel Pierson lived on the southerly side of Hedges Lane in Sagg on what was at a later date the Richard Lester farm. Locally he was known as "Lemmie On The Hill" to distinguish him from another Lemuel Pierson who lived in that same neighborhood, and an ancestor of Captain William Pierson.

He had quite a large family. One of his sisters, of whom we write, was Hannah, at that time a girl in her 'teens. Among the choice heirlooms in this family was a favorite luster bowl. At this time Major Corcoran had command of the British forces in this locality with his headquarters in Sagg, and many of his troops were Hessians.

The Pierson homestead, like many others, was obliged to afford shelter for these men. One day after imbibing freely, and having become boisterous and insulting in their behavior, they began to ransack the house for any treasure they might find. Hannah, realizing that that bowl was in danger, rushed into their midst, snatched the bowl, crying out with all of her patriotic defiance, "I declare you sha'n't have that" and ran out of the house with it.

This luster bowl has been kept in the family, and handed down from one generation to the next to this very day, and is now owned and in the possession of Mrs. Caroline C. Stoots.

Lemuel's daughter Hannah Pierson afterward married Elisha Halsey, of Hay Ground, brother of Sylvanus Halsey, the Revolutionary hero. Elisha was too young to take part in the Revolution, and Sylvanus was too old to take part in the war of 1812. Elisha was drummer, and his duty was to call together the militia when needed. When the British fleet threatened Sag Harbor, Elisha was working on his farm at Hay Ground, (later the home of Edwin M. Rogers) when he received this word, in all haste he left his work, and made ready to report for duty at the head of the wharf at Sag Harbor. His children, realizing the danger to which he would be exposed, went about the house crying. But Hannah, calm and composed, although pale with fear, helped her husband adjust his uniform with hands that never trembled.

In the south end graveyard in East Hampton, I.,

I., are the graves of Elizabeth Hunting and her husband. She was familiarly known as Betsey Hunting. During the war of the Revolution they were living in what was known as the 3rd. house at Montauk. One day she saw a number of British soldiers coming. She was entirely alone in the house, the men being too far away to call for help. Knowing if they ever gained entrance to her kitchen, which she saw they intended to do, they would appropriate everything she had in the way of food. A large kettle filled with very hot water was over the fire. Seizing a dipper as they opened the door, she said "Come in if you dare" when she let them have the first dipper of water. Before they got away they all knew what the effect of hot water was, and beat a hasty retreat.

This same woman rode horseback off of Montauk, and carried her baby one month old in her arms.

Clinton Academy was founded in the year 1784, the oldest institution of its kind in New York State. After its completion a controversy arose among the townspeople as to whether exhibitions should be held here or not. The opposition was strong, but those who favored holding them finally won out.

Tradition claims that the next day after one of these entertainments, there was a terrible hurricane, that blew off the roofs of houses, overthrew great trees, broke off limbs, drove the waves of old ocean into Hook Pond, and joined it with Town Pond. The next morning an elderly maiden lady, looking on the wide desolation, said; "This is some of that plaguery 'Cademy work'".

It is a source of deep regret that an incident that stands out in our Colonial history so prominently, is shaded in mystery to such an extent that the heroine's name is unknown, so that the best and perhaps the only way to relate the story, is to quote

"The Ballad of Pudding Hill"

Here lived in days of '76
A certain stirring dame,
Whose name and lineage have been lost
From off the roll of fame,
It happened that, one summer day,
Like England's "Goodly King"
She made a pudding, but for plums
She put fresh berries in.

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That day along the quiet road
From old Bridgehampton Town,
Some British soldiers, foraging,
To this same house came down,
The door was closed that faced the South.
Because the day was hot,
And o'er her blazing fire intent,
The good dame heard them not.
"Hurrah, boys" said the leader bold,
"We're just in time: come on!"
The tableau was a charming one,
For any looker on.
"Oh no, you're not!" she made reply
Then seized the boiling pot,
Ran with it through the open door,
And threw it, blazing hot.
Pudding and all, adown the hill,
And left it in the sand,
Amid the curses, loud and deep,
Of all the hungry band.
The place and tale are widely known,
Fresh is the legend still,
And all East Hampton Villagers
Are proud of Pudding Hill.

During the war of the Revolution there lived in Quogue a family by the name of Herrick. They were of Danish descent. I think the Southampton Herricks were related to this family. In this family were two girls perhaps from 6 to 8 years of age, whose names were Hannah and Azubah.

Some British officers, with their orderlies, occupied part of the Herrick house at this time, and these little girls appear to have had a roving commission of the entire place.

The sweetening used by the common people in those days was either molasses or brown sugar, white sugar was only used by the well-to-do people, and these officers were in that class, this sugar came only in loaves or lumps, and was very hard. The officers frequently treated these girls to lumps of that hard white sugar, but one day as a joke, they gave them salt instead of sugar, when in retaliation, they ran to the kitchen where a large bowl of punch had been prepared ready to serve, and spit their mouthsful of salt into the punch.

Both of these girls later attended school at Clinton Academy in East Hampton, and afterward lived

for a number of years on the homestead farm in Quogue. There was a pear tree on this farm the fruit of which was very fine. One evening they heard a commotion in the orchard, so took a lantern and went to see what the matter was, when a whole company of boys ran away, save the smallest one, whom they had boosted into the pear tree to shake down the fruit, and he in getting down lost one of his shoes. The girls kept this shoe as well as the secret of its ownership. This story was never told until this boy had long passed middle life, when at a neighborhood party one evening he told the company that he was the boy who lost his shoe that night.

Hannah died quite young and never married. Azubah married Nathaniel Griffin, and has many descendants living in this township and on eastern Long Island at this time.

How Phebe Saved Her Bread

Of course you all know that for seven long years Long Island after the battle that bears that same name, was over run by the British, who committed all kinds of depredations, and forced nearly all of the inhabitants to take the oath of allegiance to King George III or flee the country.

Among those who tried hiding their herds of livestock and other property was Phebe Squires and her husband Ellis, of Squiretown, L. I. For a long time they had been unmolested. One lovely morning Phebe decided to do her baking in the old Dutch oven that stood out in the yard. She had made pies, cake and bread, and had just started clearing up, when she caught sight of scarlet and steel, and knew the enemy was coming. Just as soon as Phebe saw them she knew they would take all of the pies, cake and bread.

What should she do? Quick as a wink she put some flour in a large bowl, and just as the officers came in full sight, dipped a cup in the dye pot, and began mixing her dough. "Heavens," said an officer, "is that the way you mix your bread?" Phebe, with a curtesy, answered "Please your honor, what's the difference?" "Difference, why damn it, it makes a pile of difference to me," and away they went, one of them muttering, "The dirty damnable rebels".

Phebe waited until they had surely gone, then threw the discolored dough out, and gathering up

her lovely loaves of bread, her cakes and her pies, said under her breath, "There's more than one way to mix your dough".

Story of Hannah H. Brown
(Of Oysterponds, Orient)

Her maiden name was Hannah Hawk, her husband, Richard had been an Ensign in the Colonial Militia, and had died at the commencement of the Revolutionary War. Hannah at this time was about sixty years of age. Soon after the death of her husband she opened and managed a Tavern or Inn. Eastern Long Island at this time was swarming with British, Hessians and Tories.

It was in the Autumn of 1777, on a pleasant evening, that a file of armed soldiers, without ceremony entered the house of Mrs. Brown, and ordered her to open the door of the room containing the liquor, or they would stave it down. At this threat, she rushed between them and the door, against which she placed her back. The enraged officer swore her instant destruction, and with great violence thrust the muzzle of his gun against the door on one side and then on the other of her person, just as near as he could without hitting her. The marks of those thrusts remained visible for more than sixty years after. She stood facing and thus addressed him, "you unfeeling wretch, you hired tool of a tyrant, your conduct is worse than a savage, I am without a human protector, but know you, Mr. Officer. surrounded as you are with men and arms, that I despise your threats, and if you pass the threshold of this door, you will first pass over my lifeless body". Such emphatic language from a lone woman, at such a time and place was too much for his cowardly soul to withstand. He grumbled but made a hasty retreat. This woman died in the Autumn of 1789, aged more than eighty years.

Mrs. Constant Lhommedieu

In the Summer of 1781, two whale-boats, manned with twenty men, landed at Southold harbor, and marched up about a mile to Joseph Peck's Inn, made free with his liquors and provisions, abused his family and wounded him seriously with their weapons. they left their boats near the home of Mr. Constant Lhommedieu, where they stopped on their return from the Inn. Mr. Lhommedieu spoke mildly to their leader, at which he raised his cutlass to strike

Mr. L. on his head. Mrs. L. saw it and rushed between the officer and her husband, and received the blow on her arm. Her arm was broken, but her husband saved. The wretch, apparently ashamed, left in haste with his company, wondering who could subdue a nation of such women.

Constant Lhommedieu was a descendant of Benjamin, who founded the Huguenot family on Long Island, and came to Southold in 1690.

Abigail (Hempstead) Moore, and Her Daughter Fanny

Abigail, daughter of Robert Hempstead, of Southold, was married at the age of eighteen to John Ledyard. They had four children. This John Ledyard was a Captain (in the Colonial Militia) and was a brother of Colonel Ledyard of Fort Griswold fame. He was a seafaring man, and died at sea while yet a young man. Their oldest child, John, became quite a noted writer, or author, as well as a celebrated traveler, and died in Cairo, Egypt in 1778. Their youngest child, Fanny, was one of the subjects of this story.

Abigail Ledyard, about the year 1765, having been a widow for nine years, married Dr. Micah Moore, of Southold, by this marriage there was born three daughters. Doctor Moore died in the year 1775, leaving Abigail with another young family. This was on the eve of the War of the Revolution. She was then about fifty years of age with seven children.

In that neighborhood were quartered numbers of English and Hessian soldiers. These carried terror in their movements. It was one evening during the War, that she was placed in a situation to test her fortitude. An officer, with drawn sword, entered her house with several soldiers, and in a rough voice, said, "Madam, I am informed you harbor deserters here. If this be true, by the Eternal God, I will lay your house in ashes before morning". Mrs. Moore heard this threat with perfect calmness, looked him full in the face, and said, "Sir, I am a widow, but feel myself perfectly secure under the protection of that Providence which has thus far sustained me. My trust is in God, I have no fears from man. Who was your informer?" He replied, "That man" pointing to a Tory, who was present. She said, "Well, he is a liar, and I will prove it". They then left.

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

Fanny Ledyard was visiting at her uncle's, Colonel Ledyard's, when he was massacred at Fort Griswold, in September, 1781. She was the first to enter the Fort to administer to the wounded and dying, after the enemy had left the scene of cruelty and slaughter. She washed their wounds, and did all in her power to alleviate their distress. On entering the Fort, the first object that met her eyes was the body of her dead uncle, lying in a pool of blood.

She afterward married Richard Peters, and made her home in Southold, where she died in the year 1815, in her sixty second year.

From 1776 to 1783, Long Island was solely under British rule. In 1778 many of their soldiers were quartered in and around Southold. It was on a summer's day of that year, that a small party of light horse hastily rode up to the house of Major John Corwin, of Mattituck, (he at that time being absent) and the officer, in a rough voice, demanded of Mrs. Corwin, some grain for their horses, and with a commanding air, said:—"Madam, your situation warns you to an immediate attention to my request. To abuse my authority, is to rush to destruction." Mrs. Corwin was unmoved, no-wise daunted, and coolly replied that she had no food for him nor his horses. "Well," said he, with a harsh oath, "here is a fine piece of wheat across the road, it will answer for horses, and we'll have it." With that, he made for the bars which opened into this field of grain. At this move, she instantly demanded him to desist, at his peril, "for," said she, "although I am alone and unprotected, and in your power, I am a stranger to fear, and defy your threats. The first horse that enters that wheat field I will shoot instantly dead." With that resolution, she seized her husband's old King's arm, that stood behind the door, all loaded, and took her position to consummate her purpose. The wheat field was not touched.

Mrs. Corwin died on Christmas day, 1850, in her ninety-first year. Previous to her marriage, she was a Miss Mapes.

The day following that on which the British burnt New London, in September, 1781, and massacred the garrison at Fort Griswold, at Groton, they passed over the sound to Long Island, and landed at Oysterpond (Orient) Point, traveled up the road about two miles to the village. They were

disorderly, and carried terror to the inhabitants.

Elizabeth (called Betsey) Glover, the subject of this story, had married Jeremiah Vail, who kept a Tavern in this village. He had just heard of the cruelties at New London and Groton, when he saw them coming up the road. Elizabeth, under these trying circumstances displayed great self-possession and fortitude. At this time there happened to be no liquors in the Tavern, save two hogs-heads of good cider. The thought of this cider flashed through her mind, and the consequences that would follow should they find it.

She went forthwith, alone, to the cellar, knocked out the bungs of these hogs-heads containing the liquor, turned them so the cider would all run out, and then ascended the stairs just in time to meet this ruthless gang. Their looks she described as awful, having not slept probably within the last forty-eight hours, both they and their clothes besmeared with the blood of her murdered countrymen at Groton. They flourished their swords, and swore vengeance on American rebels.

Mr. Vail they seized and bound, and confined him in the attic. They searched every room, closet and pantry, in search of, as they said, "something to drink." Finding nothing, the cellar was next resorted to. They there discovered they had been successfully foiled in their purpose. It is recorded in the story, that "the ground had drank the liquor, and was still sober." Like mad men they ascended to the room of Mrs. Vail, and demanded why she had deprived them of refreshments. She deliberately replied, "You are the enemies of my country, I have nothing for you, you have no business here, threats nor oaths don't alarm me. If I have done wrong, I am responsible to my husband, not to you. You will not eat or drink in this house, if I can prevent it."

She expected violence; but they left the house very soon after, muttering curses for her devotion and fortitude. She died about the year 1818, more than eighty years of age.

From the day that the Pioneers rowed their boats up North Sea and the woman at the first landing, exclaimed, "For Conscience Sake, I'm on dry land once more," and that particular place has been known ever since as "Conscience Point," all through the Colonial period it appears as if "Conscience" and "Conscience Sake" had been the watch-

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

words of their daily lives and deeds. A worthy emblem or motto for their descendants to follow.

The Women of Eastern Long Island in Colonial Days had real problems to contend with that we of this day can hardly realize. The Spanish Dollar which became our unit of value, was 8 shillings of 12 & ½ cents each. One Pound was 20 shillings or \$2.50.

During a long period of Colonial days, women's wages were one shilling a day, and young girls who could not do a full day's work got less. One shilling a yard was the price paid for weaving flannel. As late as 1817 the wages paid a hired girl was 5 shillings or 62 & ½ cents a week. The wages of a tailoress was 25 cents per day, but that of a dress-maker gradually rose to 50 cents per day.

Every one worked, men, women, and children that were old enough. I own a photostat copy of Elias Pelletreau's account book, from which I quote. In 1768, a daughter of one of Southampton's wealthiest men purchased a pair of silver shoe buckles for 19 shillings and paid for them by spinning 33 days at 7 pence per day. In 1767, silk for a cloak cost 14 shillings, a silk handkerchief cost 7 shillings. The calico for a dress cost 5 shillings per yard, and a woman would have to work 50 days to pay for it. Shoes for the most part had to be made by a cobbler, from leather tanned at the local tannery, from skins of calves raised on the farms.

Such was the lot of "The Women of Eastern Long Island in Colonial Days." We say it was hard, without doubt it was, but all fared alike, and no one knew any other way, it is only when we make comparisons that we are led to find fault and make ourselves believe that our lot is the harder one.

Perhaps they enjoyed life as much as we, and were without doubt just as happy.

Story of Two Shinnecock Indian Women

Capt. Philetus Pierson, father of the Hon. James Henry Pierson, was returning from Sag Harbor where he had delivered a load of farm produce for shipment. When about to start home a Shinnecock Squaw asked if she might ride in the back of the farm wagon. Her request was granted. When about one mile from Bridgehampton, on that road which years afterward was known as the "Turnpike," she got out of the wagon and went east through the woods toward Poxabogue.

The following morning this same woman went

through the village of Southampton on her way to Shinnecock; she had given birth to her baby alone that night in the woods, and carrying her baby in a market basket, walked to Shinnecock that morning.

About the same period, but during the winter, an Indian woman took her twin babies in a basket and walked from Shinnecock to Red Creek to visit. The weather was fine as she thought and good enough for her to make the trip in safety, but the afternoon of the day she started home, there came on an exceptionally hard snow storm. She walked across the Hills toward home carrying her babies, facing the storm and struggling against the tempest until very tired and exhausted, when she decided she could never reach home in such a blinding snow storm, and it was getting dark. She wrapped her babies in blankets in the basket, placed them in the lee and under the thick boughs of a cedar tree, broke off branches and covered them as best she could, and started for the nearest help, this proved to be a farm house west of the village of Southampton (owned I think by a Capt. White) it was then late in the night. She told this man her trouble, and where she had placed her babies. Without hesitation he yoked his oxen on the cart, and with her started to the rescue. It seems as if her Indian instinct must have guided her, for she directed him straight to the right cedar tree, no guess work about it, there they found the babies sleeping soundly, and all right.

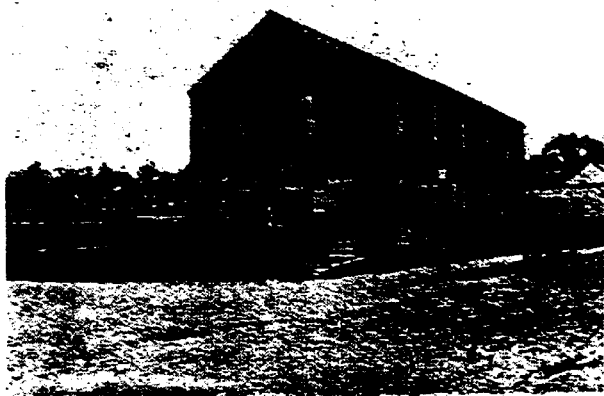
This good man took them all to his own home that night and cared for them until the storm had passed.

I am placing a map of Sag Harbor in the early days that I compiled from an address by the late



North Haven Bridge Toll House and Jared Wade's Boat House

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY



Old Arsenal at Sag Harbor

Henry P. Hedges February, 1896. The photo of North Haven Bridge, with the toll house at the left,

and the boat shop of Jared Wade at the right. The old arsenal built in 1810 by Henry B. Havens, mason, and Eliab Byram, carpenter, also the British outpost at the Brick Kilns which was captured by the Meigs expedition in May of 1777. I well remember both of these buildings.

The fact that the first newspaper ever printed on Long Island was the "Long Island Herald" printed in Sag Harbor May 10th 1791 by David Frothingham, is enough to keep this town on the map for all time. It is to be regretted, however, that no one knows at this time just where that printing office was located, but we do know that it was in a building located "near the old landing," which would probably be quite near the site of the old wharf. This is quite definite as to location.

SOME OF THE NOTED MEN OF THIS COMMUNITY

Some of the noted men who took an important part in the history of this community should be mentioned, but I find it very difficult to name some and omit others, many of whom are worthy of mention. I never intended that this work should be a biography of these men, and am not going to make it such, but I will name a few of an earlier generation who took such an active part in the history of this township that such history would not be complete if they are left out.

Our most noted historian, William S. Pelletreau, names Chancellor Nathan Sandford as being the most distinguished man the Town of Southampton ever produced, and I am inclined to agree with him in this.

Chancellor Nathan Sandford

Born at Hay Ground (a suburb of Bridgehampton, L. I.) Nov. 5th., 1777 and died at Flushing, L. I., October 17th., 1838. As a boy he probably attended school in the old Hay Ground schoolhouse described in chapter on "School Houses and School Teachers." He later attended Clinton Academy in East Hampton, L. I. In 1793 he entered Yale College, but did not graduate. He studied law under the elder Samuel Jones, in New York, and was admitted to the bar in 1799. In 1800 he was one of the Commissioners of Bankruptcy in the United

States District Court for the Southern District of New York, which position he held for twelve years. In 1811 he was elected Member of Assembly, and was afterward chosen Speaker, and was the last who presided in a cocked hat, as was the ancient custom. The following year he was elected to the State Senate. In 1815 he was chosen United States Senator. At the expiration of his term in 1821 he was chosen member of the convention for framing a new Constitution for the State of New York. In 1823 he was appointed Chancellor of the State, to succeed the Hon. James Kent, the distinguished



The Thomas Sandford Home, Scuttle Hole, where Chancellor Nathan Sandford was born

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

Jurist, and held that position with honor till 1825, when he was again chosen United States Senator by the unanimous vote of both branches of the legislature. He was chairman of the committee on Foreign Relations, the most important of all Senate Committees.

He was a finished scholar, familiar with the ancient languages, and with French, Spanish and Italian. Unquestionably, Chancellor Nathan Sandford was the most distinguished and eminent man ever born in the limits of the town of Southampton, Long Island.

David Gelston

David Gelston was the son of Deacon Maltby Gelston who bought the Ebenezer Edwards' property on Butter Lane. He was born July 7th., 1744, and died August 21st., 1828. He was one of the petitioners for a wharf at Sag Harbor in 1770, signed the Articles of Association in 1775, was a member of the 2nd., 3rd. and 4th. Provincial Congresses 1775-7, was appointed to be one of a Committee to procure accounts of the vessels carrying refugees from Long Island. In 1780 he was one of the Commissioners to raise specie to redeem the bills emitted and was also a member of Constitutional Convention of 1777, member of the Assembly from 1777 to 1785, Speaker of that body 1784-5, member of the Council of Appointment 1792-3, Senator from the southern district of N. Y. 1791-4, 1798 and 1802, delegate to the U. S. Congress 1788, Surrogate of New York, and Collector of the Port of New York 1801-20. There were several other members of the Gelston family that became noted men, one of whom was Maltby, I think a son of David, who after the passing of Aaron Burr, filled the position vacated by the latter, and that acceptably for a period of about 20 years as president of the Bank of Manhattan Company, in New York City.

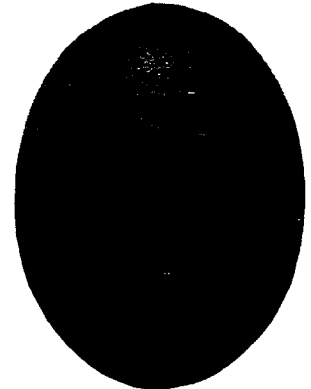
Hon. Abraham Topping Rose

He was one of the three sons of Dr. Samuel Haines Rose, a native of Bridgehampton, and a surgeon in the Revolutionary War. Abraham Topping Rose was born in Bridgehampton November 17th., 1792, and died April 28th., 1857. In the year 1810 he entered Yale College and graduated in 1814, after which for three years he studied law in New

York City, then returned to his native town and commenced the practice of the legal profession. In 1849 he was elected County Judge and Surrogate, which office he held for several terms. He was Presidential Elector in 1848. He was a man of great



NATHAN SANDFORD
1777-1838



COLONEL EDWIN ROSE
1807-1864



JUDGE HUGH HALSEY
1794-1858



JUDGE ABRAHAM T. ROSE
1792-1857



HENRY P. HEDGES
1817-1911



DAVID GELSTON
1744-1828

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

natural ability, and stood at the head of the Suffolk County bar for the greater portion of his professional career, and worked to the very last. A great man in this Town and County.

Judge Henry Parsons Hedges

He was the son of Zephaniah Hedges and was born in East Hampton town October 13th., 1817, and died in Bridgehampton, N. Y., Sept. 26th., 1911. In his boyhood days he attended the district schools, for this he told me himself (see cut of Wainscott and Sagaponack schoolhouses) later he attended Clinton Academy in East Hampton. He entered Yale College and graduated with the class of 1838. He then studied law, and after being admitted to the bar went to Ohio to follow that profession, but he never liked that country, and soon returned to Long Island. In September of 1843 he opened a law office in Sag Harbor. In March of 1854 he bought a farm in Bridgehampton and made that his permanent residence ever after, though he continued his practice in Sag Harbor until 1893. In 1851 he was elected to the State Assembly. Then District Attorney for Suffolk County, and later County Judge. He stood at the head of the Suffolk County bar for many years. A busy man, yet he found time to write and compile a history of East Hampton Town which is authority in local history even to this day. When a young man, and in fact until after middle life he was decidedly autocratic, domineering and set, but later in life a great change took place. This was admitted by all of his contemporaries. I will admit that after I became better acquainted, I grew to love, honor, admire, respect, and in business relations remember him with no other than happy thoughts, and kind memories.

Deacon David Hedges

Deacon David Hedges was born June 15th., 1744, and died November 8th., 1817. He must have been a very remarkable man, one possessed with unusual mental as well as physical ability. A prosperous farmer, yet did a vast amount of work for the public. To illustrate this fact, he served the town of Southampton as Supervisor for 20 years, was member of Assembly in 1786, 1787, 1788, 1789, 1804, 1806, 1807, also a member of the convention which met at Poughkeepsie and ratified the Constitution of the United States, July 26th., 1788. A great man both in the church and community.

Colonel Edwin Rose

Colonel Edwin Rose was born in Bridgehampton, N. Y., February 14th., 1807, entered West Point Military Academy as a Cadet in June of 1826, graduating therefrom in the class of 1830, and was commissioned to duty in the Third Artillery, United States Army, became Provost Marshal of the first Congressional District of New York, and died suddenly on the evening of January 12th., 1864, in the service of his country.

Judge Hugh Halsey

He was the son of Dr. Stephen Halsey, born in Bridgehampton, N. Y., June 26th., 1794, and died May 29th., 1858. He was a graduate of Yale College, was elected member of Assembly in 1822, Surrogate of Suffolk County in 1827, County Judge in 1833, Presidential Elector in 1844, at which time he was appointed Secretary of the Electoral College. In February of 1845 he was appointed Surveyor General of the State of New York.



BRIDGEHAMPTON MEN OF THE MEDICAL FRATERNITY

Dr. Stephen Halsey

Dr. Stephen Halsey was born in Bridgehampton, N. Y., April 13th., 1733, was appointed surgeon of Samuel Drake's Regiment in 1776. I cannot find the date of his death. His home was located on the corner of Ocean Road and Mecox Road, that is on the northwest corner where is at this time a cluster of lilac bushes, which very nearly mark the site of the old homestead.

Dr. Stephen Halsey (2nd.)

He was the son of Dr. Stephen Halsey (1st.) and lived on the same homestead, was born in Bridgehampton, N. Y., in the year 1757, and died January 25th., 1837. Both of these men practiced medicine in this community throughout their active life, and left an enviable record.

Dr. Nathaniel Topping

Was born at Sagaponack, L. I., November 7th., 1790. Taught school in his early days, then studied medicine, and followed that profession with success in his home town during the greater portion of his active life. He died Feb. 25th., 1871. An amusing incident is told in which he took an important part. In those days the turnkey was in general use for the extracting of teeth. A neighbor called on the Doctor one morning to have a tooth pulled. The Doctor was at work at Fairfield, more than a mile from home. He told Mrs. Topping he thought he could pull the tooth himself if she would get him the turnkey, which she did. He got the instrument

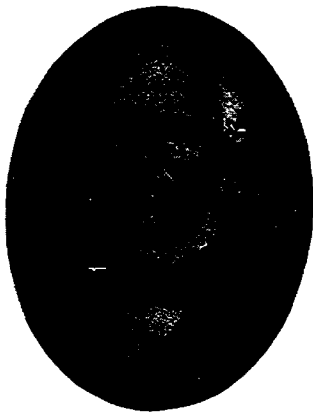
fastened to his tooth securely, but could neither pull the tooth nor get the turnkey unfastened, so was obliged to walk to Fairfield with the instrument in his mouth, when the Doctor performed the operation.

Dr. John L. Gardiner

Practiced medicine in Bridgehampton through a long and successful life. He was born in East Hampton, L. I., May 6th., 1823 and died in Bridgehampton, L. I., May 29th., 1908.

Dr. Levi D. Wright

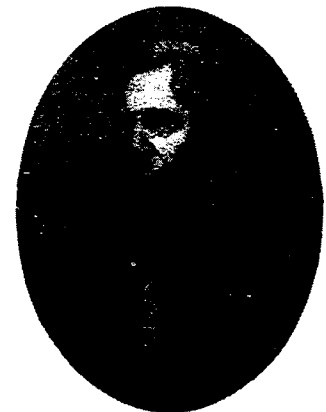
Was an eminently successful physician and practiced in Bridgehampton, L. I., throughout a long and active life. He was born November 9th., 1810, and died March 23rd., 1883. At first thought one would be impressed with the idea of his being very austere, stern and severe, but the fact was, he was just the opposite. He loved to stop a child on the street and get into a real earnest conversation and so draw out the thoughts and mind of the child. His sympathies were always manifest toward his patients to a remarkable degree, and he really seemed to assist them in carrying their burden of grief and sorrow to such an extent that they really felt it. I will relate a rather amusing incident in which he was the prime factor. It appears that he was very fond of cucumbers, so the day in question he made not a professional but rather a friendly call on a family where he was their family physician. The lady of the house had just prepared a large dish of cucum-



DR. NATHANIEL TOPPING
1790-1871



DR. JOHN L. GARDINER
1823-1908



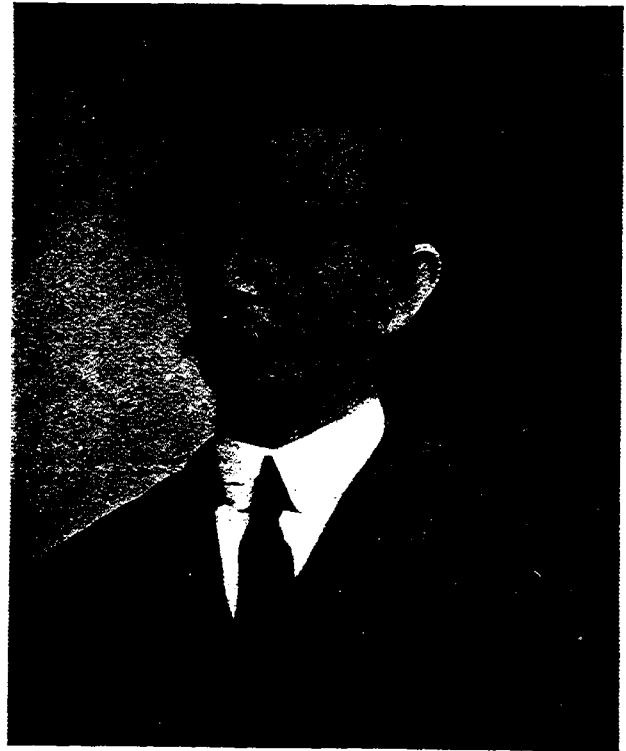
DR. LEVI D. WRIGHT
1810-1883

SKETCHES FROM LOCAL HISTORY

bers for the entire family for dinner that day. Said the lady, "Doctor, I wonder if these green things are fit to put into one's stomach, I do not believe that there is any nourishment in them. What do you think about it?" "Well," said the Doctor, "I do not really believe they are fit to eat." "There, that is just my idea," said the good woman, "so we are not going to eat them," and set them off the table. They talked for some time, when the Doctor asked, "are you not going to eat those cucumbers?" "Why no," said she, "not after what you have said." "Well," said the Doctor, "I wish you'd pass them over to me with the fixings." Which she did, and he ate them all.

Dr. Edgar B. Mulford

Was born in Amagansett, L. I., October 5th., 1848. After graduating from the Bellevue Hospital Medical College he located in Bridgehampton, L. I. He was exceptionally successful in his profession, and died Feb. 17th., 1926.



DR. EDGAR B. MULFORD
1848-1926

In the foregoing "Sketches from Local History" I have sought to be as accurate and correct as possible, but I am confident there are many errors and mistakes.

In the year 1796 the school in Sagaponack was taught by B. K. Hobart, with Wilkes Hedges, as assistant for one quarter. In submitting his report to the Trustees he makes this statement, "A true act. Errors Excepted." So in submitting these "Sketches from Local History" to the public, I do it believing them to be true, "Errors Excepted."

To the people of this area "The lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places; yea, we have a goodly heritage."

WILLIAM DONALDSON HALSEY

Photographs reproduced by Morris Studios, Southampton, L. I.

ERRATA

1750 Map, Cart Path to Great Meadows, Stanish Topping should be Stephen.

1850 Map, B. H. Center, School Dis. No. 2 should be No. 9.

1850 Map, Bull's Head Tavern, A. Gelston should be R. Gelston.

1850 Map, Hay Ground Road, Capt. James Rogers should be Jones Rogers.

1850 Map, Butter Lane, Annie Woodruff should be Abby Woodruff.

1850 Map, Main Road, Hay Ground, Malsby G. Rose should be Maltby G. Rose.

1900 Map, Near Noyack Path, P. Cook should be R. Cook.

1900 Map, In Hay Ground, T. S. Hand should be T. J. Hand.

1900 Map, Halsey Lane, C. S. Edwards should be O. B. Edwards.

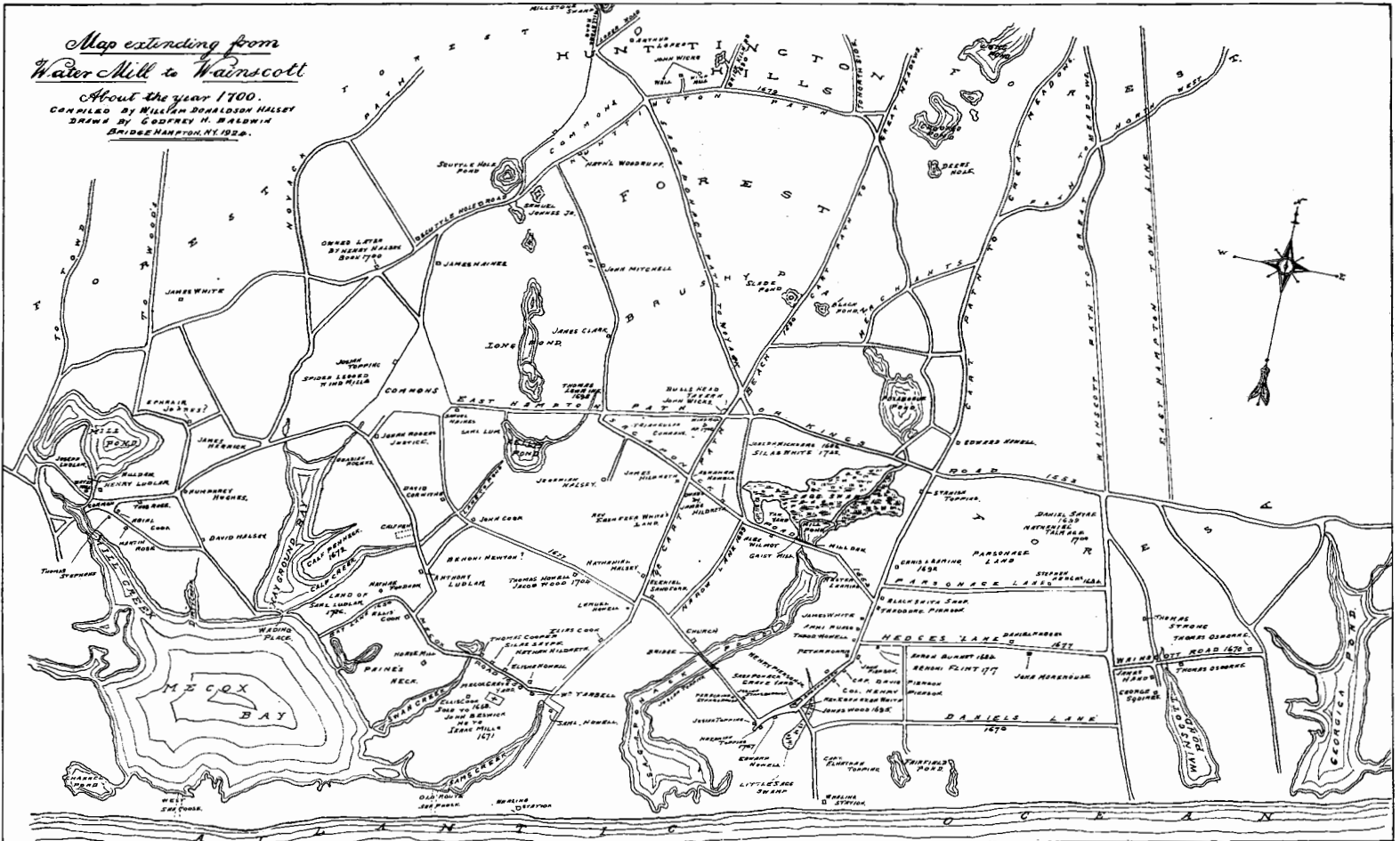
1900 Map, Norris Lane, J. Terry should be J. Ferry.

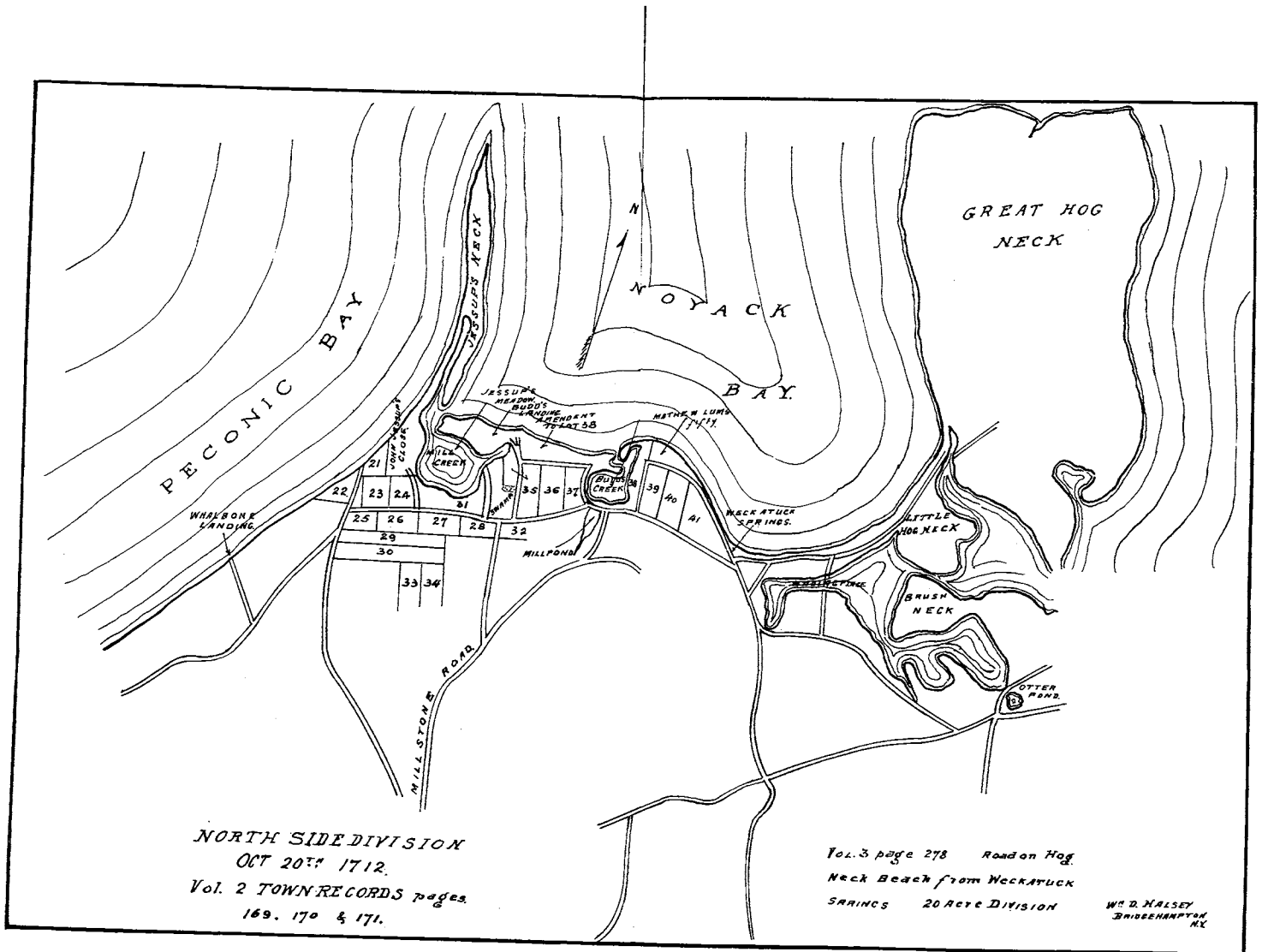
All Maps, Huntington Hills and Path should be Huntington Hills and Path.

1750 Map, The line connecting the name Zebedee Osborn with the square indicating his house is omitted.

Map extending from
Water Mill to Wainscott

About the year 1700.
COMPILED BY WILLIAM DONALDSON HALSETT
DRAWN BY GODFREY H. BRADWIN
BRIDGE HANCOCK, N.Y. 1922.





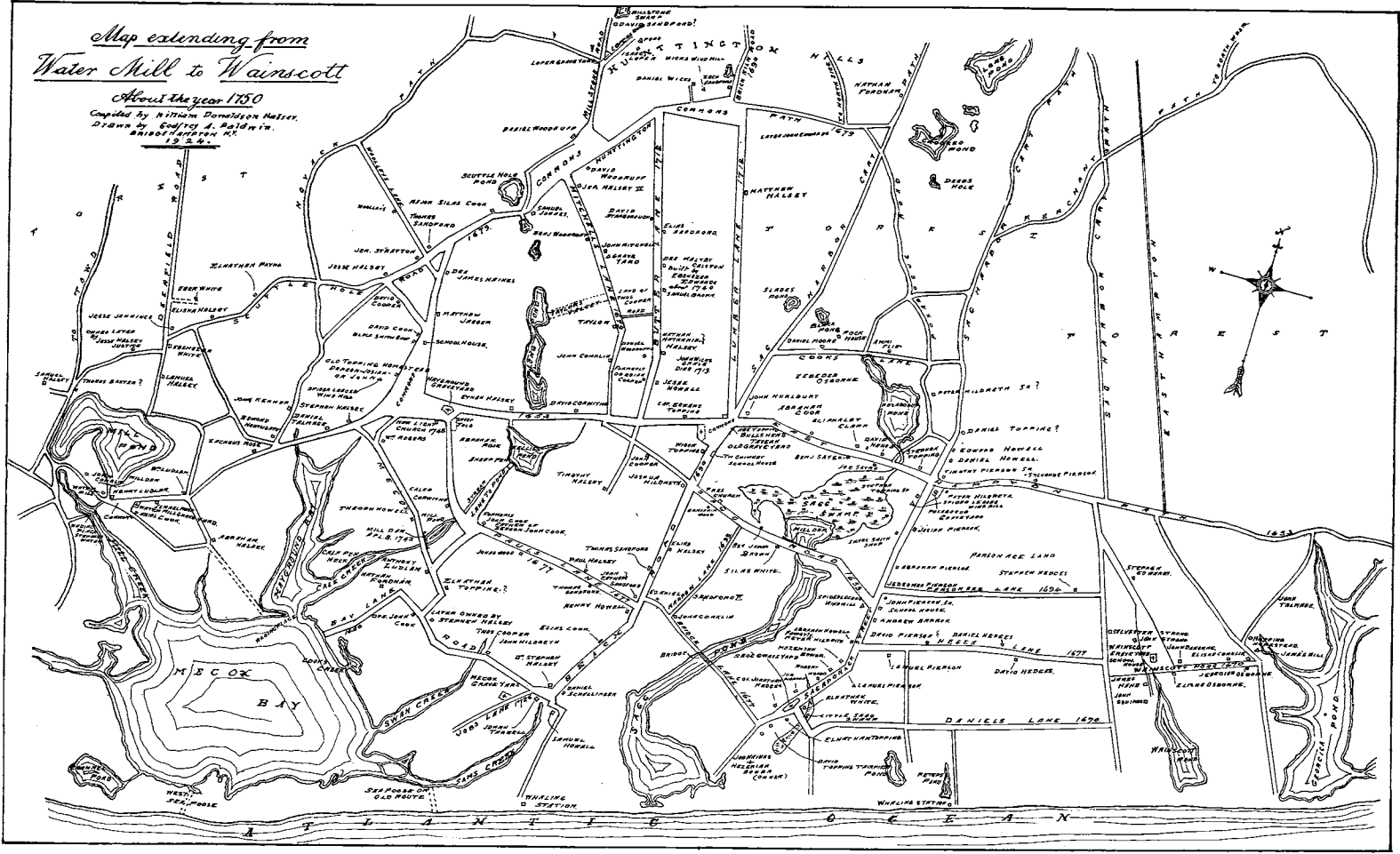
NORTH SIDE DIVISION
 OCT 20TH 1712.
 Vol. 2 TOWN RECORDS pages
 169, 170 & 171.

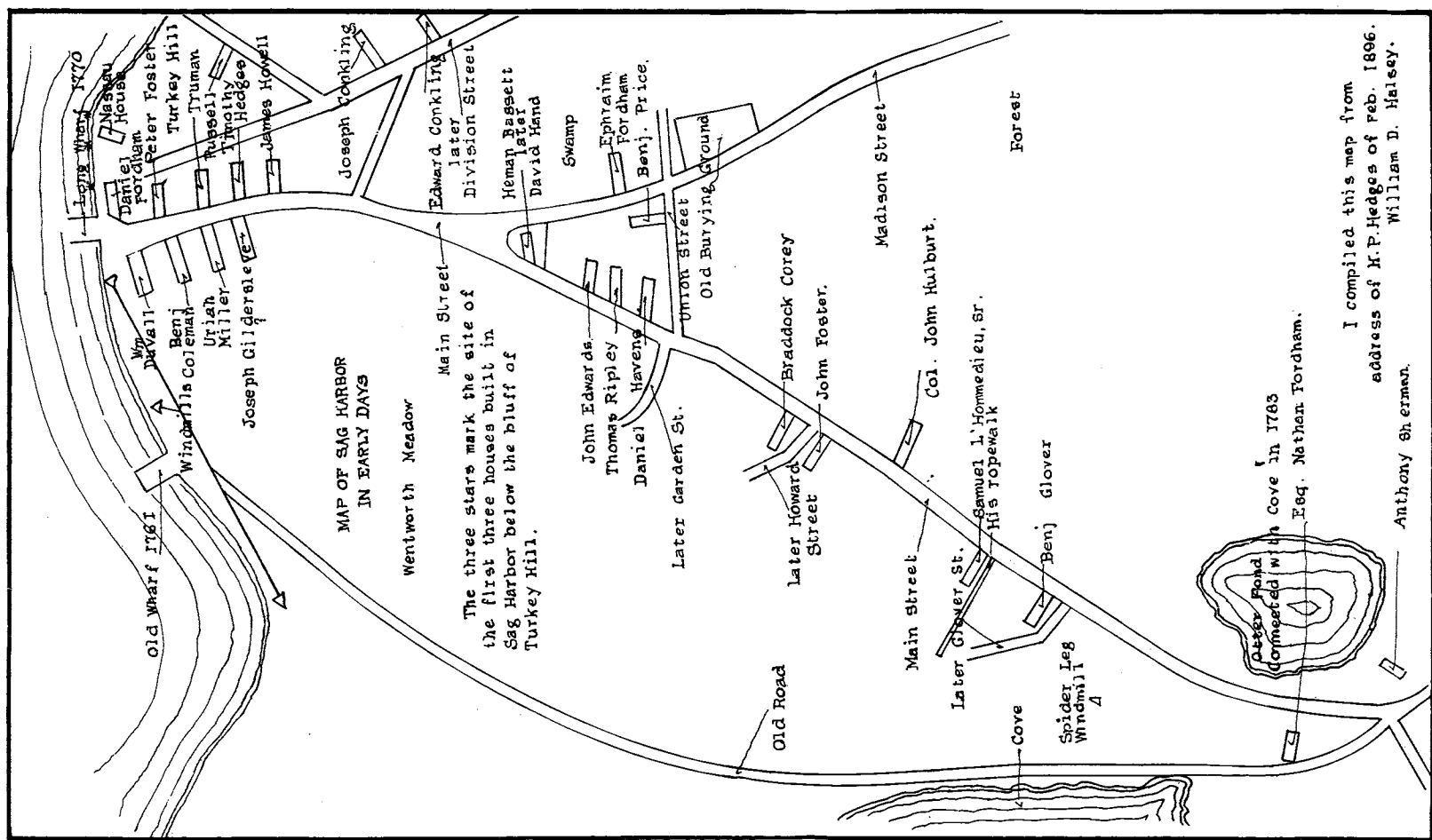
Vol. 3 page 278 Road on Hog
 Neck Beach from Weckatuck
 SPRINGS 20 Acte DIVISION
 W^M. D. HALSEY
 SURVEYOR
 SAG HARBOR N.Y.

Map extending from
Water Mill to Wainscott

About the year 1750

Compiled by Nathan Donnellan Halsey.
Drawn by Godfrey A. Palmer.
Engraved by H. M. Smith.





I compiled this map from
address of H. P. Hedges of Feb. 1896.
William D. Halsey.

Anthony Sherman.

Bridge Hampton Center

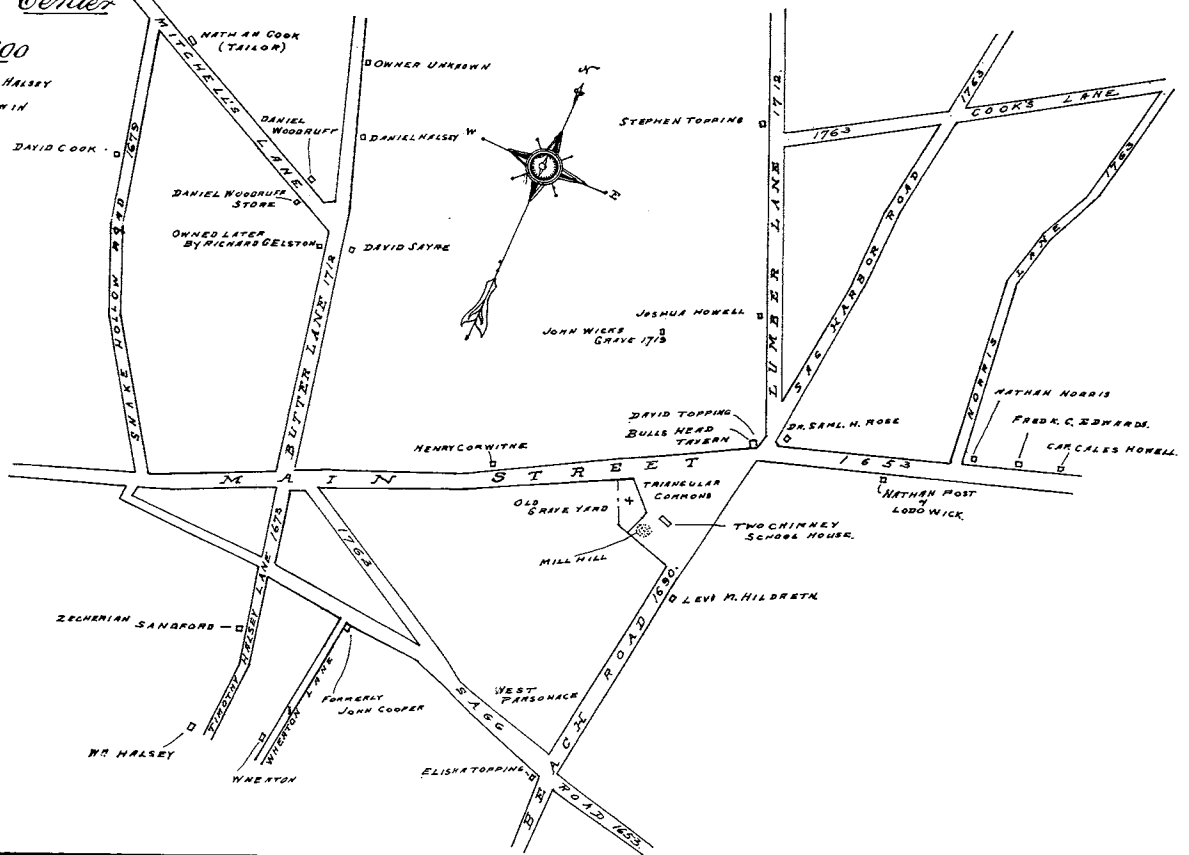
About the year 1800

Compiled by WILLIAM DONALDSON HASKY

Drawn by GODFREY H. BRADWIN

BRIDGE HAMPTON, N.Y.

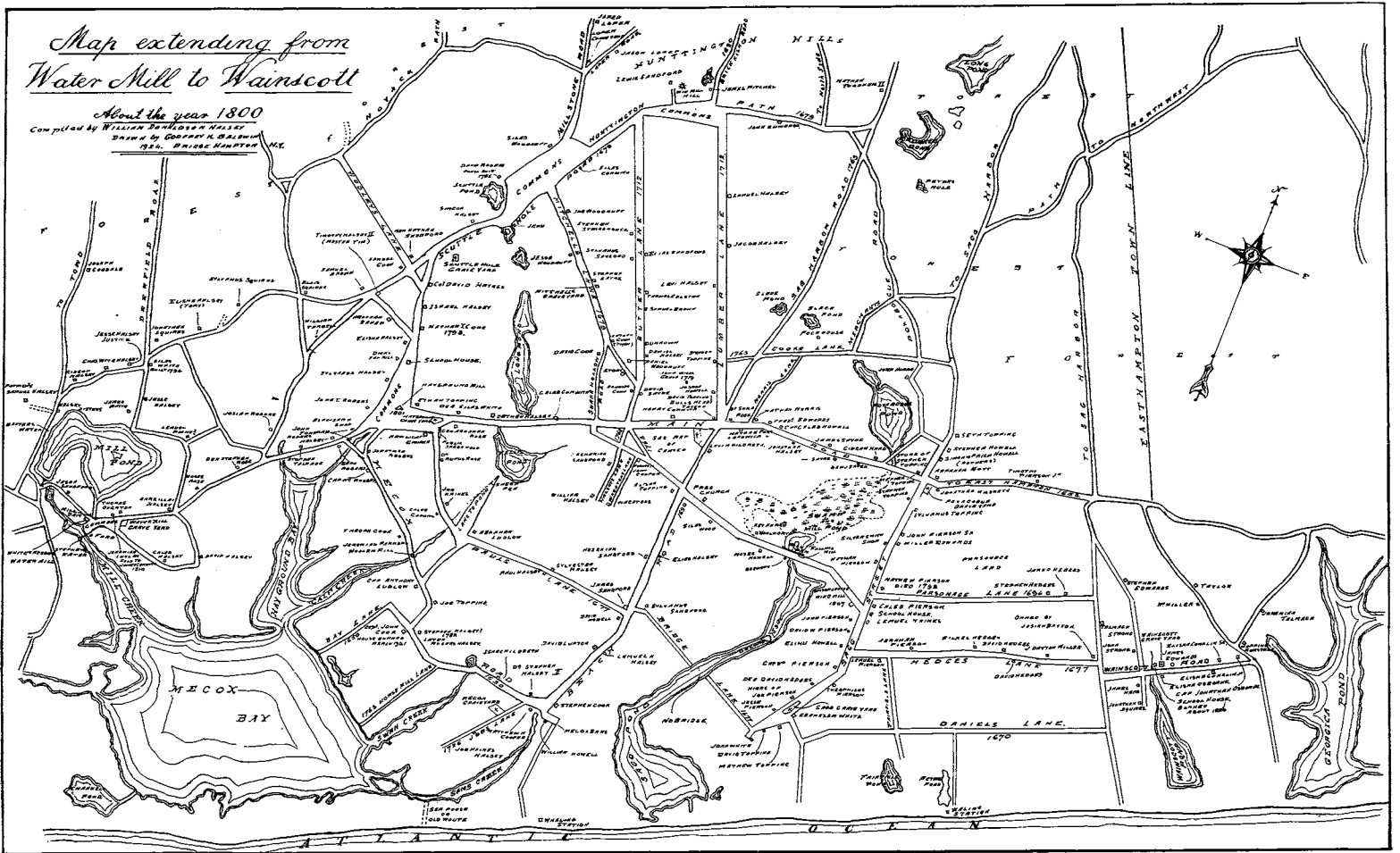
1924



Map extending from
Water Mill to Wainscott

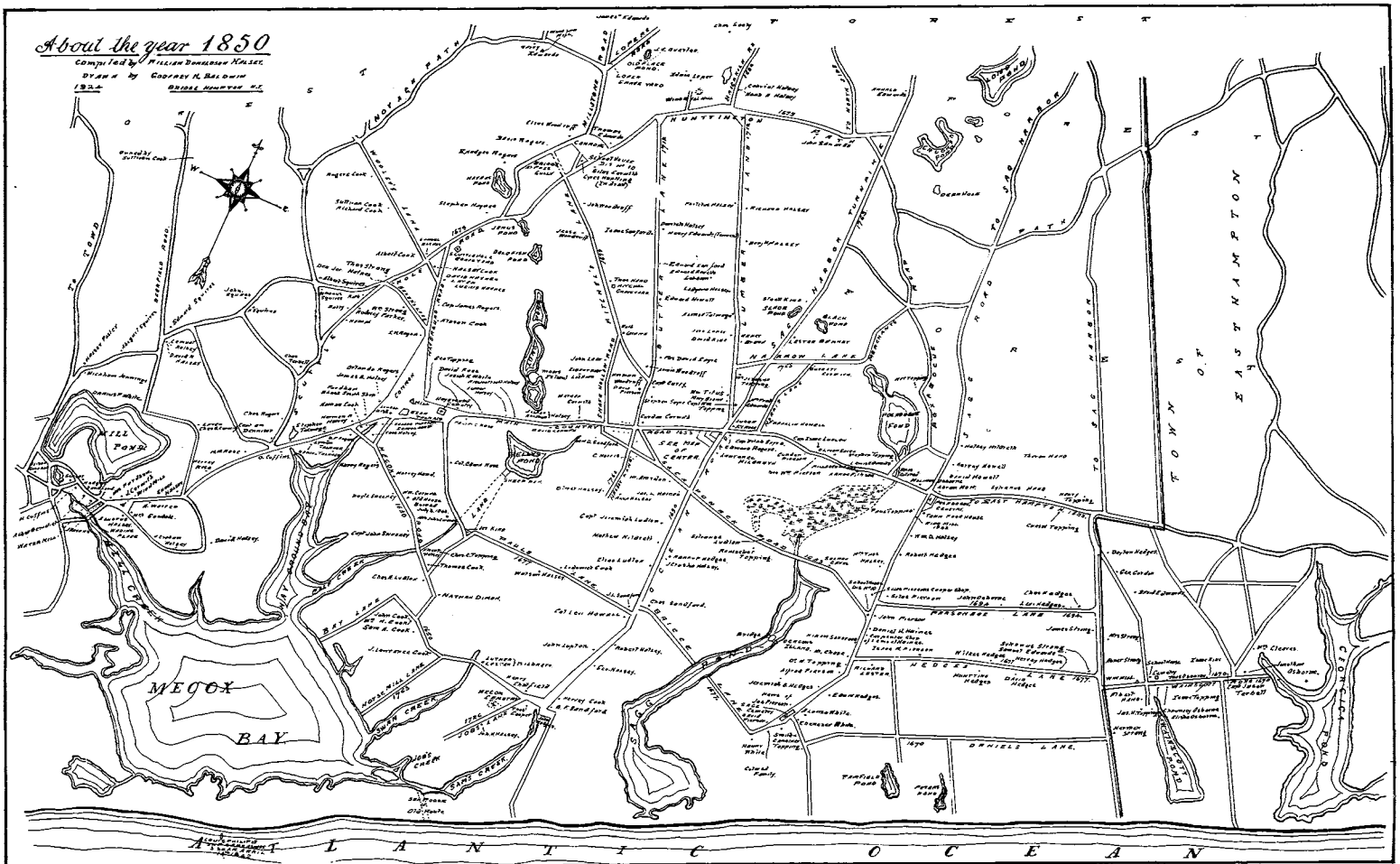
About the year 1800

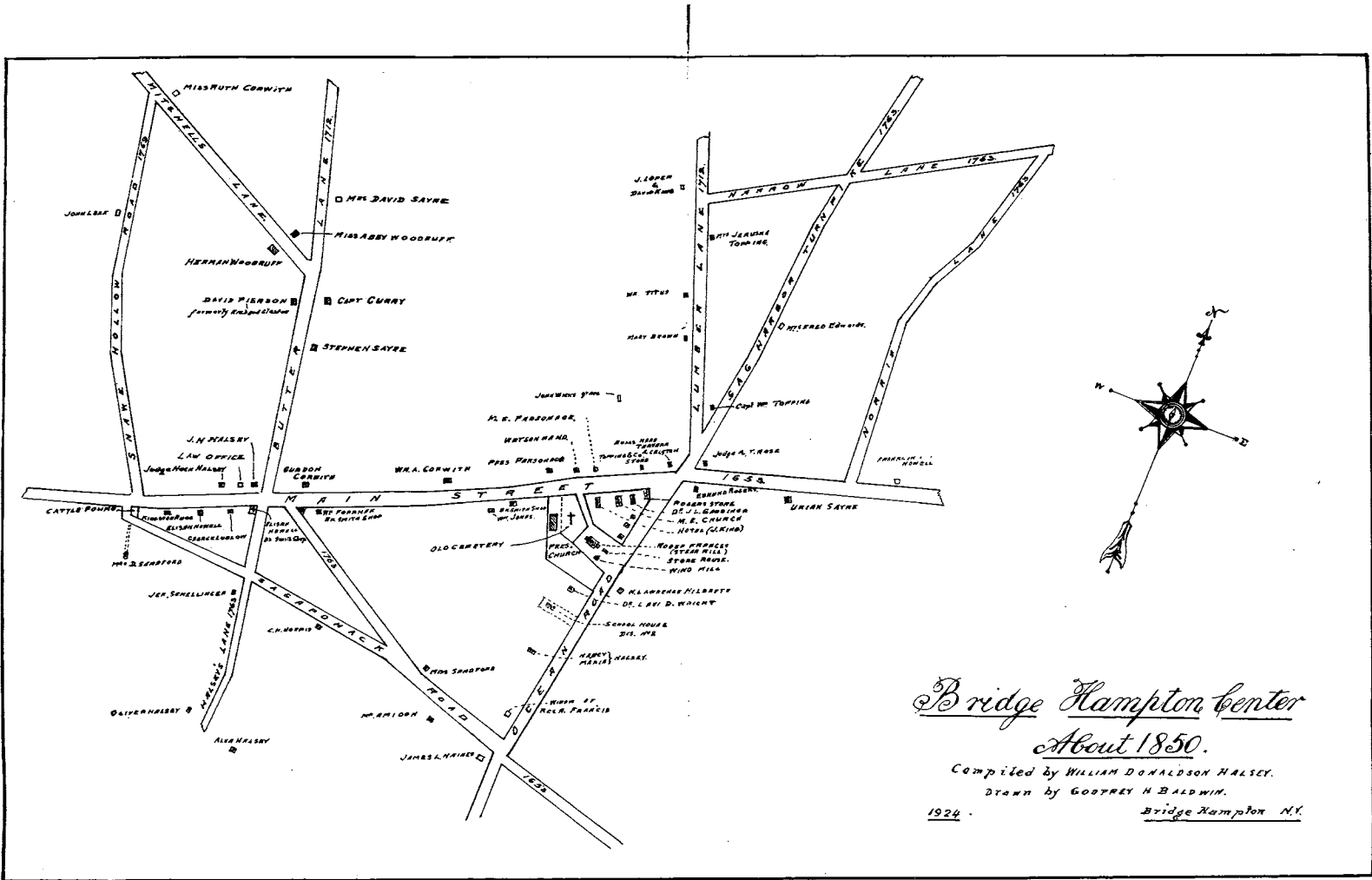
Compiled by WILLIAM DE WILSON HALEY
Drawn by GEORGE H. BALEW
Rev. BRIDGE HARTEN, N.Y.



About the year 1850

Compiled by WILLIAM DUNBAR HANCOCK
Drawn by GODFREY H. BALDWIN
1854 BRIDGE PLANTING, N.Y.





*Bridge Hampton center
About 1850.*

*Compiled by WILLIAM DONALDSON HALSEY.
Drawn by GOSFREY H BALDWIN.*

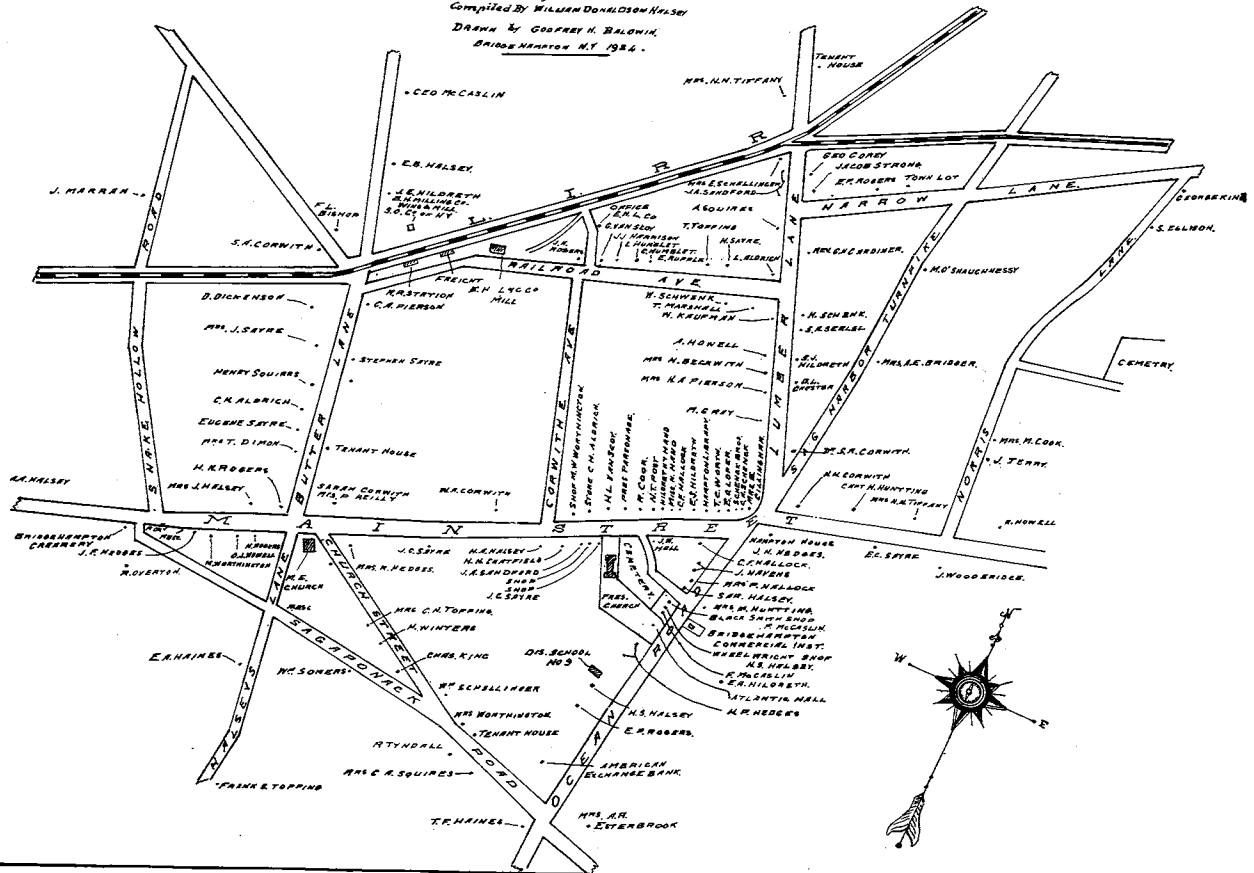
1924 . Bridge Hampton N.Y.

Bridge Hampton Centre

About the year 1900

Compiled By WILLIAM DONALDSON NELSON

Drawn By GODFREY H. BALDWIN,
BRIDGE HAMPTON, N.Y. 1924.



Map extending from
Water Mill to Wainscott

About the year 1900.

Compiled by WILLIAM DONALDSON HESSEY
Drawn by GODFREY H. BALEW and
BRUCE HANSTON, N.Y. 1924

